

SMART SET

The Young Woman's Magazine

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March

1929 MAY 2

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PEGGY JOYCE'S
DIARY—"Coming
To
New York"

"What
Every Woman
Wants
To Know"

How To Be the Life of the Party

APR 56

Exquisite-Jewel-like-Stunning

The NEW Lipsticks

BY

Kissproof

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Cut from Gorgeous CATALIN STONE

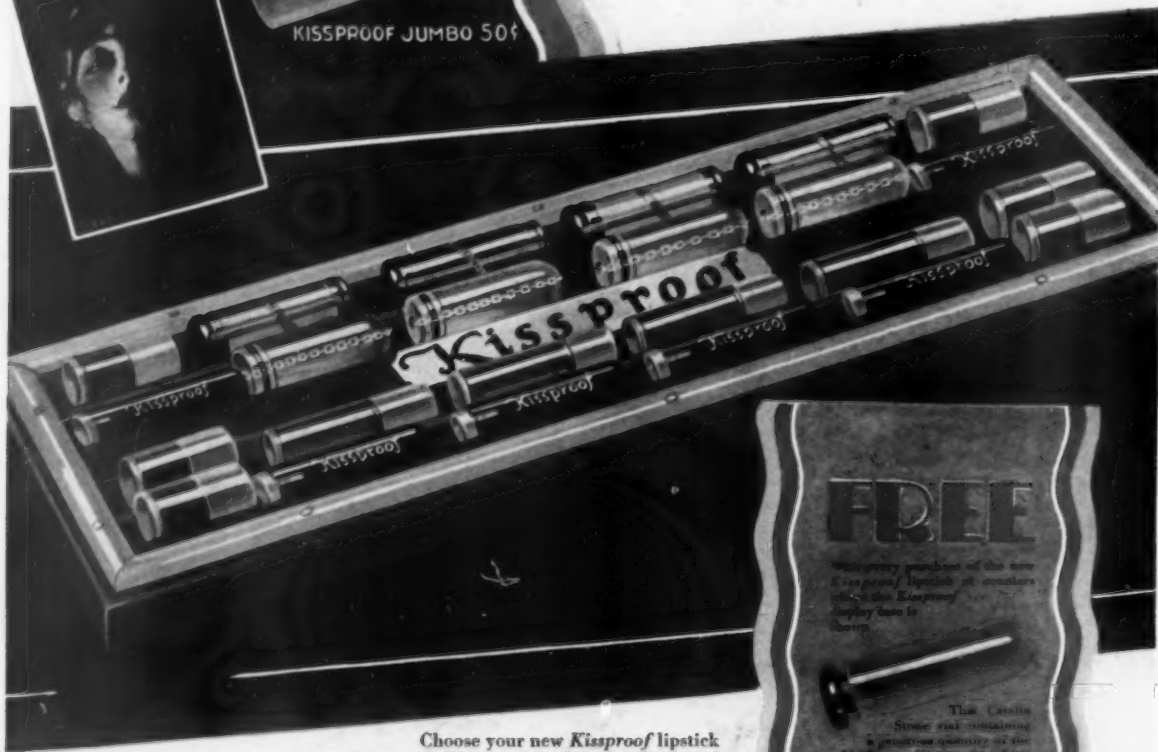


AT LAST—the lipstick every woman wants—the new *Kissproof* encased in Catalin Stone.

No need to tell you that *Kissproof* is the finest lipstick of all. Lovely lips the world over are proof of that—proof, too, that *Kissproof* stays on—water-proof, smear-proof, alluring—all through the day and evening hours.

But Catalin Stone is—bewilderingly lovely, superbly feminine. Foam-flecked greens of sparkling seas; pinks of coral shining through blue water; azure of Venetian skies; rosy hues of sunset over water—these and a myriad of other translucent tints glow enchantingly from its polished surface.

Only *Kissproof* is licensed to manufacture lipstick cases from this wonderful new Catalin Stone. See the new *Kissproof* today. You'll want one.

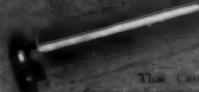


Choose your new *Kissproof* lipstick from the superb *Kissproof* display case illustrated above. You will find it at all good drug stores and toilet counters. It offers you *Kissproof* in all shapes, designs, sizes, and prices. Remember: the genuine is always stamped *Kissproof*—insist on it.

KISSPROOF, Inc. 4316 N. Kilpatrick Avenue Dept. 1223 Chicago, Ill.

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With every purchase of the new *Kissproof* lipstick at counters where the *Kissproof* display case is shown.



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Jan. 16/1950



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JAN 30 1929

MARCH,
1929

SMART SET

The Young Woman's Magazine

VOLUME 84,
NUMBER 1

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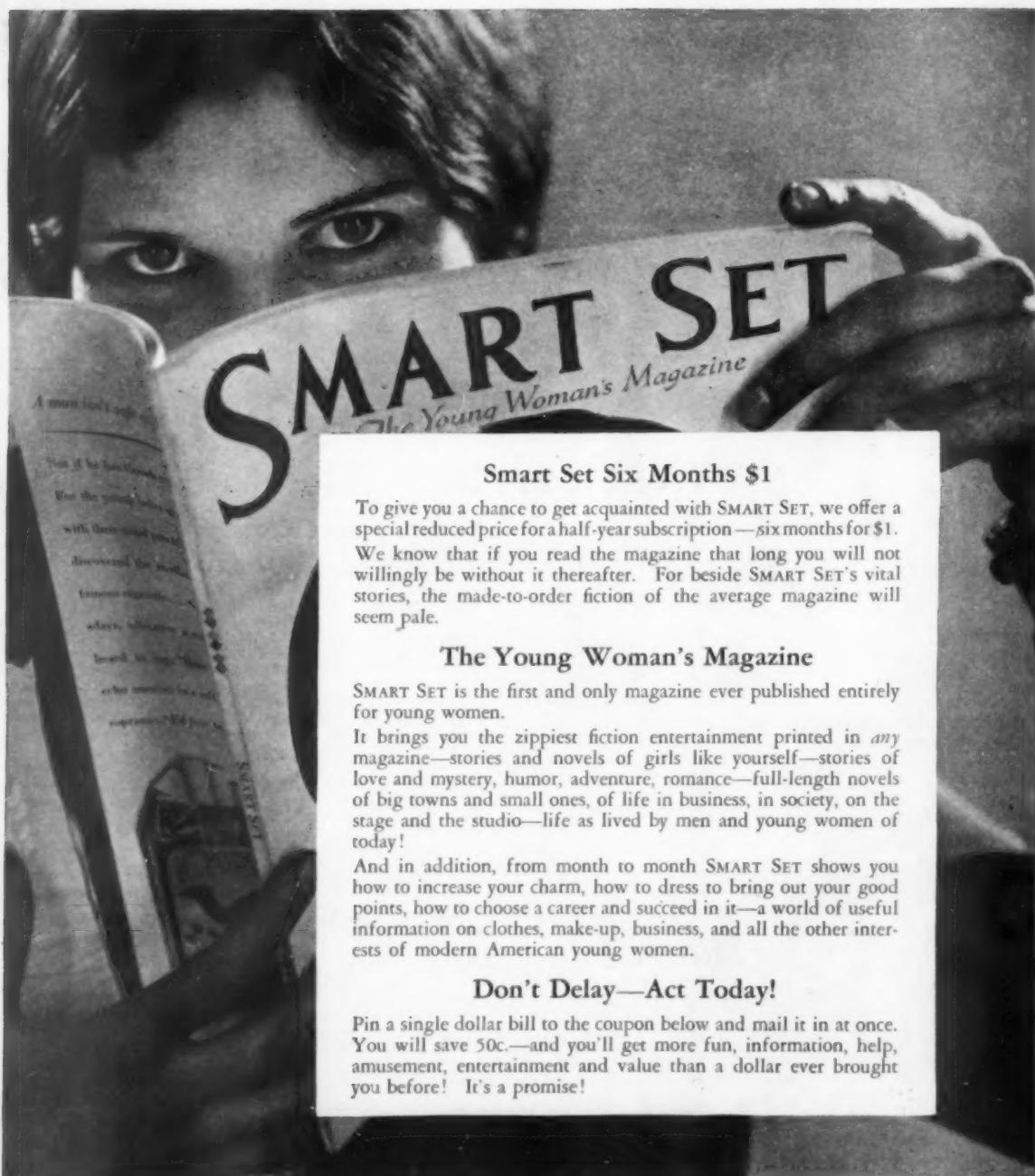
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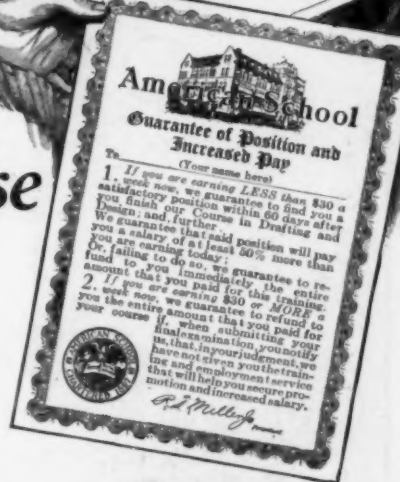
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"Only one other man and I, of six taking California State Board examination for Architect, passed. Then I realized the thorough and practical training given by American School. In 18 months I have gone from tracer to Chief Draftsman, in charge of all architectural and engineering work in one of the oldest offices here."
R. L. WARREN,
Los Angeles, Calif.



"When I started American School training in the Spring of 1915 I was working 14 hours a night, seven nights a week for \$1.83 a night. That Fall I got a job in the Engineering Dept. of a large firm near here. Today I work 5 1/2 days a week and my salary is larger than I ever dreamed of when I began that course in Mechanical Drafting."
B. H. SEAVERNS,
South Bend, Ind.

Are You a Brunette ?



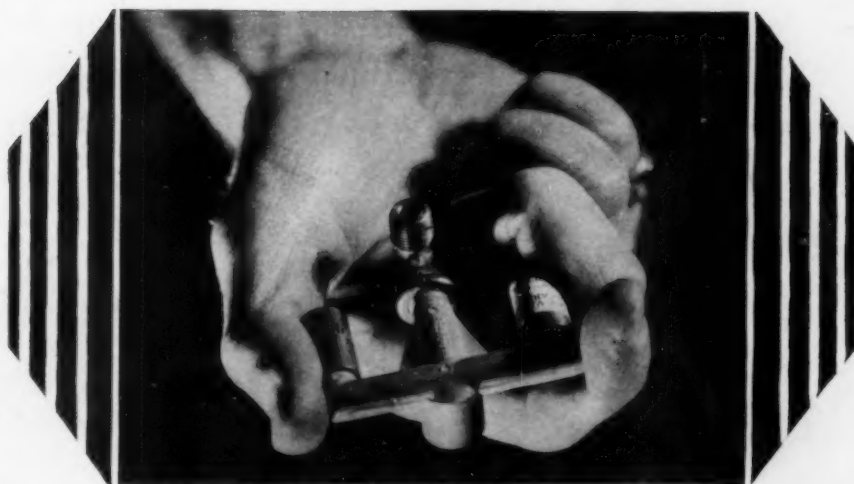
If so, what colors should you wear to best express your personality—to emphasize your best points, to minimize the little defects that would otherwise mar the general effect of beauty you wish to create. In the February number of Photoplay Magazine will appear the first of four articles by Laurene Hempstead, of the staff of Women's Wear Daily. Miss Hempstead's articles will give you defi-

nite detailed information as to what colors will be most happy and harmonious for your particular type. Photoplay covers will be color charts to guide you in the selection of just the proper shades to best express your own individuality. Four color types will be considered in these articles. Brunettes lead off in the February number. Don't miss it.

February

PHOTOPLAY

On Sale Now



Will YOU Test the 3 Millionth Stransky Vaporizer on Your Car?

THREE million motorists have bought Stransky Vaporizers. Thousands have written us from all over the world of the gasoline this little device has saved them.

Note These Records

"Battling" Nelson tested it and increased his mileage to 33½ miles per gallon with a touring car and over 40 miles per gallon with a roadster. Virgil Barnes, big league pitcher, drove from New York to Holton, Kan. and averaged over 40 miles per gallon. F. S. Carroll got 40 miles per gallon from a Chevrolet. A truck owner reports a saving of \$25 in one month.

What It Means

Thousands have written of mileage records even more amazing. Increasing your gasoline mileage only ¼ means that you travel the same distance on three quarts instead of four quarts. It is just like getting an extra quart of gasoline free with every gallon you buy. Where you formerly used to drive up to a filling station four times, you only get gasoline three times. Instead of spending around \$12.00 a month for gasoline, you spend around \$8.00. What you save depends largely on the mileage you drive your car, but to the average car owner running 700 to 1,000 miles a month, it means a saving of \$3 to \$8 every month—\$36 to \$96 a year. Contrast this with the cost of a Stransky Vaporizer—\$4.00.

Test It Free

What is more, you get these savings, or the Vaporizer costs you nothing. You take no chance—no gamble. We don't ask you to buy the Stransky Vaporizer on what it has done for 3 million other car owners. We ask you to buy it only after you see what it actually does on your own car. It must satisfy or the trial is free.

Salesmen—Agents Wanted

Stransky salesmen make big money. 3 million Vaporizers already sold. Our proposition is a big, fast seller. J. W. Cronk made \$37.00 in one hour! Herriek \$157.00 in one day—G. F. Fuller earned \$114.00 in five days. No experience required. Rush coupon for sales plan. Test-and-guarantee plan makes ten sales a day easy.

and Mail It Back If It Doesn't
Cut Your Gasoline Bill \$3.00 to
\$4.00 Every Month

WORLD-WIDE PROOF OF MERIT

Its amazing power to save gasoline has won world-wide recognition for the Stransky Vaporizer. The number of car owners who have installed it is now three million. Three million car-owners can't be mistaken! Not below the impressive list of 72 countries where the Stransky Vaporizer is saving money for motorists.

U. S. A.	Guatemala	Tripoli	Federated Malay States
Switzerland	China	Honduras	Islands of France, W. I.
Porto Rico	Ireland	France	Union of South Africa
Australia	Haiti	Canal Zone	Straits Settlements
Costa Rica	Nigeria	Sumatra	Southern Rhodesia
Nicaragua	Transvaal	Alaska	Philippine Islands
Gibraltar	Finland	Panama	Netherlands, E. I.
Greece	Syria	Austria	Dutch West Indies
Korea	Canada	England	Dominican Republic
Italy	Zululand	Mexico	New Zealand
Colombia	Hawaii	Germany	Newfoundland
Chile	Peru	Norway	British Guiana
Ceylon	Egypt	Belgium	East Africa
Argentina	Cuba	Poland	Virgin Isles
Denmark	Samoa	Spain	El Salvador
Malta	Brazil	India	Sierra Leone
Scotland	Japan	Uruguay	Jamaica
Siam	Bolivia	Holland	British West Indies

... and Now Approved by Cannon-Ball Baker

"TESTED by Cannon Ball Baker" is a by-word in automobile circles. When manufacturers wish to substantiate the qualities of their cars, they turn to Baker. Here is what he reports on the Stransky Vaporizer:

"A test was first made without installing vaporizer. I drove at a speed of 25 miles per hour, covering fourteen miles. I accelerated the car over three-fourths of a mile to 65 miles per hour. My gas consumption for the total distance was exactly three quarts.

"I then had your vaporizer installed and drove it over the same course. Traveled at same speed, accelerated at the same point. My gasoline consumption was exactly two quarts and one pint."

Baker used the same car—the same speed—the same trip, and saved a pint of gasoline in 14 miles! Will you make the same test on your car entirely at our risk?



THE STRANSKY VAPORIZER

Right now we are sending samples to car owners on approval. Now, after 3 million car owners have seen and bought and proved out the Stransky Vaporizer, will you be the three-millionth man to test it? Duplicate Cannon-Ball Baker's test. Try it any way you like. Pay for it only on a guarantee of amazing results.

Easy to Install

You'll find the Stransky simple to understand and easy to attach. Fits the intake manifold of any car in 5 minutes. Simply loosen one connection. Anyone can do it. The Vaporizer super-charges your gasoline with air after it leaves the carburetor, enormously increases vaporization. Makes a much "drier" mixture, and hence gives you a quicker and more complete and instantaneous explosion. That is why you can run the same distance at the same speed with less gasoline. You will find, too, that your motor is much more responsive and acceleration is increased. And of course carbon trouble is reduced to an absolute minimum.

Cannon-Ball Baker Says:

"A single trial will prove the worth of your vaporizer. I heartily recommend it to all motorists, no matter what car they may drive." Act on this advice. Send for the FREE test offer today. Please do not expect to buy the Stransky Vaporizer in stores, or anything remotely like the Stransky Vaporizer. It is sold only direct to you, or through a nation-wide corp of loyal representatives and salesmen.

Get Test Offer

Simply mail the coupon below for complete description of the Stransky Vaporizer, guarantee, and free test offer. No obligation of any kind. But if you really want to cut down the cost of running your car, this is your opportunity. Tear out the coupon below and mail it to J. A. Stransky Mfg. Co., C-1150 Stransky Block, Pukwana, So. Dak.

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.
C-1150 Stransky Block
Pukwana, So. Dak.

Send me full description of the Stransky Vaporizer and how it works. Include Free Test Offer and money back guarantee.

Name

Address

City State

☐ Check here for Representative Selling Plan.

A box of candy for *her*
and let your tooth paste
pay for it



What an agreeable surprise to find that Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c saves you \$3 per year as compared to 50c dentrifices. Spend the saving as you please. Candy is one suggestion. Flowers, another.

Try this great dentifrice at 25 cents

IT doesn't take long to discover that among tooth pastes this new one is a great value. Merit makes itself known almost instantly.

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The fact that it is made by the makers of Listerine vouches for its quality. Yet its price is but 25c — half of what you ordinarily pay.

Modern methods of manufacture and mass production alone make possible such a paste at such a price.

If you have not tried Listerine Tooth Paste we urge you to do so. Compare it with any and judge by results alone. Note how swiftly—and how safely—it cleans. Note how little brushing is necessary.

And particularly note that delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration which follows its use. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Hal Phylle

THE ARTIST

Eva Herrmann's caricatures have won high praise from the art critics, and magazines of Europe and America are bidding for her drawings. This dark-eyed twenty-two-year-old beauty is the daughter of an American painter, but she has lived most of her life in Germany. At school she drew caricatures of the teachers to amuse her classmates, and their enthusiasm encouraged her to develop this talent. Her real ambition is to be a painter. "On Parade," a collection of her caricatures, has just been published



Hal Phye

THE LAWYER

Meet an Assistant United States District Attorney. Doesn't she look like a true twentieth century Portia? Ellamarye Faylor was brought up on a Texas ranch. She came to New York to study and specialized in criminal anthropology. This interest in the skulls of the lawless soon led to an interest in the law itself. Many universities then barred women law students, but this lovely young woman finally secured the instruction necessary to passing her bar examinations. Now, as Assistant District Attorney, she is responsible for some of the biggest government cases



Hal Phylfe

THE TRAVEL EXPERT

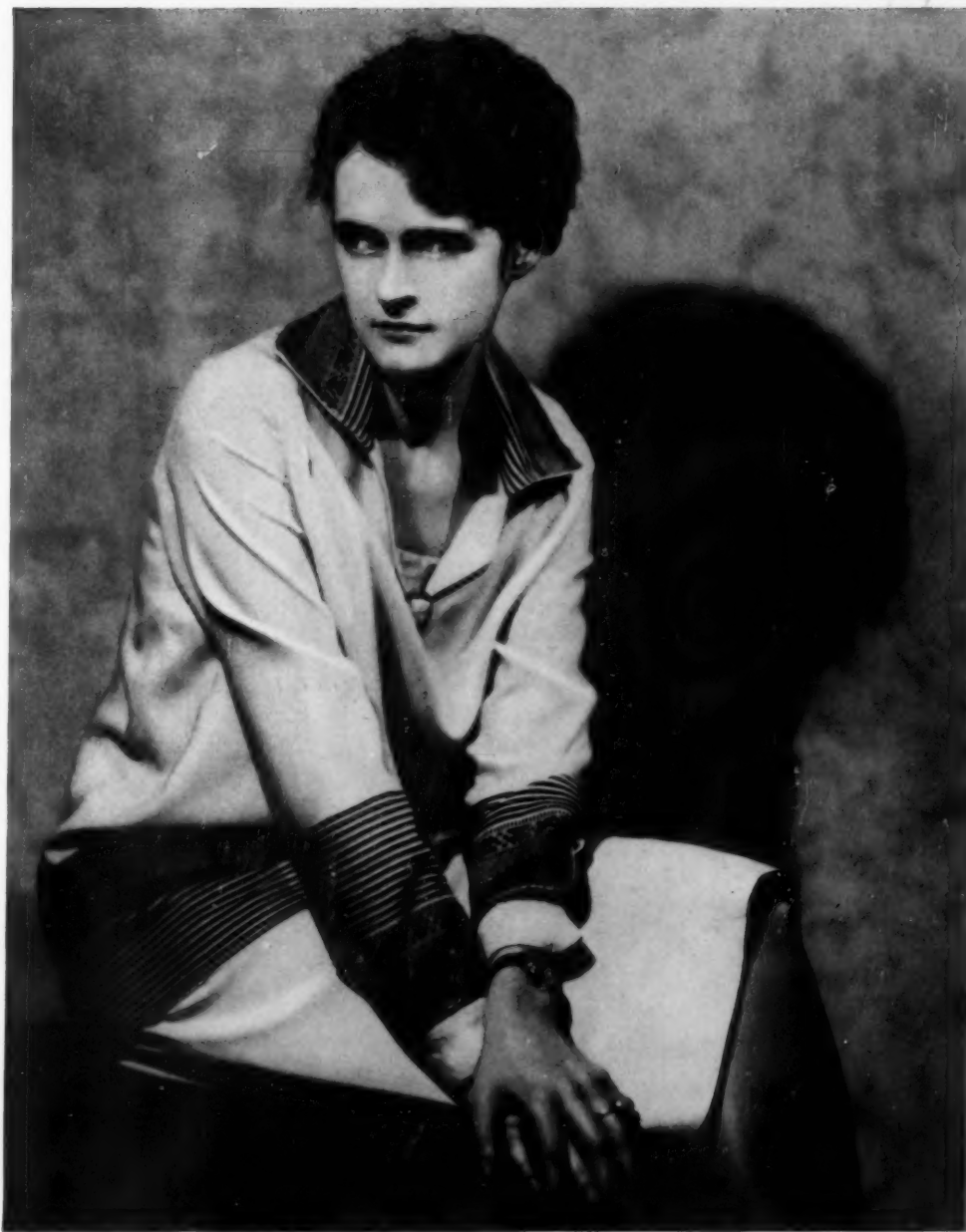
Jean Berke is declared the most talented member of the travel bureau trade when it comes to planning and organizing tours. She began her career as a clerk. Came a chance to chaperon some United States deportees to Europe. Once in Paris, she wanted to stay, so a job was essential. She secured a clerical position in a travel bureau. This proved to be the basis for her remarkable success. Now she migrates constantly between New York and Paris as mainstay of Thomas Cook and Sons



Hal Phye

THE GLASS-EYE MANUFACTURER

Here is originality—Dorothy Davis has won international fame as a manufacturer of glass eyes. But then it's not as startling as it seems. Both her grandfather and father were specialists in this profession. Dorothy originally centered her ambitions on the stage. She studied singing and dancing and won several small parts. Then her father died. She hated to see his business go out of the family and devoted herself to mastering its technicalities. Under her intelligent direction the Davis Artificial Eye Company continues triumphant



Hal Phylfe

THE ADVERTISING AND PUBLICITY MANAGER

Martha Keller is the only woman advertising and publicity manager in the publishing business. During college years her poetry won national distinction, but after a year of post-graduate study and teaching, she forswore academic life. She started in the business world proof-reading circulars in the industrial book department of a publishing house, graduated into advertising copy writing and then made herself a publicity specialist. Now, at twenty-six, her work at G. P. Putnam's Sons has made her a leader in her chosen field



Hal Phylfe

THE DIRECT MAIL SPECIALIST

Another girl to whom advertising proved a golden gateway is Edna Blair. Her first gesture of independence was giving up an office job to become a public stenographer. Her work proved so popular that she soon had to hire assistants. One day she noticed that the advertising agency to which she had delivered a client's book had done inaccurate work. She decided she could do better herself and did. Still in her twenties, she now owns one of the largest advertising mail order concerns



Hal Phylfe

THE SHOE STYLIST

The advertising aura likewise hovers over Florence King. At eighteen, Florence was a village school teacher. At nineteen, despite parental objections, she was in New York, trying to land a job. She got one as proof-reader in an advertising agency. This led to fashion copy writing, then to the editorship of a style publication. She advocated shoes to match frocks, a fashion inspiration that was to be the foundation of her success. Today she is style director for one of the largest shoe manufacturers in the country

JOHN HELD'S Own Page of Wit and Humor



The "Chair" Problem At a Party Today

The Riders

AT FIRST glance one might say—"What is this picture doing on the editorial page of a young woman's magazine?" At first glance one might remark—"This hasn't any feminine interest—it's adventure stuff!"

And yet who has a right to say that the modern young woman is not interested in adventure? Who has authority for saying that the young woman of to-day leads a life that is devoid of thrill?

The cowboy—riding a bucking bronco, at a rodeo—is not the only person in the world who wonders what is going to happen in the next few hours. He is not the only individual who does not know whether he'll continue to sit in a high saddle—or whether, very soon, he'll be sitting in the dust of the roadway. A young woman's life—lived in any quiet appearing town or city—is just as uncertain. Just as apt to buck. The only difference is that a cowboy's life contains the lesser thrill; the smaller amount of excitement and uncertainty. The cowboy knows that the steed he's riding is going to buck—he even knows, probably to a matter of seconds, when the bucking will commence.

But the young woman, with a job, or an education, or a new marriage, or an old home to control, never knows when she is going to have to cling, for all she is worth, to a pair of reins. Never knows when she is going to begin to feel the old saddle slipping away from under her!

VERY few people are always "sitting pretty." Very few people know, absolutely, that life for them is a veranda with vines and a good book and a rocking chair. Most people wake, every morning, to a new uncertainty—to a new problem of sticking fast to the thing—be it a career or a romance or a job—that they are riding. And this majority, believe it or not, is made up of the fortunate people! The rocking-chair folk grow stodgy—but the riders keep young and interested and interesting! They are the smart people—in all that the word implies. They are smart in the sense of being clever—because they have to be, else they're riding to a bad fall! And they are smart in the sense of



being right and modern—because a fall is a confession of failure. And failure, in this world of brilliant go-getters, is never either right or modern!

The cowboy's problem is a physical one. Clear eyes and muscular arms and a good pair of knees are apt to answer the question that his bronco—with every plunge—is asking. The modern young woman's problem is a larger one—it is mental as well as a physical. She, too, must be

strong and clear eyed—for the battle of business and home-making is usually won by the person who is physically fit. But she must also be mentally strong and alert. She must be ready to meet the emergency, she must be able to make the swift decision—she must know when to follow the rules of the game—and, when the rules are inadequate, she must be sane enough to disregard them.

AND then, too, there is the moment when—for it sometimes does!—the calamity occurs. The moment when the fall happens—when the saddle is no longer where it ought to be. When the dust of the road is rising in little clouds.

With the cowboy it is a thing to take philosophically—the fall. The cowboy who rides at a rodeo knows that, when the applause goes to the better athlete, he has got to be a good sport. Or else, when it again comes his turn to do the best riding, the applause that he gets will be the grudging sort! The cowboy grins, and picks himself up, and rubs his bruises. And then he ambles off—after his horse. Ready to mount, again; to take another chance at riding. Ready to take another chance at making good.

That is what the young woman—product of town or city, of office, or college or home—must do. She must pick herself up. And smile, even though her eyes are still aching from dust and possible tears. And she must rub her bruises—and try not to wince as she rubs them.

And then, while the shouts of the audience, and the attention of it, are directed in another direction, she must start off. Limping, perhaps, but gallantly. To recapture the thing that has thrown her!

White Lies

ON HIS first morning at Seaward, while he was gamboling happily in his cold tub, Johnny Colonna lifted up his voice and sang. Shivering and splashing, he lilted a gay serenade to his incandescent mama down where the cotton blooms. Then, leaping to the oasis of crash toweling which bore the legend, TAM HTAB, he switched to grand opera and advertised the fact that he was a toreador and that any bulls which might happen to be in the neighborhood would be distinctly out of luck.

He had no idea, of course, that this advertisement would ever be answered, but it was hardly an hour later that he received an inquiry about it from the manager of the hotel.

The manager came to him in the lobby, after breakfast.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Colonna," he said. "Beautiful day, isn't it? By the way, Mr. Colonna, were you by any chance singing in your room awhile ago? Half past seven or quarter of eight?"

"Why, yes," said Johnny. "What's the trouble? Did I disturb somebody?"

The manager was bland. "Well, it's like this—the room next to yours is occupied by Mr. Allen, a very old and valued client of ours. He wants to speak to you personally about it. Or rather he insists on speaking to you about it. And I certainly hope you'll be kind enough to listen to him and try to realize our situation and—"

"JUST a minute!" said Johnny Colonna. Only an eighth part of him was Italian but his dark smile was a direct heritage from his Latin ancestors. "Just a minute! Do you mean you're asking me—officially—to let myself be harangued by this chap, who actually insists on it?"

"Yes, but please don't take it like that, Mr. Colonna. He simply wants to—"

"Because," said Johnny, temperately, "I don't give a whoop whether he's an old and valued client of yours or a fresh, green one. If I'd bothered him and you'd put it up to me in a different fashion, I'd certainly have sent an apology through the office. But I'm not exactly taking any free lessons in manners at your own royal request. I don't like his insisting on it and I don't like your suggesting it. And furthermore," said Johnny Colonna, widening his smile, "if your guests are as sensitive as all that, I don't see how I could ever take another bath anyway! I'm always liable to sing in my bath. It's an old and valued habit of mine. So—"

The manager had begun to laugh without restraint. "Why, Mr. Colonna," he protested, "you've got me absolutely wrong!"



Sally sat upright. "Johnny! You haven't lied he asked.

Then he spoke over Johnny's shoulder. "Yes, Mr. Allen, come right ahead!"

With the warlike indignation of one who has been ambushed, Johnny turned and saw what he least expected, for Mr. Allen, instead of being decrepit or neurasthenic, was about Johnny's own age and size and actively good-looking. He wore distinctive golf clothes and an air of genial consequence. Beside him, there was a plump, piquant, browned little girl of perhaps eighteen or nineteen in a white tennis costume with a green

Always Sang Before Breakfast
And
Didn't Give a Whoop
Who Heard Him

By
**HOLWORTHY
HALL**

Who Likes to
Write What You
Like to Read



to me, have you?" she said. "Lied to you?"
"About what?"

cardigan sweater. Johnny's eyebrows went half a centimeter due north.

The manager, still hugely amused, introduced them. Mr. Colonna, Mr. Allen, Miss Barbour.

"Glad to see you aboard, sir!" said Allen cordially. "We wanted to find out if you wouldn't sing in our show."

Johnny's indignation died a quick and painless death. "Show?" he repeated.

The manager, with a final chuckle, explained. "It's our

annual entertainment for the benefit of the village hospital. Mr. Allen is chairman of the committee. He's a composer. Miss Barbour is vice-chairman and also the prima donna."

"AND it's set for two weeks from Saturday," continued Allen, "and we rehearsed four times. And then yesterday our only man-eating tenor was called back to New York, and we are sunk. So as soon as I heard you this morning I scuttled downstairs to find out how long you're staying and they told me a month. Is that right?"

Johnny aimed a quizzical glance at the manager. "Yes. A month."

"Great!" said Allen. "So then I fixed it to meet you and now we're all present or accounted for."

THE manager twinkled. "I'm afraid I'll have to be getting on the job, but I imagine you owe me a cigar, don't you, Mr. Colonna?"

"A box," said Johnny, gravely. The manager bowed himself away and there was a brief hiatus during which the three young people took stock of each other.

"You see, Mr. Colonna," said Miss Barbour, "every summer we do a two-act musical show and collect three or four thousand dollars. And Ned's—Mr. Allen's—music is absolutely a smash, and now we're shy a tenor. We can't put it off much longer or people will have started to leave. And we can't raise that money any other way. We know because we've tried."

"Sally's right," said Allen. "I've been coming here ever since I was a baby and this is the only stunt that ever gets over. Mainly because we're all bona-fide guests. Of course we could hire somebody outside, but that would gum the

Illustrations By
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

whole principle of the thing."

"So you're going to help us out, aren't you?" asked Miss Barbour, and her eyes were genuinely appealing.

Johnny hesitated. But before he could respond, Allen developed a new motive. "I'll tell you what we'll do," said Allen. "We'll go over to the Yacht Club. There won't be anybody there and I'll play the thing straight through, so Colonna can see what we're shooting at. And then he can make up his mind. Will you do that, Mr. Colonna?"

At heart Johnny had small enthusiasm for amateur dramatics, especially when they were clogged by amateur music. Furthermore, as he was tempted to announce, this was his first serious vacation in several years and he earnestly craved to be lazy. But he had come to Seaward alone and he knew no one at the Inn. He fancied it might be pleasant to know Mr. Allen and Miss Barbour, especially Miss Barbour. She was adorably pretty and her voice was like church bells in a fog. And certainly their acquaintanceship wouldn't begin too warmly if he refused to sing for them or at least to sprout some excuse which would sound better than the truth. Thanks to Allen's suggestion, however, he would have plenty of latitude in which to invent the excuse.

"**W**HY, yes," he said, "I'll do that with pleasure."

"Splendid fellow!" said Allen. "Hold everything, both of you, and I'll nip up and bring down the script."

It was scarcely five minutes before he returned, but to Johnny Colonna those five minutes were sensational. And it wasn't simply that she was pretty; it was her appearance and her manner and her youth, her seriousness of purpose and her blitheness of spirit, all mixed together.

"Here we are!" said Allen, arriving briskly. "Hard-a-lee! Let's go!"

The club house was empty, the piano freshly tuned and Allen was a craftsman of the keys. At the first bars of the overture, Johnny sat up and from that point forward he followed the manuscript of frog-tailed notes with a degree of attention which brought great relief to Miss Barbour. After the finals, Allen wheeled towards them.

"Well?" he demanded.

"It's smooth stuff," acknowledged Johnny. "And if the sec-



ond act's as good as this one, it ought to be sure-fire. And you wrote the book and the lyrics, too?"

"Aye, aye, sir! The whole production. Oh, I don't mean I orchestrated it. I only wrote the piano score and then had it orchestrated by a hack. It's for a seven-piece band. That's what we've got here this year. Well, do you need to hear the second act before you commit yourself?"

JOHNNY was meditating upon his rare vacation. "No," he said slowly. "I'll think it over, and—"

"Think it over, man? We haven't the time! And it depends on you whether we can stage this show or not. And if we can't—" He spread his hands expressively.

Johnny looked at the girl. "It's for the only charity hospital within a hundred miles—" she began.



Johnny followed the manuscript of frog-tailed notes with a degree of attention that made Sally and Allen immediately christen him Kid Caruso

Allen interrupted her. "And we've already sold two thousand dollars' worth of tickets? No, Colonna, if you've got one solitary drop of sporting blood in you, this is your chance to prove it!"

Johnny looked once again at Miss Barbour. "Why, on that basis," he said, with his dark smile, "I've got only one question to ask. When do we practise?"

They remained at the club while he went over three solos and two duets, received glowing praise, and on his own account paid compliments to the composer and the soprano. Subsequently they strolled back to the hotel.

"The next thing," remarked Allen, "is to see that Kid Caruso meets the right crowd."

"Fine!" said Johnny. "But just tell the excited populace to be patient while I shoot a telegram to my mother, will you?"

I haven't written her for a couple of weeks and she'll imagine everything from murder to matrimony."

The right crowd gazed upon Johnny Colonna and found him good. By evening place had been made for him, and before the week was out he had become a notable. There was only one detail which irked him—he had mortgaged his vacation on the possibility that Miss Barbour would be nice to him and she was nice to him, but she rhapsodized entirely too much about Ned Allen.

She said, "Honestly, Ned's a marvel! Why, you take our duet in the second act; he wrote it in half a day! I was there when he got the inspiration. And it isn't as though this were his career. Ned's got money and he just writes music because he can't help it."

"I like that duet," said Johnny sincerely. "I like it a lot."

"But Ned's perfectly priceless anyway. There isn't anything he can't do. Music and sports and languages and business—and did you know he owns a silk-mill? Well, he does; he inherited it from his uncle and he simply makes it hum. Are you in business yourself, Mr. Colonna?"

"Why—no," said Johnny.

"You're a professional man?"

"Why—no. Not that, either."

"Just a rich butterfly?"

"No, none of them," said Johnny.

"BUT how cryptic you are! Tell me. You went to college, didn't you?" He hesitated. "Yes. I graduated last June."

"Really? I'd have thought you were older than that?"

"Well, I am!" said Johnny with his Florentine smile. "I'm twenty-six but I worked my way through. And I had my mother to support so it took quite a while to make the grade."

"Oh! And what college was it?"

In spite of himself he stammered. "Why—why a place you probably wouldn't know about," he said lamely.

His embarrassment perplexed her. She saw no reason for a man to be ashamed of his college, however small and obscure it might be, but she was tactful enough to change the subject.

IN another few days Allen began to talk to Miss Barbour about Johnny Colonna. Allen wasn't in the least jealous. Indeed he said so four times in one session, but he did hold the opinion that Miss Barbour was slightly indiscreet.

"I mean," said Allen, "I'm not jealous of this musical Mussolini, not by a long row of apple-trees, but after all what do we know about him? And it strikes me that he's sort of secretive. I mean, he's ducked practically every question I've asked him."

And since I began asking him questions he's ducked me, too." "He's saving the show for us, isn't he?" said Sally Barbour defensively.

"Right! But that isn't the point. You're spending a lot of time with him, Sally. As much, or almost as much, as you do with me. I'll admit he's got a wonderful personality and a slick voice. But is that enough?" Allen shook his head. "You know how much I want you myself, dear. You've known it all this summer. But if it's going to be a knock-down-and-drag-out competition, I'd a heap rather be up against a man with some standing! That's for your own sake, Sally. That's how I rate you. If I lose out I want to lose to somebody with class, somebody who deserves you. But this lad's a perfect stranger to us. So if you know any more about him than I do, then you owe [Continued on page 128]"



Ruth Nichols' decision to fly was inspired by a desire to prove there was a definite place in aviation for women

Challenge

By
T. HOWARD
KELLY

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR OF AERONAUTICS
FORM 8-22

OFFICIAL NO.
326

This Certifies, That Ruth R. Nichols
whose photograph and signature accompany this license, is a
TRANSPORT PILOT
of civil aircraft of the United States and entitled to the
privileges of all classes of licensed pilots.
Unless sooner suspended or revoked this license expires
January 31, 1929

W. Lawrence
Director of Aeronautics

THIS is the saga an American girl wrote into the epic log of the air when she answered the challenge of the sky in the name of American womanhood. It is at once a record of courageous feminine achievement, conclusive proof that man has no monopoly on flying, and a gauge of what there is in aviation for the woman of today and tomorrow.

Like no other challenge of Time, is the one that zooms down to us from the sky. It proposes rendezvous with a death not to be found in the sea, the jungle, the desert, the mountain peaks or the white frozen polar worlds.

No suggestion here that you merely fly in a presumably safe plane, piloted by an expert chauffeur of the air. But, instead, a clear cut dare to try and master uncharted spaces with your own winged motors. This is the true challenge of the sky.

As adventure befalls the adventurous, so comes this challenge to the brave among men and the high-hearted among fair women.

Gallant men answered it in force above the battle fields of a world war, and warriors spoke of a new chivalry in a new and lofty Armageddon.

For the high-hearted among women, this challenge was to come later. It zoomed down to Ruth R. Nichols, Wellesley graduate, and socially prominent Junior League girl of Rye, New York, among the very first of her sex.

This was in the summer of 1922, as she rested between chukkers of a furiously-paced polo match. Overhead, three man-piloted planes capered like so many eagles playing a holiday game. The promise of another sport even more breathtaking than polo thrilled Miss Nichols as she watched the machines dip, flash and soar in the free golden air. The eager wish to fly along the frontier of the sun and stars swept over the girl.

However, it was the sky suddenly and sharply challenging

"Temperamental stability is the prime qualification a girl must have for flying," declares this young aviatrix, whose transport license reproduced here was one of the first two ever granted to women.

"High strung, emotional persons who allow themselves the so-called right to woman's nerves, should not fly," she says.

Miss Nichols predicts that women flyers will be as numerous as women automobile drivers as soon as the economic situation is relieved.

She is convinced that most people fear air travel because they do not actually realize how much airplane safety has progressed. In her opinion flying has not reached the point where planes are entirely fool-proof, although it is no longer the inevitable gamble with tragedy that uninformed people think it is.

the courage and ability of an American woman to fly on her own—not this eager wish for the sport of flights—that really decided Ruth Nichols to go into the air and win her own pilot's wings. Behind this impulsive decision flamed the desire to prove there was a place in aviation for women.

But, it is one thing to make a brave decision. Quite another thing to successfully carry it out.

Miss Nichols had often satisfied herself that she possessed physical courage. It takes nerve to go yachting in heavy weather. One must have grit to gallop into a wild polo scrimmage. But the hazard of venturing into the air was something else again!

Did she really dare to shoot skyward in a plane alone? Did she dare roar through the sunlight, shadows, wind and rain, with

everything depending upon her courage and skill?

And, if she dared, did she have the ability to use the treacherous elements of the air? Could she, a woman, control a plane as those three men above the polo field were controlling their wings?

DID piloting, driving and maneuvering a ship of the sky require physical, mental and spiritual equipment that nature had not allotted to her sex? Did aviation require qualifications a woman could not muster?

Did she or any other woman have the muscular and constitutional strength to pilot? The temperament? Self-confidence? Endurance? Stability of nerves? Was she too much a creature of emotion and impulse to coolly navigate a plane? Could she coordinate all of her faculties for the concentrated activities of the flyer? Could she ever develop the mechanical expertness necessary for this job?

From the Sky

Would You
Dare
To Shoot
Skyward
In a Plane?



Miss Nichols is a Wellesley graduate and a prominent Junior League member



These questions harried Ruth Nichols as she waited for the polo match to resume, but they could not shake her high resolve. Like a lady fair of some medieval romance, she was foresworn to a cause.

Miss Nichols could only answer one of these pressing questions truthfully. She dared to leave the ground alone with winged motors. Believing that fear is due only to a lack of knowledge, she was ready to learn aviation, then to go up and "do or die."

Regarding the other questions that were part of the sky's challenge to the courage and ability of her womanhood, it is interesting to note that these were the very same which today confront the woman who decides to accept the dare of the air. These are questions that time and effort alone can answer for the woman who aspires to fly.

Time and effort produced the answer for Miss Nichols. In 1924, she was flying through sunlight, shadows, wind and rain, with the first Fédération Internationale Aéronautique Hydroaéroplane Certificate ever granted to an American woman. The

Internationale certificate, which permitted her to take part in all aerial competitions as a pilot, was the only form of flying license issued in the world at that time.

In July, 1927, when the United States Department of Commerce commenced to issue pilots' licenses, she was one of the first two American women to receive a transport license. The other woman to share this great honor with Miss Nichols was Mrs. Phoebe Fairgrave Omlie of Tennessee.

DURING the six years Ruth Nichols has been piloting, she has flown thousands and thousands of air miles, demonstrating in all of her flights that a qualified woman can conquer the air just as well as a qualified man. In other words, she has proved that flying is for the especially qualified person without regard to sex, and it is her firm belief that in the future girls will be piloting and flying in competition with men in the same

ratio as they now drive automobiles.

Only last year Miss Nichols negotiated a non-stop flight between New York and Miami, a matter of twelve full hours in the air. Although two experienced men pilots were with her on this long hop, she remained at the controls longer than either. Miss Nichols piloted the plane for five continuous hours. Captain Rogers, the ship's pilot, held the controls for four hours. Major Lee, a guest, was at the "stick" for three hours.

[Continued on page 84]



A proposed plan for one of the aviation country clubs which Miss Nichols is helping to form



Life

By
MAY EDGINTON

Isn't So Bad

*A Secretary Touches
The Fringe
Of a Glistening World
Of Superficiality*

ESTA GERALD, a lovely bronzed-haired secretary, wants life to give her everything.

Kelly March, a saturnine, sophisticated millionaire, has an idea that all women are alike.

Sir Tudor Charles, a titled gentleman of Eton and Oxford, is secretary to Kelly March.

Fate began to play its trick on these three people one hot summer day when Kelly March, by chance, drove in his luxurious brown limousine to the wrong end of Hardwick Street, Kensington, London, and saw on a roof over a dairy shop, under an orange sun-umbrella, a beautiful head of bronzed-colored hair.

Something about that beautiful head, looking meditatively over the green railing of the roof, made him stop. He made the excuse that he was apartment hunting in order to meet Mrs. Gerald and her daughter, Esta, the girl with the bronzed-colored hair. Before he left them he learned that Esta was looking for a position as secretary-typist and offered her a post as his traveling secretary. He was leaving in less than a week for New York and California.

Mrs. Gerald made every sacrifice to send her daughter on this trip, for she wanted Esta to have all the happiness that she herself had missed because of an unhappy marriage.

During her lunch hour—for she was a typist too—Mrs. Gerald saw Esta off.

Little did she dream that her son, Robert, who had run away from home as a child because of his father's cruelty, was to return that very night from Australia, a grown man and a millionaire, to give her all the romance she had missed.

Esta, far out at sea, was unaware of her brother's return. Had he come one day sooner she might never have started to seek her own fortune. Since he hadn't, here she was, at dinner with Kelly March, and his other secretary, Sir Tudor Charles, whose eyes had been fixed on her admiringly from the moment she entered the dining room.



Illustrations
By
HARLEY ENNIS
STIVERS

Esta and the
glossyman gave
what was practi-
cally an exhibition

things. This young man, this Sir Tudor Charles, was undoubtedly one of the lordly ones of the earth.

"Whisky and a soda, Charles?" said March.

"I will have what you have, sir."

"Whisky—and soda."

There was the briefest of pauses. How super-important such pauses,

such nuances, were! Then March, with a courteous smile—and unreasonably she revolted against his courtesies—turned to Esta.

"And—er—you, Miss Gerald?"

"A mineral water, please."

She answered firmly. She didn't want a mineral water, dull and prudent and healthy. She wanted heady wine. But here was March, masculine and apart with his whiskies—and sodas, putting her into the position of simply not being able to ask for it without his suggestion! Well, she was his lady secretary, a creature who ought to be glad of her good meals. Tomorrow she would say, "Plain water, please. I prefer it."

IT WAS obvious to Esta that her fellow secretary was sharply interested. Attracted? She would not hazard that yet. Such a well-tailored, well-mannered, well-born young man, with such amazing good looks, the build of an athlete and the sympathy of a quick, intuitive mind, must find his path paved with roses among the social salt of the world.

And among the social salt of the world were the loveliest women. Actresses, professional beauties—not one of these stood the remotest chance against the real top-notch society beauty, as Ma had once remarked, sitting under the orange umbrella, now so far away.

Tiny Ma was shrewd in her observations of people and

Yes, she intended to prefer plain water. Then March offered, his eyes glancing on her: "Plain ice water, if you'd rather."

"I would rather have plain ice water."

He had seen her thoughts. She was positive of it. More and more revolting! Tomorrow she wouldn't even have a cocktail if he offered one. She could keep her distance as well as he could. She wondered at herself for this extreme resentment of a man who was certainly to be regarded in the light of a benefactor.

She kept thinking of that cocktail party with Blossom, the famous dancer, in his suite—the party to which she had not been invited.

"I always like the best," he had said. One could see he did.

Sir Tudor was making the conversation flow tactfully enough. He was glad they hadn't had to miss the Derby, as a previously intended earlier start would have caused them to do, but was awfully sorry about missing Ascot. Mr. March's horse had absolutely the best chance of winning the Gold Cup. Sir Tudor had put his shirt on him.

To all this Kelly March replied amiably. Then Sir Tudor: Extraordinary how all the plays seem to be coming off; nothing worth seeing left in town. Extraordinary in the middle of the season with all the Americans over; you'd think the managers would make a bit more of an effort. Had Miss Gerald seen most of the shows? The Gaiety show, what did she think of that? Miss Gerald replied and their sympathetic glances met once more. Miss Gerald always went on the river for week-ends? Play tennis?

"I play when I have time at Queen's Club," said Miss Gerald, impelled to an implied untruthfulness by the unobtrusive watching, the unobtrusive listening of Kelly March.

Well, she had once been taken there by a client of her late employer. One needn't stress such details.

"Ah, you're a member of Queen's!"

Talk slipped to dance clubs.

She liked the Embassy better than Ciro's.

One for Kelly March!

It didn't matter that she had never been to the Embassy Club. She had read in the papers when they changed their decorations and enlarged the bar—and as for enlarging, she could enlarge on that!

KELLY MARCH'S very blue eyes rested on her now and again.

"He can't prove I'm lying," she thought.

As usual lies begot lies, and soon she was well away. Her life, as revealed by her languid answers to Tudor Charles' adroit questions, showed as a kaleidoscope of gaiety, peopled by many friends. She made the most of everything: "Oh, I was at the So-and-So's at Ascot last year." She had indeed gone down to a house-party with her employer in her capacity of

secretary and been kept strictly at her work indoors while the rest streamed out to the sun and the fun.

"Well, Lady Mannerling told me—" She had, indeed, once interviewed Lady Mannerling during one of her feverish attempts at journalism, asking Lady Mannerling's opinions as to the season's colors, and by chance heard Lady Mannerling cry to her husband: "Servants be damned! I'm sick of 'em all." That came out now as, "But then poor Sara has such eternal bother over servants; it's her temper. Temper's a disease, don't you think? I'm one of the few people who're sorry for Sara."

One's mendacity was overpowering, once one started.

AND always Tudor Charles' polite, credulous, interested eyes, and Kelly's inscrutable ones, urged her on.

How much exactly did men know about one under the certain ingenuous manner that courtesy seemed to demand in such circumstances? She was baffled, beaten for the moment, when she rose from the table, but she did not show it!

It was Kelly March who lifted the shawl over her shoulders and it seemed to her that his look traveled the shawl, rested upon it, for a moment.

"I'm a morbid snob," she thought. "As if I cared!"

The men stood up and she walked out alone.

She did not know quite what to do with her evening. There would be dancing presently. She knew March's dancing, exceedingly good, poised, effortless, like the man himself. But it was of Tudor Charles she was thinking. Would he be free? How did either of them, he or she, know when they were free? How horrible dependence was!

She walked slowly up to the big lounge on A deck. People were drifting about talking to each other, or sitting reading, and one or two bridge fours had been made up. She hesitated and felt the observant, respectful eye of a steward upon her. "When does dancing begin?" "In half an hour, Miss." She could at least go and watch it.

MEANWHILE she went through to the writing room and began a letter to Ma. There was strangely little to say beyond fervent thanks for the surprise of the sweet peas. The fairy tale was beginning badly.

She heard the soft tuning of stringed instruments and slipped out to the ballroom and took a seat in a

corner. Soon two or three couples were on the floor. She sat there, and some men, wandering in and out, looked hesitantly at her, but waited, apparently for introductions and drifted away again. She lighted a cigarette and looked cheerfully and nonchalantly at the dancers. She would appear not to care; she would not show that the music coursed up and down from the soles of her feet to her very brain.

There came in a rather strident laughing voice, an ermine coat, diamond heels. Beside these walked Tudor Charles. His head was bent to Blossom; his eyes appraised her; his lips smiled. He disposed of the ermine coat with tender care over a chair back, and they began to waltz.

Esta had known he could dance! They were lovely together. The dancer's beautifully made-up face, pouting mouth, bright languid gaze, focused all eyes. And Tudor Charles, dancing with her the first dance of the first night of the voyage, thought "I'm in luck, dashed if I'm not."

Esta lighted a second cigarette.

During the encore that every one gave the waltz, Blossom's eyes happened on the corner where glowed chestnut head and



This Is Paris

BY ELIZABETH CHISHOLM

*Perfume, and a flash of sunshine,
Misty light across each street—
Little dreams as gay as rainbows,
Just as gay—and just as fleet!*

*Music—drifting very gently,
Set in tune with hearts that
sing;
Youth and loveliness and
passion—
This is Paris, in the spring!*



It was like a charming little play in which Esta was the heroine. The curtain was up, the first act had begun. She and Sir Tudor Charles were on the stage of the moon-washed deck. The second and third acts she did not know; she could not guess how the play would end

amber frock. She pointed Esta out to Tudor and one saw her lips moving. They seemed to say, "There's a girl I saw in the lift coming down to dinner. She looks lonely." Tudor flashed Esta a smile.

One saw his eyes go back to Blossom's and his lips move. He was explaining, "Oh, she's March's new secretary." To a girl like this popular dancer, secretaries were mere dust under chariot wheels of fame and beauty.

But then in came one of the glossy men who seemed to be of Blossom's party. He looked about, saw her dancing and did not seem to care. His eyes found Esta and he approached, bowing, smiling. "Forgive my intrusion, but will you dance?"

SHE rose, cast off the near-Chinese shawl, and danced. Never, she thought, had she danced as she did now. There were very few people on the floor and the slightly surprised, quickened eyes of Tudor and the very surprised, hardened eyes of Blossom noted her at once.

The glossy man was not English; he was of the Mediterranean type; he did not dance like an Englishman, like Tudor. The orchestra finishing the encore waltz, swayed almost without pause, into a tango at a little sign and word from him as he and Esta passed. She could dance the tango, the real Argentine tango.

She and Ma, loosening inhibitions, moved to reckless diablerie by the mere boredom of their lot, had bought a phonograph record, borrowed the phonograph from the living room behind the dairy shop in Hardwick Street, and danced it. It was Esta who, having received a lesson or two from a wasp-waisted male professional of doubtful nationality, taught Ma the rudiments, but Ma was an apt pupil all the same.

Now here was the glossy man, better by far at it than the professional. The glossy man might have been born to it and Esta, swaying to him and smiling now with real joy, made not a mistake. One had to keep the tango within limits, of course but still—"Ha!" said the glossy man. "You can dance, my lady. We must dance again and again, must we not?" The others left the floor and Esta and the glossy man gave what was practically an exhibition.

Briefly, as they went by, Esta caught sight of Blossom's little hardened face above the ermine cloak which she had put



Esta and Sir Tudor advanced toward Kelly felt the appraising, aloof stare of the dancer should be meeting the famous Blossom,

on again, as if with a gesture of departure; she caught sight of Tudor Charles' face, all expression carefully wiped from it, except for his eyes, which followed her.

Ah! she was making Tudor Charles and this famous Blossom take notice. People were coming in and standing to watch and the faces in the orchestra were lighted with pleasure.

A storm of clapping.

The tango ended. Kelly March stood in the entrance to the ballroom, his face inexpressive.



March's group in the smoke-room. Esta again and thought, "If I'd known a week ago that I how thrilled I'd have been! Now I'm not"

"I thank you, lady," said the glossy man, bowing to Esta as he left her. "My name—if I may—Antoine Sebastian. Miss Gerald? I thank you. I hope for the pleasure another time."

He was looking towards Blossom, who was saying impatiently, "Antoine, Antoine, I don't want to be late at the auction pool. Why do you keep me?" But, seeing March in the doorway, she moved towards him.

"I was looking for you to take you in," Esta heard March say and he and Blossom went out, followed by Antoine. Tudor Charles was making straight for Esta.

"My Lord, where did you learn to dance?" he asked, as he sat down beside her. "Shall we have the next?"

"Yes, if you like. But don't you want to go with Miss Earl, with Blossom?"

He smiled as he replied, "I never cut in on my boss."

"Ah!"

He observed her. "Piqued," he thought "Little fool. Doesn't she realize that at this game one is never offended, never ruffled? One just makes hay."

He leaned towards her. "She got March," he spoke confidentially, "to promise to take her in to the auction pool room with him. He's a good man to be with. With him she'll probably win." He sighed. "Rich people like winning."

"And you? Don't you want to go in?"

"I SAID 'rich people,' my dear. I can't afford to risk anything, can you?"

A frank question. He always liked to know where he was. And this girl wasn't just the usual type of secretary; she might quite possibly have a good background of some kind, quite a good one.

He had been thinking rapidly over the name, "Gerald. Gerald. What Gerald are there? There's Admiral Sir James Gerald, whose half sister married Ammon of the Guards and now he's got his title."

"I say," he said, "I wonder if you're any relative of Sir James Gerald. Admiral Gerald. I was at Eton with two of his cousin's boys—his cousin, Lady Trewin, you know."

She replied quite naturally. "We're the poor

branch of the family, you know," and the next moment hated herself for it, but she went on, as she had done during dinner.

"The poor branch?"

He gave an easy little laugh as he repeated it but she saw him thinking. She wondered how much he knew of these Gerald.

"Let's see; you would be—"

She plunged on third cousinship as far as she was concerned.

"My father was his second cousin."

"Oh, now; let's see—"

Of course, he had Debrett by heart, or at any rate packed in his steamer trunk! She asked hastily—

"Do you know him well?"

[Continued on page 90]

Drawings By
L. G. HOLTON

How The Life

A Handy Guide To A
Who Want A Little



Don't be a dumb cluck clinging to the wall. Remember successful whoopee is made, not born



L. G. Holton



TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR BEING THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

1. When you get a "bid," take it or leave it but make up your mind.
2. Be prompt. Parties get stalled waiting for late arrivals.
3. If asked to perform, be sure you're wanted, then do your stuff with a good grace.
4. Never hog the center of the floor after your act is done; quit while they like you; there may be other clever people present.
5. If you can't perform, be a good audience.
6. Should the party sag, don't be afraid to volunteer first aid.
7. When asked to sing, avoid the dull stuff—better "Frankie and Johnny" than "The Rosary."
8. Always share yourself with every one present; it is an easy road to popularity and much talent has been discovered in quiet corners.
9. Be considerate of every one in your actions and wise cracks.
10. To feel friendly, act agreeably, think charitably, and talk amusingly is to be liked by everybody and invited everywhere.

IT IS all very well to ask a few friends in for the evening, but when you get them collected, what are you going to do with them? You can break up the party into a lot of snooty groups solemnly playing bridge, or you can keep the party together and stir it up until some one sends in a riot call. You can make your party just another one of those humdrum affairs that yawn and gape from dinner to ten o'clock, or you can make it a gay and memorable event from which your friends will weave homeward playing tag with the milkman.

No hostess in her right mind will expect her guests to get through an evening on stark conversation. Talk is all right when it is free and easy, but as soon as everybody realizes that the first pause in the chatter will be a knockout blow to the party's momentum, things get pretty anxious. Most men like a little action. What to do?

Remember the boy scouts and "Be Prepared." Be ready to jump in the moment the ball of conversation begins to bump on the floor. If you don't, you know how terrible the panic can be as the guests sit around on the verge of a nervous collapse, waiting for some one to say something, anything, before they want to scream and tear hair.

ALL such misery is entirely unnecessary. With a stunt or two—I don't mean card tricks, but some stunt that would include the whole crowd—the party quickly forgets the dreadful crisis that threatened.

A party, to get across these days, must have a plan. It doesn't have to be a rigid plan. In fact it had better not be. But a good flexible plan, ready for any emergency, is the backbone of every successful party. At the first sign that the party is not taking care of itself, there it is, all ready to put into effect.

I remember a party not long ago to which sixty people had been invited. The poor girl who was hostess had the insane notion that because so many of the guests were bright and lively folk, there would



The goofier a game, the better the fun. A feather chase has prevented many an evening's frost

to Be of the Party

Good Time for Those
Whoopie In Their Homes

By
EDWARD LONGSTRETH



TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR GIVING A SUCCESSFUL PARTY

1. If you must throw a party make up your mind to throw a good one.
2. Invite congenial people who all whoop in the same language.
3. In case of new arrivals, make introductions as informal and general as possible.
4. Plan your party. It should have plenty of action, novelty, and young men.
5. Never put any suggestion to a vote; be sure of the mood of your guests, and then go ahead.
6. Know your games but only dip into your repertory for those that will go over big with the time, the place and the crowd.
7. Remember that a party, like an army, travels on its stomach and be ready with plenty of timely food and drink.
8. When a guest sulks or refuses to join in, ignore him, or her.
9. When two dull people show up, pair them together; it will teach them to snap out of it.
10. If you're not a good leader yourself, be sure to invite some one who is; one live wire will electrify the party.



Learn what to
do till the milk-
man comes, and
your dates will
take care of
themselves

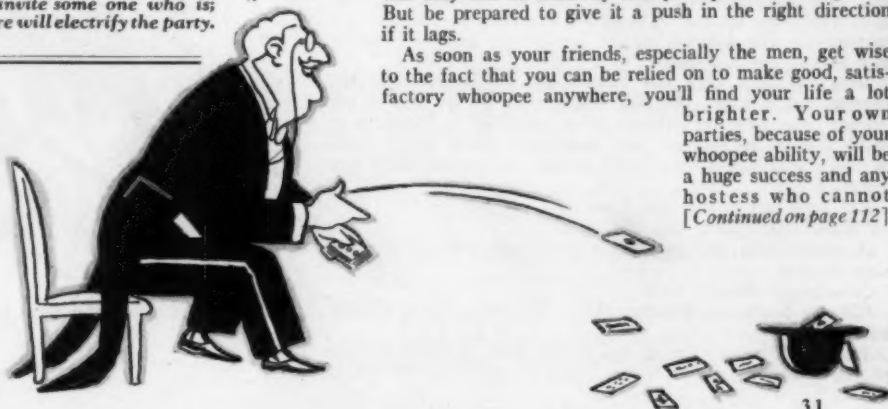
be no need for her to worry about entertaining them. The people all sat around for an hour or so wondering what treat was in store for them, all a-twitter, anticipating what was going to happen next. Time went on and nothing happened. About ten o'clock the crowd realized in a stunned sort of way that nothing was going to happen, that they had been dragged from their cosy homes, the radio, the movies, and cooped up for a deadly dull evening. In a few moments the party was a resounding flop. The hostess had a good cry and it served her right.

PARTIES are a sort of incurable social disease. We must have them to enjoy our pursuit of happiness. But no one should have the nerve to invite friends for the evening without a repertory of party pastimes all ready to render first aid in case the guests look around for help.

Needless to say, when the party once gets the bit in its teeth, nothing will stop it, and no sane person would try. When a party is speeding merrily on its own sweet way, there is no sense in trying to wrench it around into another path. You will only kill its headway and perhaps kill it altogether. But be prepared to give it a push in the right direction if it lags.

As soon as your friends, especially the men, get wise to the fact that you can be relied on to make good, satisfactory whoopee anywhere, you'll find your life a lot brighter. Your own parties, because of your whoopee ability, will be a huge success and any hostess who cannot [Continued on page 112]

"In your hat" is
a grand game for
the superior old
boys. It looks
easy but, oh my!



A Woman's Intuition

BY THE time Julia reached the Hendrick Hudson Arms, the dabs of rouge on her cheeks were superfluous. Her coloring was so real that her face burned. She passed the doorman and the footmen in the lobby, and approached the bored young man at the desk.

"Yes, madam?" he said.

"Mr. Terrant. Mr. Norman Terrant."

"Just a minute, please." He picked up the desk phone. "Eleven-o-three," he drawled to the operator, then raised his eyes to Julia. "Whom shall I announce?" he inquired.

It seemed to Julia that there was the faintest suggestion of a leer in his manner, an implied "any-name-will-do-for-any-one-as-good-looking-as-you-are," tone to his voice.

"Miss Lane." Julia supplied it quickly.

"Thank you." Then he spoke impersonally into the transmitter. "Miss Lane is in the lobby. Thank you."

Julia waited.

"Will you go up, please?" the clerk said, and replaced the receiver. "Apartment eleven-o-three. The first lift, please."

The tenants of the exclusive Hudson Arms paid something like a thousand dollars a year additional rental on each apartment for the questionable privilege of always hearing the elevators called "lifts." It was the tone of the establishment which marked it as distinctive, and became a part of the supercilious courtesy required from each employee. Waiters and bell boys said "Sijon" for "St. John," "Bac-ardi" for "Bacar-di," "Beecham" for "Beauchamp," "vallyay" for "valet"—regardless of their middle west or East Thirty-first Street origins.

Julia entered the leather-lined car and was catapulted aloft with a rudely mechanical efficiency. The operator parked his car at the eleventh floor and led Julia to the door of the apartment, where he rang the bell for her. He contrived to make even this trifling service appear more like snooping curiosity than a thoughtful or a graceful gesture.

Julia was thoroughly uncomfortable.

FOR the scarcely perceptible second before the door swung open, she considered turning and running away. She wished she had refused Norman Terrant's invitation to dinner. She wondered why she had not stipulated that they eat in a restaurant, instead of weakly consenting to come to his apartment. She blamed herself for having become friendly with him in the first place.

Julia's qualms were not caused by any knowledge that Terrant was a rake. As rich young men go, he was rather decent. Nor were they the result of maidenly inexperience or mid-Victorian imaginings. She had taken dinner many times in men's apartments, as casually as she had invited them into her own.

But Julia was in love and knew it.

"Miss Lane?" some one said to her.

A weedy little man in a white jacket was holding the door open for her.

"Cockney," thought Julia.

"Mister Norman's dressing, Miss. This way, if you please," he said.

Norman Terrant's living room was much as she had expected to find it. There was a fireplace capable of swallowing



"I'm sorry for you, Norman," Julia said.
was one of deep,

Illustrations
By
CORINNE DILLON



"You've so much on your mind." Her tone
ironic sympathy

Why Try to Mix Business With Romance?

By
GEORGE S. BROOKS

four-foot logs at a gulp. There were book-lined walls with Pennell etchings above the shelves. The chairs were worn into comfortable hollows. At the end of the room, one step up and behind four mahogany pillars, was a niche where the servant had been setting a dinner table.

"He won't be but a minute, Miss." The weedy little man opened a window because it was a warm spring night, and stirred up the logs that were smouldering on the hearth because a blaze made the room more cheerful.

"May I take your coat?" he asked.

IT HAD puzzled Julia to decide what to wear that evening. As she slipped her cloak into the man's hands, she was glad she had chosen her best, a black evening frock. She noted that the man deftly removed the violets from the coat and put them into a small vase to keep them fresh until the time of her leaving. She resented the act; it savored of a long familiarity with women guests.

"Hello, Julia."

Norman appeared from the door of the little room beyond the dining alcove. He was just slipping into his coat as he entered and gave one the feeling that he had dressed like a vaudeville actor in the wings of the stage.

"Martens," he called.

The servant paused. "Yes, Mister Norman."

"Call the manager downstairs. Tell him I want a thousand dollars in fifties by nine o'clock tomorrow morning. I'll send him down a check."

"Yes, Mister Norman."

"And after dinner, you can pack the small trunk."

"Yes, Mister Norman."

"And you'd better remember everything because I won't."

Having tossed his cares upon Martens' shoulders he came down into the living room.

Julia put aside the magazine she had picked up.

"I'm sorry for you," she announced.

"For me?" Norman Terrant halted in the middle of the rug and indicated himself with an inquiring rise of his eyebrows.

"You've so much on your mind." Julia's tone was one of deep, ironic sympathy.

THE man laughed and threw himself down in a chair. He extracted a cigarette from a silver box and lighted it.

"You working girls," he groaned. "How's the old job coming? But don't tell me if they've given you another raise. I hate successful people."

"I should think they might attract you." Julia offered this with dangerous sweetness.

"Opposites? Oh, no." Norman shook his head. "I inherited success."

He always amused Julia when he was in this mood. There was a certain delightful shamelessness about him.

"Father," he continued, "liked to brag that he'd done four men's work all his life. I figured that, since he had, that would cover him, and me, and my son, and grandson. That's reasonable, isn't it?"

"So your only worry is providing the son and grandson?"

The phrase was out of Julia's mouth before she realized it. Then she blushed furiously, and hated herself for blushing.



It's easy to fight off work sitting at a café table watching pretty girls

But Norman pretended not to notice her confusion. "I'll tend to that, sometime. I told Martens to remind me, whenever he thinks it's convenient."

He tossed it off as if he had been speaking of a horse or a dog that he meant to buy.

They both laughed and Julia hastened to change the subject. "When did you decide to go abroad?" she asked. "You were so abrupt, when you phoned."

"Last night. I don't like to talk to you at the office. You're all so efficient down there, I'm afraid some of you'll be counting words on me and sending me a bill for the time I wasted. Like a cable—To Norman Terrant. Three hundred words about himself at six cents a word. Total—" he paused to think.

"Eighteen dollars." Julia supplied the figure.

"No nice girl would be able to figure that without a pencil and paper," he added.

"Where are you going?"

He rose from his chair and poked the fire; then opened the window wider.

"Where spring is spring," he answered.

"Where's that?"

"WELL, it isn't New York. I was walking down Madison Avenue last night and I smelled cabbage cooking. I won't stay in a city where you can smell cabbage cooking after April first. I'll go where it isn't cooked."

"For instance?" asked Julia.

"Paris until June, Norway in the summer, Vienna next fall, and Egypt in the winter."

Julia sat up very straight. She had not imagined that he intended being away for a long time.

"When are you coming back?"

He offered her a cigarette, and lighted it for her. She was afraid he would notice how her hand trembled.

"I told my lawyer I'd be away three years."

"You really mean that? Three years?"

"Sure. Why not?"

She looked away. The smoke caught in her throat and she coughed, harshly. She was conscious of a great desire to cry.

It seemed to her that the months ahead were being piled up like stones into a great pyramid of loneliness.

"You might say you hate to see me go," he continued. "That's only being polite, you know. It doesn't commit you to anything."

"Three years," she repeated.

"Thought I'd stay away long enough so I could feel patriotic when I got back." He laughed at his own reason, but there was no echoing applause from Julia. His tone changed and he said:

"Why, Julia. What's the matter?"

"Just smoke in my eye."

"You should use a cigarette holder. One of those long holders. I'll send you an ivory one. I know where to buy them in Paris."

Julia made no reply.

"Wouldn't you like a holder?"

"Yes." She spoke primly. "I'd like an ivory holder very much."

"That's settled, then."

"YOU won't have to worry about your next Christmas list. Isn't that fine?" She spoke with difficulty.

"All right. I'll send it to you for Christmas."

Conversation died. In the alcove behind them, Martens continued setting the table.

"I don't suppose you'd like Paris," Norman drawled.

"Why not?" retorted Julia.

"It's too comfortable for you. All Europe is. You'd develop sclerosis of the conscience just watching people waste time."

Terrant blew a smoke ring. He blew better smoke rings than any other man in Manhattan.

"I can fight off work better when I'm backed up against a good café, with a table in front of me, watching the pretty girls go past. But you don't understand me," he continued.

"I wouldn't say you were difficult to understand," Julia offered without rancor. "There's no need for calling in a psychoanalyst to study pure laziness."

"It's a great shame father didn't know you. He would have admired your unfailing commercial instinct," was Norman's reply. "When he was ill, he used to diagnose himself from the labels on patent-medicine bottles, and save a doctor's fee. You see, you've spoiled a half-day's work for a psychiatrist."

"You can go to one just the same."

"If you say it's laziness, I never could bring myself to believe again," his voice took on a humorous pathos, "that it is art and soul that hampers me."

Julia laughed.

Terrant raised himself out of his chair and walked over to the radio, which stood in mahogany majesty in the corner of the room. He twirled a dial and the contraption emitted an admirable imitation of several alley cats.

"The Voice of the Homeland," he suggested.

Then came a snatch of a droned speech.

"... at the age of sixty-one, statistics show us only nine of the original hundred men are still living. Of these nine: one is wealthy, one is comfortably provided for, two more possess small businesses, and the other five are finding themselves dependent upon the bounty of—"

He cut off the remainder of the speech with a click and said: "Even that wouldn't sound so badly if it were done in French. I'll try another station."

This time he was more successful. The rhythm of a popular dance melody was picked out of the air:

"Lucky in love, lucky in love, what else matters, when you're luck-ee in love?" he hummed. "Come on. Let's dance."

THEY danced well together and the music continued in a mad syncopation that quickened pulse and step. Julia relaxed more and more completely in his arms.

"I don't know how I'm going to get along for three years without having you to dance with," Terrant remarked during a pause in the program. "I wish you were going abroad this summer—"

"I'm no school teacher. I work in an office," she said bitterly. "I get two weeks' vacation and like it."

"I don't know why, either."

"Why what?"

"Why you like it."

She wanted to tell him that she didn't like it, that she detested her office and all its works as completely as he did, but the words seemed glued to her lips and tongue.

They resumed their dance. Julia was increasingly unhappy as she danced; she wished that she were anywhere else; she wanted to escape. She was breathless when the music halted again.

Terrant did not allow her to slip from his arms.

"Julia," he began a bit huskily, "Julia, I wish you were coming abroad. We could fix it up some way."

"Don't be foolish." She said it so positively and even sharply that he dropped his arms.

"I beg your pardon."

Julia looked at the toe of her black satin slipper.

"Listen to me," he cleared his throat. "Don't upstage me. I'm serious about this."

Julia looked at the slipper, unable to raise her eyes, although she was conscious of his gaze upon her.

"I don't know how to be romantic and you don't like any one who is. Let's make a—well, say a business deal. You come abroad and—well, we'll play around together."

His voice rather vanished in a diminuendo of suggestion.

Julia knew she should be shocked or, at least, furious.

CURIOSLY enough, she was neither indignant nor surprised. She was merely unhappy. There was no sense of disappointment in him, nor was there any trace of railing against the ironical harshness of life. She rather wanted to go with him.

"Don't you think we could make a deal?" he continued, rather hopefully.

"No, Norman."

She was not even aware that she was going to say no. It was almost automatic, dictated by her subconscious self.

"I'm sorry." His voice was low. "I just thought that we could have a good time and—well—I thought you liked me well enough so you wouldn't be bored. That's all."

She wanted him to put his arm around her again, but he made no move. They were both standing in the center of the living room, rather awkwardly.

"Cocktails, Sir?" Martens' voice beside them broke the tableau.

"Yes, thanks." Norman answered mechanically.

Julia turned gratefully to the servant and took one of the glasses he carried on the tray. Terrant reached for the other.

"Well, anyway, here's luck." Terrant raised his glass.

"Luck," Julia echoed.

"The dinner is ready, Sir," Martens announced. They followed him into the dining alcove.

Julia's appetite was erratic that evening. She pushed away her soup scarcely touched. The filet of sole she devoured almost ravenously, remembering as she ate that she had neglected to go out for lunch that day. But when the roast came, she did not care for it. And her dessert was carried away untasted.

"Martens," Norman said at last to Julia's great relief.

"Yes, Mister Norman."

"Let's have a liqueur, that Swedish punch. Bring it and some coffee out by the fire."

"Yes, Mister Norman."

They strolled out to the fireplace. Terrant put on some more wood and poked at the smouldering logs until a little blaze sprang up. He pushed up a davenport.

"Might as well be comfortable," he remarked.

"Martens, put the coffee and the tray on the stand."

"Yes, Mister Norman."

"And Martens—that's all."

"But, Mister Norman, I thought I'd pack the small trunk."

"You can do that in the morning."

"WE HAVE to leave here by ten o'clock, Sir. The 'Paris' sails at twelve."

"You can come in early."

"Yes, Mister Norman."

Martens shook his head dubiously as if he did not approve, and departed.

Julia and Norman sat quietly upon the davenport, sipping the liqueur and the coffee. It was some time before either spoke.

"Look here, Julia," Norman began, "I'm awfully sorry you took what I said the way you did. There wasn't anything for you to get peeved about, not really."

"I understand there wasn't, Norman."

"I'm sorry you took it that way."

"Oh, don't apologize. It's all right."

"I thought you were so strong for this modern stuff that you'd figure it—well—like a man."

"Please stop talking about it."

[Continued on page 101]



"I'm no school teacher," Julia said. "I get two weeks' vacation and like it!"

The Intimate Diary



Alfred Cheney Johnston

PEGGY JOYCE as she appeared this year upon her return to the stage as the star of "The Lady of the Orchids." Little did she dream ten years ago—when she first found success and everything appeared rosy—that her career was to be so mercilessly interrupted by a rush of events which changed the whole course of her life

of Peggy Joyce

In which you may read for the first time the account of how Peggy Hopkins in her search for happiness, left fame and position as the belle of Washington Society and became one of Ziegfeld's "glorified"

WHEN I began writing my Diary I was speeding away out West toward my Future. I was going to be a great actress Mr. Huertin said because I was so pretty. Mr. Huertin was the World's Greatest Cyclist, and I ran away from home to go with him because I wanted to be an actress.

On the train I met Everett Archer, the handsomest man I ever saw. When we were getting off in Denver, he said Peggy Darling, I love you. Will you marry me? Why, Mr. Archer, I said, I have only known you since this morning. That didn't make any difference, he said, so we were married, and he took me to his parents who were very wealthy.

But the next day I was heart-broken. Why wasn't I told marriage was like that? Mr.

Huertin got scared because he found out I was only fifteen, and had run away from home. So he took me back to Norfolk, and Mother and Grannie had the marriage annulled. Then they sent me to a fashionable boarding school in Washington, but I hated school.

One night we had a dance and about midnight I met a Millionaire. His name was Sherby Hopkins and the next day he asked me to marry him, and I became Mrs. Sherburne Philbrick Hopkins, wife of one of the richest, most Socially Prominent Men in Washington.

I LOVED Washington. It seemed as though I was always riding, shopping or dancing and I had such beautiful clothes. We went dancing nearly every night at the Embassies and the Legations and the First Secretary of the Chilean Embassy said I was the most beautiful woman in Washington.

Then one night at the Grand Ball I tripped on my train and fell. I had to be taken to a hospital and I was sick for several weeks. While I was ill, people began saying things about Sherby and a Miss —. I did not want to believe them but I was very unhappy and finally when I couldn't stand it any longer I left Sherby.

I thought, of course, I would go on the stage. I didn't take anything Sherby had given me except eight dollars, and set out for New York. I didn't know the city so I stopped at the St. Regis hotel, for I was still Mrs. Hopkins and I could use Sherby's suite.

But after the manager found out I didn't have any money he wouldn't let me stay any longer. Sherby would not send them any unless I would go back to Washington. The manager suggested that I go to the Beauclair which was less expensive.



Strauss-Peyton

Florenz Ziegfeld (left) and A. L. Erlanger (right) took Peggy Hopkins and made her the most famous woman on the stage. Then along came Lee Shubert (above) and offered her greater opportunity



Davis Collection



White

I telegraphed to Sherby but he did not reply.

Finally the manager of the Beauclair would not let me stay another night unless I made a deposit. I did not even have money to buy food. I was frightened but I would not give in. I decided to put on my checkered suit, and go to every theater on Broadway in search of a job.

FRIDAY. Life for a girl on her own is like a merry-go-round, it keeps on going faster and faster until you fall off and then it all depends on how you fall and where. I mean you may get hurt but then again you may fall on something soft.

It is strange how important little things are in a girl's destiny. I have never thought much about God but surely there must be

something that decides whether a girl commits suicide or becomes famous in spite of herself.

When I left the Beauclair Hotel yesterday morning I was locked out of my room. I had not a nickel. I was hungry. My waist was soiled and I did not even have a change of underwear, which seemed more important than breakfast.

I did not know what I was going to do but I was sure of one thing, I would not give in and go back to my husband who was trying to starve me into returning to Washington and his home. I was ready for anything.

As I walked down Broadway in my worn-out shoes and little checkered suit that hadn't been to the cleaner's since I left Sherby a month ago I was pretty hopeless, but I still had an idea something would turn up. If a good-looking man had smiled at me and asked me to have lunch with him I think I would have gone with him.

But none of the men I met on that long walk down Broadway smiled or even looked at me in my shabby suit and I guess I must have looked pretty bad at that.

As things turned out it was not a man, it was a woman who saved me. She is a woman who will be famous one day I am sure and is the best woman I have ever met except mother and Grannie.

When I got to the corner of Forty-Eighth Street and Broadway I was so tired I could hardly walk and I was terribly

hungry. I did not know what to do. So I thought I would go to the stage door of the Palace Theater and ask the manager to put me on the stage.

The doorman said, What do you want? In a gruff tone and I said, I want to see the Manager. And he answered So would



Sarony

"So you are the kid who thinks she is a star? Well, we'll have to make you one," said Fanny Brice, when Mr. Ziegfeld sent Peggy to her



"My picture is in the papers nearly every day. I am a celebrity," wrote Peggy at the height of her Folies fame, when she used to stroll up Fifth Avenue as pictured above

lots of people, what do you want with him? I want a Position on the Stage, I said. You can't get a job acting like that, he said, you must see an Agent. And you better give him plenty of pictures and a good stall or he will kick you downstairs.

So I left and really I was desperate and next door was a little dressmaking and hat shop and I was so tired I thought I would maybe get a job as a saleslady and go on the Stage later.

But when I entered the shop I was too scared to ask for a job and they thought I was a customer and began showing me hats and I was too scared to tell them I did not have any money, so I just sat there and looked, I was so tired. Finally the girl whispered to a lady in the back and this lady came to me and she looked kind and she said. Did you wish to order anything, Miss?

I just could not answer her so I don't know why I did it but I burst into tears and cried and cried. And the lady said You poor kid come inside and tell me all about it. She took me in her private office and after a while I stopped crying and told her I had no money not even a change of underwear, and she was wonderful, she said Well that's easy we can fix you up, when did you eat last?

So before I knew it I was telling her the whole story and she exclaimed, Why you are the girl whose picture was on the Front Page this morning. And she got a newspaper and sure enough there was my picture and a long story from Washington saying I had left my husband, the distinguished Society Man and Millionaire to go on the Stage in New York.

I am Madame Frances, said the kind lady and you are a beautiful little thing. I am going to Fix you Up with everything you need and some money to pay your hotel and then you are going back there and rest, you are all in your poor kid.

So she took me back to the hotel and gave me a new dress and a change of underwear and a waist and Ten Dollars and she said, Now you wait here and I will telephone.

So I waited and this morning she telephoned and said, How are you? I want you to come down here right away, I have some good News.

I WENT there in a taxicab and there was Madame Frances who has a marvelous personality, she is so good and her hats and gowns are so wonderful, and she said, Come on my child we are going to see about getting you a job.

And we went to the office of a Mr. Ziegfeld he is a theatrical man and Madame Frances went in and soon she came out again and said, I have to go now but you wait here and they will call you. There were lots of other beautiful girls in the waiting room they were all expensively Dressed and some of them Glared at me and I felt very scared, and finally a man came out and said, Which of you is Mrs. Hopkins?

I am, I said. Well, then, come with me he said. I am Mr. Kingston the publicity man for Mr. Ziegfeld and I am taking you in to see him. Do not be frightened he won't eat you and just tell him all he wants to know.

We went in a great big office and at a desk there was a rather good-looking man, not very tall, and lovely gray hair. He did not say a word for a moment just looked at me, and I felt very bashful.

Then he said, So you're the little lady from Washington who wants to go on the Stage are you? Well you are certainly a knockout for looks I will hand you that. Let us look at your legs. So he looked at my legs like he was looking at a picture he was buying and then he said, Well if you can do anything at all on the stage you will do, won't she, Kingston? A knockout sir, said Kingston.

Mr. Ziegfeld said, Come with me, have you ever been on the stage? I said no, because why tell about the bicycle act when I might be a big Star? And they took me to a big stage and there was a piano and another gentleman sat on the stage and Mr. Ziegfeld said, This is Mr. Erlanger. He is my partner.

Come here little girl said Mr. Erlanger. What can you do?

So I said I did not know and smiled at him though I was very Nervous, and Mr. Ziegfeld said, let's see you walk across the stage. No, just naturally. I felt silly but I did what he said and Erlanger said, She's got the looks all right. She knows how to walk too, said Mr. Ziegfeld.

Then he came over to me and he said, Listen little one If you will listen to me I will make you the most Famous Girl in New York. Every year I pick out one girl and throw the spots on her and you are going to be the girl this year if you

and me can get together. Now I am going to offer you a hundred dollars a week, but of course this is a great deal of money so you must work hard and try to justify my faith in you. I think you are a nice little girl and Mr. Erlanger does too, but you cannot get anywhere on the stage unless you work hard.

They told me to report the next day and I am going back tomorrow and I am the happiest girl in New York, I do not care if the other girls are jealous.

I just love Madame Frances she is wonderful and Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. Erlanger are wonderful too.

One hundred dollars a week! Later she was to be offered thousands but to the little girl who had been heart-broken and penniless and starving only a few hours before, a hundred dollars was a great fortune. More, it was her definite emancipation from her life as a leader of Washington society, a life she had voluntarily left

SUNDAY. I was too tired to write in my Diary yesterday but there is no rehearsal today so I have a few minutes but I am so nervous and excited it is difficult to write.

I am sure I am going to love the stage, every one is wonderful to me except the other girls and of course I do not care about them. They are only jealous.

Mr. Erlanger was there yesterday he patted my hand and said I was doing fine, only I really have not very much to do, only walk across the stage and so forth, but I am to have gorgeous costumes and the spot.

I heard some one say I was Erlanger's latest pet but I do not think it was nice because how can I help it if he owns the theater and is nice to me?

WEDNESDAY. Mr. Erlanger has made them give me a scene with Bert Williams, it is only one line but that is more than most of the other girls have and I am very happy. Mr. Williams is so kind and nice to me. He may be colored but he has a great big heart and every one adores him in the theater. He is our big star the other is Fanny Brice.

FRIDAY. We have got our costumes they are gorgeous. I have five and they make me look wonderful. Mr. Erlanger said publicly I was the most beautiful girl in the show and the other girls are very cruel and nasty to me. I am beginning to hate them.

There is a lot of trouble with the stage manager who is a very rough man and says he cannot understand my Southern accent. You can't talk like that in New York, he said. But Mr. Williams said, She will get it soon, don't worry little one.

And of course because I have a line with Bert Williams the girls are furious. They say I have a swell head which is not true, only when a girl has a speaking part she need not have to associate with the ordinary chorus girls.

I have had quite a quarrel with one of the girls, in fact almost a fight but we were stopped and the stage manager said he would fire us if we did it again.

THURSDAY. When I got to the theater today they told me to get my make-up box from the girls' dressing room and put it in Miss Brice's. I could hardly believe my ears.

So Mr. Ziegfeld personally said, I am putting you in with Miss Brice who has kindly consented to teach you something, you do not know much now, you know, and I think you are getting a swelled head with those other girls. You should



Alfred Cheney Johnston

In 1918, Mr. Ziegfeld said to Peggy, "Every year I pick out one girl and throw the spots on her, and you are going to be the girl this year. You must work hard to justify my faith in you"

not be so superior. It only makes enemies for you.

Of course I did not argue with Mr. Ziegfeld because I was so grateful for being put with Miss Brice who is wonderful, but I think a girl should always be a little superior, especially when she has a speaking part.

So I went to Miss Brice's dressing room and she came in and said, Oh, hello kiddo, so you are the kid who thinks she is a star, well we will try to make you one.

Miss Brice is wonderful.

SUNDAY. I do love Miss Brice she has taken me to her home and she says I am too beautiful to be let lose on the streets of New York.

She said last night, What sort of Men do you go out with? And I said I had met hardly any [Continued on page 125]

Try and make a woman understand that an article bought abroad and worn a few times is subject to duty!



Why Women

PHILIP

Collector of the
Tells the Secret to

WHY women smuggle is one of those "Ask me another" questions.

That they do smuggle is no surprise. But that ninety per cent of such offenses against the government are committed by women may come as a startling statement. If you drop the short and ugly word for the longer and prettier phrase—failure to declare—I am compelled to admit that such is the case.

To the why and wherefore of this there may be a thousand answers. Each woman may be an answer in herself, and a different answer from her sisters. That is for the psychologists to declare. But as to the impelling motives which cause women of high and low degree, and of all ages, to so greatly outnumber men in this game of cheating Uncle Sam, I may be permitted to have my opinions.

It is an astounding fact that, as offenders against our Customs laws women outnumber men ten to one. Moreover, this ratio has held during my entire tenure of office as Collector of the Port of New York. Possibly in some seasons it has even been higher.

"Are men, then, more honest, of higher moral caliber, of finer ethical standards?" you might ask.

THAT makes me laugh for while I do not even pretend to understand the fairer sex, I do know something about my fellow men. And I am free to declare that few of us can ever hope to attain to the fine ideals that are woman's heritage. We are of harder standards, we men, with a good deal of give and take about us; the softer and finer standards are indisputably woman's own.

"But, then you say, women do all the smuggling—or mostly all! You are paradoxical."

"Yes; seemingly so," is my answer. Yet the startling fact remains that, with these higher standards, women are faced by that higher percentage of offenses against the government. Ethically, failure to declare dutiable articles may be termed smuggling, but our government takes a kinder view of it. For the professional smuggler there is another and far more drastic law which spells—prison.

Rarely, if ever, is a woman imprisoned for failure to declare articles in her luggage. Certainly never in my time. So you see Uncle Sam differentiates between those who smuggle in something for their own use and those who smuggle for profit. Of the latter women are seldom guilty.

Years ago quite a number of women were engaged in smuggling in costumes for their fashionable shops. But since the so-called "sleeper trunk" game—trunks left uncalled for on

the pier until the opportunity for slipping them off arrived—was wiped out, the professional woman smuggler has been a rarity.

Yes; gone are the days of false bottoms in trunks and bags, punctured cakes of soap, smelling salts, concealing unset stones, hidden pockets, loaded cigarettes, fountain pens, tooth paste, medicine bottles, hollow heels, concealed belts, and a thousand and one other exposed tricks. Indeed, today, the person who would use a hollow umbrella handle for purposes of concealment would be classed as one who didn't know enough to come out of the rain.

IN the present day there is a better morale. Madam puts a better face on her failures to declare dutiable articles in her baggage. No criminal concealment for her—that way lies detention and disgrace. Instead it must appear an oversight or furnish her with one of the invariable excuses.

In such cases it is my duty to confiscate the undeclared article and collect an additional penalty that may amount to the retail value of the article after importation into this country.

Even the placing of old home-town labels in imported costumes and coats is passé nowadays, and it is

seldom that an inspector finds an old and faded lining in a coat of shining newness. The case of the young woman who wore one coat inside of another was a novelty last year. Her case was a sad one, for she couldn't offer an excuse. She could hardly tell us that the new coat was an offspring of the old one.

Yes; methods have changed and for the better. Things are done in a nicer way, and have a nicer ending now for all concerned.

Take the case of the lovely and distracting lady who tripped down the gangway of the newest of our French liners recently. She stood, pouting prettily, as the inspector politely examined her luggage. She did not even frown when his groping hand turned over some of her daintiest lingerie. Instead she smiled as he straightened up from his final examination.

"Have you any jewelry to declare?" he asked her—appar-



"Have you any jewelry to declare?" the inspector asked, as an afterthought

Do Smuggle?

ELTING

Port of New York

ALBERT EDWARD ULLMAN

ently as an afterthought. She looked into his steady eyes and her own dropped. At the same time a diamond bracelet dropped down on her wrist and became plain to sight.

"Oh, this!" she faltered. "I've worn it so long I'd completely forgotten it."

Her forgetfulness caused her the loss of the bracelet and a fine of twenty-two hundred dollars.

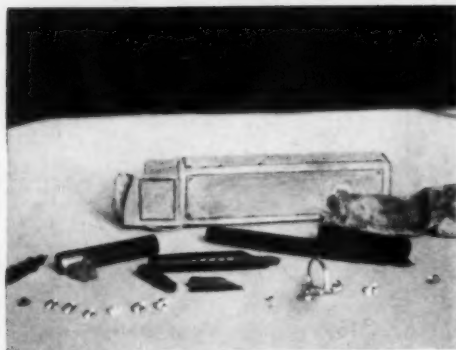
In the case of a dear old lady shortly after, the excuse was the same. Only this time it was a diamond clustered bar pin, negligently concealed under a handsome lace scarf. The bob-haired young miss whose straight locks concealed new and beautiful earrings had no more original explanation.

ANOTHER bejeweled bracelet furnished a more flagrant case of absentmindedness. The owner was a society matron of wealth and some distinction. Upon her arrival she was met on the pier by a daughter and a number of friends. The excitement of these greetings was hardly over when she turned to offer to help the inspector with his examination. As she did so she passed a glove to the daughter to hold. Alas, in the finger of that glove was a flexible diamond bracelet. In the same cold, white light of day that was reflected from its sparkling gems the owner stood revealed, a pitiable plea upon her lips.

Exposure—publicity—would mean her ruin, she gasped, in the first moment of discovery. She had not meant to use her daughter she admitted later. She had set out to show herself smarter than some of her feminine friends and slip something through worth while—the duty on jewelry being eighty per cent of its cost—but at the last minute her courage had failed. A keen glance of the inspector at her wrist had precipitated the passage of the glove.

In the case of an actress whose courage likewise failed, it was a matter of a dropped handkerchief. Discovery came about through a polite inspector who picked it up. His practiced fingers felt the brooch hidden within its folds.

While this last discovery was accidental, in the other cases the offenders were doubtless sorely puzzled by the knowledge of the inspectors. Indeed one of them expressed her wonder



Gone are the days of jewel-loaded fountain pens and tubes of toothpaste

to the legal representative of the department after the settlement of her case. She had not breathed a word about the bracelet to a single soul.

And yet as she purchased the bracelet the polite jeweler or clerk who waited on her was most likely making careful notes to be forwarded to one of our many representatives abroad. In fact, as he bowed her out, he was probably hoping that madam would attempt that very thing, for the reward to those who give information is one-fourth of the penalty collected, though the same is limited to fifty thousand dollars in any one case. And for aught she knew Europe may have thousands of salespeople and shopkeepers with that incentive before them.

HOWEVER, failure to declare jewelry is an exception rather than a rule. Largely my lady's attempts have to do with finery and furs. Her evening gown purchased abroad for one hundred dollars is subject to a duty of sixty per cent. If laced trimmed the same is ninety per cent, almost doubling the cost.

All other wearing apparel, free of lace and embroidery, must pay sixty per cent. And fur coats—and fur scarfs! Why, for every hundred dollars paid abroad the government collects fifty dollars. Well, not always fifty dollars, for sad to relate, our American women sometimes pay more for the article than it is worth. And our appraisers are fairer than the merchants who sold them.

This was well illustrated a year ago when the failure to declare fur coats was all the rage, for you must know that smuggling, too, has its fashions.

In almost every case of a failure to declare there was a fur coat—a fur coat that could have been purchased in this country, duty paid, for less than the price paid abroad. Of course they were confiscated and a penalty amounting to the price of another fur coat imposed on the owner.

Nevertheless, fur coats still come in undeclared, though not in such large numbers. Possibly in one-third of the cases a fur coat is involved. The fox, especially the silver fox, is becoming the fashion—and our men are waiting on the piers.

Unscrupulous dealers abroad, I am inclined to believe, are responsible for this in no small measure. By inuendo they dangle before the buyer's eyes what a bargain it will be if brought in duty free. Do not forget that that word "bargain" fits into one of the reasons why women smuggle.

Always a trip abroad means new dresses and pretty things. Verily, the lure of fashion is only [Continued on page 141]



Drawings
By
ROBB
BEEBE

The bob-haired miss whose locks covered new earrings could not explain

The
Frivolous Story
Of a Jest
That Was Taken
In
Earnest

How New Is Anne?



ANNE gave a New Year's party. Being Anne, she gave it in August. Being Anne's party, it was attended apparently by everybody but Anne.

"Where's Anne?" mused her guests among themselves, as they strolled in gay masquerade about the garden which had been transformed into a white, glittering, winter carnival. Not that her absence amazed them. Anne was so elusive. She was apt to be at anybody's party but her own.

But even without her the affair got off to quite a start. Hollywood was working hard at it. Senoritas romped madly with monks. Courtiers and nuns skated on the great glass lake. All the Noah's Ark animals were tobogganing with a bright, persistent playfulness.

Anthony Carter stood on the edge of everything. "A Stag At Bay." A tall, dark, serious young man was Anthony, with an engaging air of looking younger than he felt and more attractive than he knew. He surveyed the scene. Artificial ice and snow! Artificial winter! Artificial identities! Artificial gaiety! Signs and symbols, Anthony felt, of the completely, devastatingly artificial life in which Anne indulged. He shuddered.

Just then a long, thin girl in a short, tight dress, looking,

he reflected, rather like a wrapped silk umbrella, came hurtling by and pitched him casually into a heap of cotton snow.

"Let's do something cute!" she shouted in a shrill, sharp voice, like the scraping of an umbrella on cement. "Don't tell our right names. I'm Carmen, of course, and you're Hector, the highwayman. Where have I been all your life, Hector?"

Anthony fought his way to the surface of the snowdrift and began to twitch cotton from his eyes.

"I've got on Kiss-Proof Lipstick," confided Carmen, "and I'm collecting testimonials. Could I interest you?"

Anthony withdrew a little and began to twitch cotton from his ears.

"**W**HERE'S Anne?" complained Carmen, eyeing him accusingly. "She hasn't come to her own party. She wouldn't. Have you seen the fountain? Anne posed for it. She would. It's called 'The New Woman.' It would be."


Carefully Anthony began to replace cotton in his ears but even so he continued to hear Carmen talking at him tirelessly.

"Do you know Anne?"

"Yes," admitted Anthony.

"No, you don't," contradicted Carmen. "You wouldn't. Men never do. She's Anne Enigma. Isn't that cute of me? I just thought of it. Anne Enigma."

She favored Anthony with a piercing glance.



By JAN
FOSTER

Without the slight-
est warning the
fountain statue came
to life and dove into
the bright pool

"Take mama's advice, Hec," she urged. "Keep off. Anne's a modern. Wants to eat her cake and have another. She's my best friend. If I don't know her, who does? Hard hearted and hard headed. Full of art and ideas. Know that long green art shop on the Boul? Name of the Prancing Pickle? That's Anne's. It would be."

ANTHONY knew the Prancing Pickle. It was crowded with odd, arty, unrecognizable objects. Everything in it seemed to be something else. The walls were covered with Anne's sketches, done in her own inimitable manner: sketches of sunsets looking like scrambled eggs, sketches of scrambled eggs looking like sunsets. Anthony sighed.

With great suddenness Carmen bounced up on his knee.

"Now me, I'm just a little home body," she crooned. "I'm just an old-fashioned girl."

Anthony eyed his companion with tremendous distaste. She was Carmen unconsciously caricatured. She was Carmen with a short red frock and without a rose between her lips.

"You ought to have a rose between your lips," he

Illustrations
By
LESLIE L.
BENSON

observed. And he wondered within himself if even Carmen could continue to chatter ceaselessly if this were so.

"How cute of you," giggled Carmen. "Would it be cute? Would it suit my type?"

"By all means," said Anthony emphatically. "You ought always to wear roses clutched in your teeth. I hope you'll think it over."

He brushed Carmen off his lap and stood up abruptly.

"There must be roses about. I'll get you a dozen."

He pushed his way through the gay throng with a roughness that accorded admirably with his costume. Briefly he wondered why he had come as a highwayman, for he was habitually reserved and gentle. Others might have wondered why he had come at all. He was conspicuously out of place.

But Anthony knew the answer. He was a psychology professor, one of a small group of young men who were spending their summer vacations and their winter salaries traveling. The rest of these were seeing America first. Anthony was seeing Hollywood. He had an old uncle who had an old friend who had an Old English home in the Hollywood hills. The friend was in Italy. Anthony was in his Hollywood home, with, as it happened, Anne's Spanish Castle on his right.

THIS, he felt, was a blessing in a rather heavy disguise. For, although he did not approve of Anne and the likes of Anne, it was more or less his duty to study humanity. Some day he was going to put humanity in books and books in the hands of humanity. He had met Anne in the garden, over the pet petunias of the friend of the uncle. But Carmen was right. It was presumption to say that he knew her. She was an enigma. Enigmas intrigued Anthony.

He shoved a courtier aside roughly. He was startled to find that it gave him a certain very definite pleasure. Perhaps he had been missing something all these years. He shoved a monk.

The Devil touched his arm.

"Have you seen the fountain?" he inquired urbanely.

Anthony hadn't. He had heard of it on all sides. Anne, as a diving girl, done by Docet. Docet called it "The New Woman." Anthony did not like new women. He did not like Docet. He did not wish to see the fountain.

He eyed the Devil, an arrogant figure. Satan in scarlet satin, smoking a long black cigarette. His mask did not serve in any sense to disguise him. It was rather, Anthony reflected, as if he whom all Hollywood knew as Docet, the sculptor, was the shell, the mask, through which suddenly his real self had slipped.

"So the Devil's been going about as Docet," Anthony observed.

Docet bowed his acknowledgment of this brilliant flippancy. "A quaint conceit," he returned suavely. "The Devil is complimented."

Quite unexpectedly he turned and gestured a wide invitation. "To the fountain," he commanded.

The carnival crowd took up the cry. They rushed forward feverishly, eager for novelty, eager for sensation.

The fountain rose out of the shadows at the end of the



"Tony," said Anne shyly, "my mother is coming her the truth."

garden, a little remote and incredible, like white magic. On the edge of a sheer marble cliff at whose base beat a bright rush of radiant water, was poised a bathing girl, a replica of Anne. It was lithe and lovely of line with Anne's air of impudence and adequacy with a small swagger and a gay grace.

It was very lovely, but Anthony felt, somehow, that he loathed it.

The Court Jester touched the Devil on the shoulder.

"Yours?" he inquired.

"MINE," nodded the Devil, with a slow, significant smile, his eyes on the white figure.

Anthony thought savagely that he would like to watch that slow, significant smile fade and twist into a grimace of pain. What had come over him? He, Anthony Carter, a serious-minded young professor from Boston, was discovering sud-

denly that he had something of a cave-man complex. Without the slightest warning, the bathing girl dove into the bright pool at her feet.

"Anne!" exclaimed everybody. "It's Anne!"

"So that's where you were, you little scalawag," commented the Court Jester.

"The Devil bet me I couldn't keep still a whole half-hour and I won," explained Anne. She climbed out of the pool and

Anthony watched the monks and the Devil and the courtiers cluster about her. In these months that he had known Anne, it had ever been so. All men clustered about her. Anthony came to a sudden decision. Nevermore would he cluster. No. Not even in the interests of card-indexing Anne.

He sank down on a huge snowdrift and closed his eyes. He simply did not wish to be looking at everybody looking at Anne. No girl had a right to be so attractive.

When he opened his eyes, Anne was sitting beside him.

"What's the matter, Precious?" she inquired. "Don't you like my masquerade costume? Of course, I know it doesn't really conceal my identity."

"Or much of anything else," returned Anthony bitterly.

"Why, Anthony, My Angel," Anne reproached him, "I thought it was a quite sweet little affair, not by any means devoid of merit. And as far as concealment goes, it is just like any of my evening frocks."

"AND that," said Anthony, "is just like excusing yourself for stealing by pointing out that you've done it before."

"Dear Anthony," sighed Anne, "must you be so noble?"

She began to snatch great handfuls of cotton and twist them about herself.

"You see, Tony," she explained, "you have a Victorian complex. Can't help liking your women wrapped in cotton wool. Well, here it is, Honey, all done up. Will you take it or have it sent?"

She looked absurdly like a small, naughty child, peering at him out of her cotton bonnet. Anthony speculated with considerable pleasure on the satisfaction he would find in

turning her over his knee and giving her a good spanking.

"Anne," he said desperately, "did you ever in your life have such a thing as a single serious thought?"

Anne bit her finger in a preoccupied fashion.

"It is borne in upon me," she remarked sedately, "that I am even now upon the verge of such a one. Anthony, My Angel, what year is this?"

"NINETEEN twenty-eight, of course," said Anthony crossly. "The fifteenth of August. And why you would wish to give a New Year's party at such a time, I do not understand."

"Of course you don't, Precious," soothed Anne. "Don't try. Don't disturb yourself to that extent. The point that I am endeavoring to bring to your attention is merely that it is leap-year. Laugh that off, if you can, because I've decided to marry you."

"Marry me?" demanded Anthony incredulously. "Marry me?"

"Right the first time," said Anne. "You always were a bright boy." She stood up and shook herself. [Continued on page 106]



from Kansas on purpose to meet you, and I just can't tell What shall we do?"

linked her arm through Docet's. "Hello, every one. How cute you look."

"Just for this," said Docet softly, "I shall make you a bathing beauty for your fountain. You will pose and I shall model you. Together we shall produce a masterpiece of modern audacity which will be known as 'The New Woman.'"

"Nice of you," said Anne casually. "Thank you millions."

She disappeared into an Eskimo igloo which, faced the fountain and returned almost immediately, clad in a sparkling white garment that dwindled into jagged points about her knees and tinkled as she walked, like tiny bells.

"I'm dressed to represent an icicle," she declared solemnly, "if any one is interested."

Over her shoulder she tossed a gay smile and a cotton snowball at the Court Jester.

"People who live in glass dresses," said the Jester pointedly.



YESTERDAY

Is Intelligence a

By GERTRUDE

*The Woman of Yesterday Was
Not a Companion to Her
Husband in The Real Sense of
The Word*

EVERY woman has at least one chance to marry when she is young, unless, to be sure, she is painfully deformed, or her lines are cast in a village whence all the men of her own age have fled in search of fortune. Youth is an irresistible magnet, and, all things being equal, even homely girls have their chance. This is sufficiently demonstrated by the large and impressive number of homely wives.

The trouble with the highly intelligent girl is that she is ambitious intellectually and in no hurry to marry. With the passing of her first bloom her chances diminish, men being what they are. Moreover, the older she grows the more critical she is, and if there is one thing that antagonizes a man more than another, it is the knowledge that any woman is aware of, and critical of, his limitations.

I am speaking of American men, of course. In France, although marriages are arranged by the parents, a man demands intelligence in his wife. In that large class, composed of the middle and lesser bourgeoisie, husband and wife are partners in business.

EVEN in England girls are supposed to know as much of politics as of sport. Politics are discussed every day at the table, and their grasp on subjects vital to their country begins very early.

We hear a great deal about Englishmen being household tyrants, but even so they are dependent upon their wives for companionship; so much so that the children take a second place in the household.

In Russia before the war, boys and girls of sixteen and even younger sat up all night discussing every subject under the sun. A girl deficient in ideas of her own, or too inarticulate to give them expression, was an object of contempt. In pre-war Germany, to be sure, women were not expected to have ideas, and if they had any, dared not express them. They are having their revenge now.

There is a curious state of affairs in America—in the United States, to be exact. For generations the women have had an enviable freedom, a freedom surpassed in no civilized country of modern times. And never have women—since Revolutionary days—been so seldom the companions of men, treated so negligibly from all but the sheer feminine standpoint.



TODAY

Handicap to Women?

ATHERTON

*But Today We Are in The
Era of Sex Equality—Com-
panionship Is Coming Into Its
Own At Last*

When I was reading for "The Conqueror," I was struck by the part women played in politics, and in the lives of men generally in those early days of our nation. Men made companions of their wives quite in the English tradition, and many of those women were exceptionally brilliant and influential. Men then depended upon their wives for more than home comforts. This is still true to a certain extent in Washington, but nowhere else in the United States.

The isolated position of this country made her free of apprehension of war, save at long intervals, and she had only one civil disturbance. Gradually, business, the individual desire to grow rich, became the dominating factor in the lives of men.

While only a few accumulated vast wealth, thousands made respectable fortunes. Hundreds of thousands more, less gifted with initiative, less enterprising, did fairly well. But, for all, the program was unceasing application. If, in course of time, they made enough to command leisure, they did not know what to do with it, and preferred to remain in the game. I have heard rich men say they dared not retire lest they die. Some of them do. The activity of the American man's mind is so great—and habit is so strong—that he consumes himself in leisure and burns out.

MOREOVER, there is nothing that distresses him more than the idea of being a back number. Better die in harness. Business—and business includes the professions—is the only thing worth living for—at all events the only thing they know. The sensation of doing! Action. Business, especially big business, takes the place of those eras in history when men were engaged constantly in warfare. It satisfies their inherited desire for adventure, to say nothing of their buccaneering instincts.

In such a life there is little place for women. The condition is not far different from those days when the lady sat at home in the castle, running it more or less efficiently, while her husband was off for years at a time engaged in the business of killing.

As women, until very recently, knew nothing of business, the husband, when he came home at the end of a long day, never thought of discussing his affairs with [Continued on page 142]

Peggy O'Neill
Was a Cinderella
Persecuted
By All
The Stepsisters
Of
Washington Society



Peggy, as wife of John Eaton,
caused a violent social war

What Every Woman

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl and a great, big dragon with seven heads and a fiery breath; the dragon was going to eat her all up. But along came a company of bold, brave knights who killed the dragon and rescued the little girl so that she lived happily ever after. That, in a manner of speaking, is the story of Peggy O'Neill and in it lies the secret of her charm and her ability to win and hold men.

It happened that the great big dragon was composed of all the ladies in Washington, besides a few clergymen and the Vice-President and his wife. Its fiery breath was scandal which threatened to destroy pretty, Irish Peggy. And the knights were a president of the United States and numerous members of the cabinet and some ambassadors.

But the principle remains the same.

These articles to date, striving to set forth the infallible methods of winning and holding men which were used by the great enchantresses of history, have dealt with great women whose understanding took in all the basic principles of the great art of happiness in love. They possessed and employed

all the fundamentals, and from a careful study and analysis of them we have deduced that certain qualities are essential to all women who wish to know how to win and hold men.

We are approaching in Peggy O'Neill, Mary Stuart, Mona Lisa Gioconda, and Queen Elizabeth, some specialized types—who used, as it were, a more concentrated method, or who turned certain circumstances in their lives into great advantages to themselves.

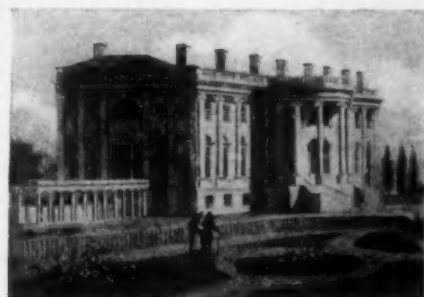
AND these will, beyond question, meet the need and fit the special character of many girls and women today. They will give light upon certain problems, show how to use special personalities and even seeming difficulties as an effective means of gaining the men they want and keeping their love. They will cover almost every class and kind of man,



Illustrations By
ELDON KELLEY

By ADELA
ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Analyst
of
Feminine
Charm



Wicked tongues wagged and Peggy
was not invited to the White House

Wants to Know

the unusual men with whom many girls have to deal, as well as the great mass of average men.

Mona Lisa of the famous smile, for instance, was the ideal—the saint to be placed in a shrine and worshipped—the unattainable. And she is infinitely valuable to us if we are to know every rare angle of this subject, for there are still some men who wish to approach love on their knees and burn incense before their beloved.

John Knox, the great Protestant preacher of Scotland, who was Mary Stuart's bitter enemy and yet admitted her irresistible, called her the Honey Pot. Mary won love by loving. The Scots said she was "too fond." But every one who came in contact with her melting, honey, sweetness was caught in some measure.

Queen Elizabeth commanded love and loyalty as the leader

so well how to employ to her own advantage.

The French enchantresses—DuBarry, Pompadour, Diane de Poitiers, Montespan—made a business of gaining their ends through love; they ruled men, got what they wanted from them.

And we can call Peggy O'Neill, the good little bad girl, the damsel in distress.

IT LOOKED as though things were all wrong for Peggy. The world was against her. From every side she was attacked—by the church, by women, by society. But Peggy managed to keep the men on her side in a battle which rocked the Capital and changed the political dynasty of the United States.

It is doubtful if Peggy herself realized the method whereby

of an army commands the love and loyalty of his men. There are times in every woman's life when her happiness and perhaps her success in her work, or in her marriage, may depend upon the very qualities which the Virgin Queen knew

she won happiness and fame for herself. She was a natural, impulsive creature who acted according to the dictates of her own heart. But we may look back upon her story—which has been the basis of much enthralling fiction—and gather from it a knowledge of one of the most useful and never-failing methods that any woman ever used.

Peggy O'Neill was born in Washington twenty years after the American Revolution. Her father, one William O'Neill, kept a tavern called the Indian Queen, in which occupation he was ably assisted by the efficiency and culinary arts of his wife.

Today we should call the Indian Queen a first-rate hotel. In its time it had the patronage of generals, senators and all visiting personages of importance. Also, it was a great meeting place for the young bloods, journalists, politicians and gamblers of note.

WHEN she was fifteen, little Peggy came home from school and soon became one of the chief attractions of the inn, because she was very pretty, and very gay, and had a tongue in her head. Men liked to talk with her before the great blazing fire, or tease her while they drank some of her father's famous wine, or watch her dance some of the old Irish folk dances which she had learned from her mother.

Reading about her today Peggy doesn't sound at all startling. She sounds rather like our own "dancing daughters," impudent, full of pep, fearless loving life and laughter, and given to doing anything that came into her head.

Thus Mistress Peggy O'Neill became a toast in Washington—the innkeeper's pretty and merry daughter. No doubt she had a very good time and little suspected how all this was to be held against her in days to come. Naturally, her social position was determined by her father's occupation, which meant that she had none. As for her reputation, her pleasant and harmless foolishness and her popularity with the young men of the town, was fast spoiling it in the eyes of the straight-laced ladies of respectability in Washington.

She had plenty of flirtations—once when she was sixteen she tried eloping with a gallant captain in the army, but in climbing out the window her skirts overturned a flowerpot and Papa O'Neill caught her and chastized her severely.

SHE also made some real and worth while friendships. The closest of these was with Rachel Jackson, the wife of Senator Andrew Jackson. For a time the Jacksons lived at the Indian Queen, and Mrs. Jackson, who was a woman of broad mind and clear vision, saw the girl for what she was: an emotional Irish colleen, and loved her accordingly. Another was with John H. Eaton, a political leader and close friend of the Jacksons, who was to be so closely allied with her later great adventure.

In 1823, her heart led her into her first serious mistake. A handsome young officer of the United States Navy—Peggy always had a feminine fondness for uniforms—strolled into the Indian Queen one day. His name was Timberlake and one month later that became Peggy's also—though she was to remain Peggy O'Neill to friends and enemies alike until the end of the chapter.

Theirs was a love match and Peggy would listen to no one. This time she was too big to be spanked, and the opposition

of family and friends could not destroy her romance. Nothing but time could prove to her that she had married a first class drunkard. But time did just that, in its inexorable fashion. They continued to live at the Indian Queen with the O'Neills and there for four years when her husband was ashore, Peggy bore the humiliation and anguish that belong to the drunkard's wife.

On top of this, Timberlake was wildly and unreasonably



It was for Peggy that Martin Van Buren risked his social standing



Peggy, the gay, impudent little innkeeper's friends among the guests at the Indian Rachel Jackson, wife of

jealous of his pretty wife and of the friends who gathered about her at the tavern. So that, altogether, the marriage was a most unhappy one and its end was one of actual tragedy. Five years after their marriage, while on service in the Mediterranean, Timberlake committed suicide.

Immediately enemies swarmed about Peggy O'Neill with the foulest slanders and innuendoes. A husband, said they, didn't kill himself for nothing. Timberlake, so their version read, had had plenty of reason. The poor man had probably found out things about the innkeeper's daughter. And they pointed to her friendship with John Eaton as one of the possible causes.

Not for them to regard the facts and judge from them—the fact that Timberlake had been on a prolonged debauch just

before his death and was in the depths of remorse and depression caused by it at the time he cut his throat, the fact that Timberlake himself had implored Eaton, whom he knew and trusted, to keep an eye on Peggy and see that she didn't grow lonely in his absence, the fact that shortly after his death, it was found that the young officer's navy funds—he was a purser—were short a large sum of money which was never accounted for in spite of subsequent investigations.

ing year Peggy married John Eaton, who was then Senator from Tennessee. Eaton had loved her for years, had wanted to marry her before she became the wife of Timberlake, but he was a shy man among women and had not been able to get up courage to propose to Peggy then.

When the news got about that he was to marry Peggy O'Neill, he found himself a storm center. His friends and the wives of his friends rushed to him in ardent protest. His future, which looked so bright, would be ruined, said they, if he married the daughter of a tavernkeeper and one of such reputation at that. Surely he could not expect social and official Washington to accept his wife if he chose such a wife as that.

But Eaton married Peggy O'Neill anyway.

Which brings us to an exceedingly interesting point and one which we may well consider seriously. For it is part of the Peggy O'Neill method.

MEN, it would appear, are always marrying the wrong woman. Nor does anything keep them from doing so. The protests of friends, the orders of families, even disinheritance, cannot stop a man from marrying a girl if he wants to. In fact, over and over it drives him to marry her. Over and over, opposition is her greatest weapon, if she knows how to use it and if the man is, like most men, proud of his own judgment, inclined to be stubborn in defense of it, and above all, at heart fond of picturing himself as rescuing damsels in distress.

The wise girl, you see, can change herself in the eyes of the man she wants from "the wrong woman" into "the damsel in distress." But she must tread gently. She must make it appear that those who regard her as the wrong woman, for any reason whatsoever, are unjust and mistaken. But she mustn't openly blame them.

The clever girl says, "John, dear, I wish your mother understood me better. I wish she knew how much I need help from some one just like herself. I'm sure she'd feel differently. But—John, it does seem to me that knowing you as she does, she ought to know you couldn't care for any girl that was really bad or selfish. Your judgment about people is so wonderful. Why, I just feel that your liking me at all ought to be a recommendation to any one."

Or she says, "You see, John darling, you are the only person in the world who really knows me. Most people just look at the surface. I knew the moment I saw you that you would understand me."

Under such treatment, what becomes of mother's objections?

What becomes of the criticism leveled against the girl by the world in general?

She has aroused in the man two great emotions in her defense. First of all, his vanity, his pride in his own judgment, the feeling that he knows better than any one else. Second, his

chivalry. He wants to defend her from the world.

And the first thing you know he is married to her and every one wonders how in the world she did it, with everything against her.

How many times have you in your own experience, seen a man turned from a girl by the too ardent championship of his family? Why? Because he feels he is [Continued on page 118]



daughter, made many worth while Queen. The closest of these was Andrew Jackson

In spite of these things, Peggy's enemies succeeded in laying her husband's suicide directly at her door.

Yet Peggy, who had endured so much from her husband, grieved sincerely over his death and was deeply wounded by the gossip that came in its wake. For the first time she came face to face with the dragon and felt its fiery breath. But it still seemed far away and not particularly dangerous. What did it matter, after all? Her friends—Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, for instance,—understood.

Far from being downed by it, the follow-



Mrs. Jackson saw Peggy for what she was, and loved her accordingly



President Jackson championed Peggy's cause because of his wife's friendship for her

Faunesque

A Story

That Grew

On a

Blackberry

Bush

*"If you are a
cow," said
the girl, "would
you mind ringing
your bell?"*

THE third time Anthony Dare came upon them he stopped full in his tracks. "Funny!" he thought. There they were again! Yet nobody, he was sure, went wandering around these woods. If they did, they had no business to. These were Anthony's woods. And yet there was the snail shell—a curly one—two green leaves and a bit of moss—all held down by a twig.

It might have just happened, the first time. It might even have just happened, the second time. But common sense—and Anthony had almost too much of that—told him that a curly snail shell, two green leaves and a bit of moss didn't crawl under a twig three times in succession without a little help from somebody.

The little heap lay at the foot of a large oak tree, a significant thing in itself. What had he heard about oak trees? Was it hamadryads or druids who lived in them? He wasn't quite

sure. He was rather rusty on his legends. Anthony Dare knew a great deal more about the eternal triangle and the modern girl than he did about hamadryads, for instance. However, here might be a chance to find out about the latter.

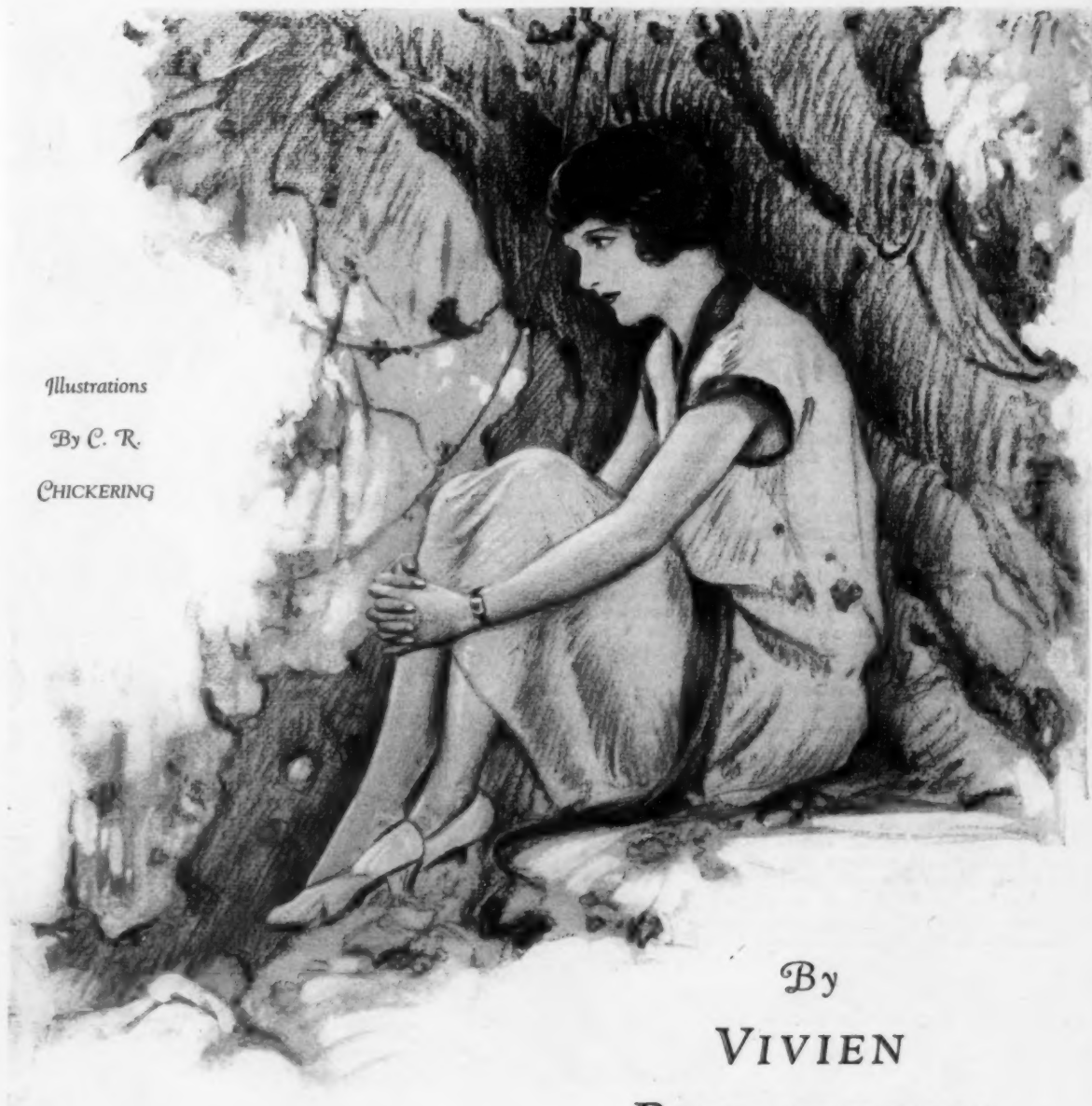
He got behind a fir tree, which was a little difficult since the fir tree wasn't particularly large! But a lot of bracken, wild currant and blackberry grew about it, and though it wasn't particularly comfortable, on account of the blackberry bushes, it was an effective shield. Therefore he got a good look at the girl who presently came wandering through those same woods long before she had any inkling of his presence.

She sauntered along, quite careless of the fact that she was trespassing in Anthony's woods, and Anthony, at the sight of her, looked a little more alert. For a moment he pondered on the fact that he'd never dreamed his woods could be so attractive, and then he remembered that he did not care for women and became analytical. She was too vivid for a hamadryad, he decided, and too modern for a druid. In addition, she was

Illustrations

By C. R.

CHICKERING



By
VIVIEN
BRETHERTON

little and dark, with hair like a Spanish senorita's and scarlet lips to match. She made straight for the oak tree.

Beneath it she paused. She looked a little excited and a little disturbed. She dropped to her knees and began hunting around in the grass. Anthony felt certain she was looking for the curly snail shell and he took great delight in the fact that he had it in his pocket. There was no snail in it, he'd been pleased to note.

The girl, having decided that her search was futile, sat back against the oak tree. She cuddled her knees in her arms and shivered expectantly, as if she thought something exciting were going to happen.

BUT it didn't. Nothing at all happened, but Anthony tried to remove a blackberry bramble from his left ear and instead rustled the bracken.

The girl sat upright, eyes leveled straight at the fir tree. Her eyes, Anthony noted, were blue. Ridiculous in a girl with night-black hair!

"If you are a cow," said the girl, "would you mind ringing your bell? If you don't, I might think you were a snake!"

The tone of her voice indicated all too plainly her opinion of snakes.

Anthony, feeling more like a sheep than any other species of animal, crawled out through the bracken and the blackberry vines and the wild currant.

"I'm—neither," he announced, rather superfluously, since the girl had eyes of her own. "I'm—afraid I frightened you."

He gathered, from her expression, that she would have preferred a cow, which was rather impolite inasmuch as these were his woods. For she said rather sternly, "Do you make a habit of sneaking around through the underbrush?"

That nettled Anthony. Wasn't it his underbrush? Besides he wasn't any too fond of women. He knew too much about them. He didn't in the least mind disposing of this particular one.

"Do you make a habit of leaving snail shells and green

leaves around under oak trees?" he countered.

"I was making a date—with Pan," she told him.

"Not—Peter?"

"Peter was a little boy," she reminded him and gave him to understand that the place for little boys was not in a green wood.

"So he was. But—" hopefully—"there are others. There's Pantaloon and Pandora and Panorama—"

"There's Pandemonium and Pantheon and Pantomime," added the girl, just to show him she could do that sort of thing, too.

Anthony gave up. "You're either a school teacher or a dictionary," he said. "But I never heard of trying to flirt with Pan in the wake of two leaves and a curly snail shell."

The girl denied neither the identity nor the flirting. She only said, "Well, one never knows. I never really expected Pan to come. Probably he's home practising his scales. But then, I never expected you, either. Perhaps he'll come next time."

SHE continued to sit there in Anthony's woods. She leaned back comfortably against Anthony's oak tree. For no reason at all, he suddenly said, "I am Anthony Dare."

She looked at him. "I'm sure you are," she said politely.

That got Anthony nowhere at all beyond a mild surprise that she didn't seem to recognize him at all. Nor did she offer any corresponding information on her own part. The thought came to Anthony that she was going to make a mystery of herself. It was what all women did, given a chance. He had written too many stories about them not to know that, for Anthony Dare had earned a living writing stories before he discovered that he knew all about women and got famous writing books.

He said, rather wearily, for the thought of mystery was vaguely irritating to him, "Would you tell me what you are called?"

"Chantilly." She said it promptly, without the slightest

"I came by special invitation," said Anthony, and produced a curly snail shell as proof



trace of trying to be mysterious. "Chantilly Fentriss."

He pricked up his ears. "But I thought that was lace!"

"It is. But it's also a village in France," she explained. "My mother stopped over to have me, and she always named her babies after the place where they were born."

"How extraordinary!" It really seemed so to Anthony. And here he'd thought he had the most ingenious imagination in captivity. He felt a keen desire to know Chantilly's mother.

"How—fortunate," she corrected him. "I might have happened in Paris or Podunk! Scotty—that's my brother—had

worse luck. He was born on a train running into Edinburgh."

A thought struck him. "Is your mother—anywhere about here?" It occurred to him that his own private woods were a part of the Oregon Siskiyous ranges, and if—

"Oh, no. She's in Italy now. She's only an intermittent mother. You see, father was a traveling lecturer, and it seemed loyal of mother to name us after places. But father died and she married a banker. Dates meant a lot to him. Jan—that's my half brother—came in January. He was the only one. Mother's married to a professor of higher mathematics



now. I hope that there'll be no more. I can see nothing for it but twins—Algebra and Trigonometry!"

The girl stood up suddenly, brushing a stray leaf or two from her short skirts. Anthony also jumped up, and it was to be seen that he'd quite forgotten that these were his woods and that he didn't like strangers wandering around in them.

"But you're not going!" he protested.

It seemed that she was. In fact, she looked a little surprised that he doubted it. "Somebody in the woods always has to go," she pointed out. "It simply is not a place where

people sit by twos. If they do, the spell is broken. Of course, with Pan—"

She gave him to understand that Pan, as a tête-à-tête partner, would break no spells, whereas he himself, being merely a mortal, was probably scrunching them underfoot like so many egg-shells. Anthony, who thought he'd written about every possible feminine trick for dismissing a man, felt like the pawn in an entirely new one.

"I might go myself," he said rather stiffly, but obviously he didn't mean it. For one thing, these were his woods. For another, he didn't want to go. He sniffed a plot in the girl whom a fantastic mother had named Chantilly, and Anthony, after a story, was like a mouse after a piece of cheese.

But the girl, smiling upon him, promptly leaned back against the tree. "That would be nicer," she confessed. "After all, you were here first so you've had it longer. And I doubt if you were really enjoying it, down behind that blackberry bush."

AT that Anthony left, much against his will and with not very good grace. The girl promptly forgot him. At least, he was sure of that, for even before he reached the bend in the path that wandered from the oak tree she was sauntering off in the opposite direction, probably looking for more curly snail shells, he thought savagely.

That night Anthony Dare started a story about a very modern girl who went rambling around other people's property and then mildly invited them to leave it. And because he felt he wanted to study her type a little more closely, he went back the next day to the oak tree.

Nothing was there, not even a snail shell this time. So he proceeded to revise his story. He wasn't so sure this girl was a modern. He made her a Victorian, then remembered her scarlet mouth and made her an Elizabethan. That called for another trip to the oak tree and when that proved unfruitful he strode back to his cabin and tore his newest manuscript into little pieces.

Anthony Dare told himself he'd be darned if he'd let anybody run him out of his own woods—so he stayed away from the oak tree for three days, afraid he'd drive away the girl, Chantilly Fentriss. He told himself he knew too much about women to be curious about one of them—so he pumped the butcher boy and the groceryman and the postmaster. When he got no satisfaction from any of them, he told himself it was nothing to him if Pan were more interesting than himself, and that hereafter he meant to be master of his own destiny and also of his own woods. He therefore started out to clear the horizon of all feminine disturbances. He found Chantilly Fentriss giving herself a tea party beneath his oak tree, and he promptly invited himself to tea.

BUT first he looked at Chantilly, which was what might have been expected of any man with good eyesight and a nose for romance. For she was garbed as no person who ever went teeing in the woods before had ever been garbed, and she served her tea in the fashion of a hamadryad masquerading as a lady of polite society.

For one thing, she wore rose organdy—and as if that were not devastating enough—she had tied a narrow ribbon of blue satin about her slim waist.

She sat upon a large blue cushion beside a square of linen, jade green with fascinating flowers sprawling over it. She held a blue luster teacup in her hand and looked as if she were enjoying a very nice cup of tea. Across from her was another cushion the same color as hers—empty. And on the tablecloth was another teacup—also empty. There were very nice cakes in display.

Anthony Dare dragged his eyes from Chantilly and noticed the teacup and the second cushion.

He sighed. There was still another way of dismissing a man from his own woods, it seemed. But Chantilly, peering at him over the rim of her blue luster cup, said invitingly, "It is very good tea."

He came a little nearer. "Were you expecting somebody?"

She nodded. "Expecting, yes. But not somebody. Just—anybody."

"But I come by special invitation to take tea under this very oak tree," he said, and produced the curly snail shell in proof.

Anthony Dare got his cup of tea. [Continued on page 135]

The Typical

North,
South, East
West
Where Is She?



Drawing
By
EDWARD BUTLER

A Price of \$5,000
In SMART SET'S

THE most glamorous Quest of all modern times is on the way! It won't be long now before the great romantic mystery of who is The Typical American Girl will be solved.

For, at this very moment, SMART SET's nationwide searching party is being organized—a searching party that will find this lucky young woman. After she is discovered, SMART SET Magazine is going to award her \$5,000 and make her the Twentieth Century's most famous girl. Our search will start March first and end on March 31 at midnight.

We are organizing a group of prominent newspapers into a posse that is pledged to comb every nook and cranny of our crowded places and our open spaces for the lady fair we are seeking. Like every one who has heard of this most engrossing girl hunt, we are terribly curious as to just where she will be found.

WILL it be on one of our world-famous Broadways? On one of our much discussed Main Streets? In one of our village squares? Or will The Typical American Girl be discovered in some great city's residential section? Or again, will she be found in some quiet suburban manor?

We cannot say exactly. We can only state that wherever she is, this Typical Daughter of America—with a price of \$5,000 upon her lovely head—will be found.

While we are certain that our cooperating newspapers will make a thorough search SMART SET does not wish to take even a far-fetched outside chance of overlooking one girl who has a just claim to being called The Typical American Girl. For this reason, we again appeal to our readers for help in this

Who knows where the Typical American Girl will be found—or what her name will be? Who knows whether she will be an efficient young business woman, or a charming member of her city's social set, or a girl who—by her interest in those things that make home real and beautiful—combines the old-fashioned qualities with the smartness of today?

No one knows exactly—not now! For the actual search after the Typical American Girl will not begin until the first of March. But almost every one has an opinion to express—almost every one is hoping that his or her ideal will be the one to win the fame and fortune that await Smart Set's award.

This is a Quest in which every one should have a definite part! For those of you who are not eligible to be candidates can seek and sponsor them. Certainly, it is to the credit of your business house, or your college, or your town, to be well represented. You will indeed be doing a patriotic thing, if you help to locate the Typical American Girl for she is a symbol of all that is best in American womanhood!

Quest to find this girl wherever she is.

SMART SET readers all know the qualifications that popular opinion has attributed to the girl we are seeking. Yet just a few weeks ago she was only a magical phrase that everybody used, but nobody defined. Her real traits and characteristics were as veiled in glittering generalities as the coronation rites of the Japanese Emperors are steeped in far-eastern mysteries.

We managed to draw back this veil of generalities and reveal her as a real, everyday person of certain recognizable qualifications by crystalizing the opinions of our half million young women readers, and by asking several hundred prominent Americans to analyze her.

As a result we know that in its final essence this popular conception of The Typical American Girl presents her as an attractive, energetic, educated young woman with good taste, full of charming challenge, versatile, resourceful, adaptable, pleasing in personality and fundamentally frank and sincere. It pictures her perhaps as a business or working girl—but it also endows her with the appealing qualities and abilities of the young woman who is more specifically described as the "home girl," "society girl" and "outdoor girl."

Surely some girl or girls, of your acquaintance, must be the personification of this fine type of our young womanhood. Surely somewhere, during your working hours or your play moments, you have met this Golden Girl.

American Girl



Join the nation-wide searching party and comb every nook and cranny of this broad land for this typical lady fair

Doctors,
Lawyers, Merchants,
Chiefs
Help Find Her

Is Upon Her Head Nation-wide Search

SMART SET cordially and sincerely invites you to help put your Typical American Girl in line to win the \$5000 prize and the distinction awaiting the girl who will be finally selected by our national committee as most representative of our glorious nation.

BESIDES the main attraction of the \$5,000 prize and the fame for the Typical American Girl, our Quest also offers the attractive feature of a trip to New York for the young women who are chosen as the typical American girls of their regions.

With regard to this trip to New York and the selection by our National Committee of Judges, we wish to reiterate that this will have nothing in common with the popularity and beauty contests of the past which have brought girls to the greater cities and have there, so very often, exploited them in an undignified manner. Here, in this final selection, there will be no public parading of the candidates for the high honor of the Typical American Girl.

SMART SET does not believe that the Typical American Girl would make herself available for popularity or beauty contests of the old type, and for this reason every activity of our Quest will be carried out in a manner befitting the dignity of the occasion.

Consequently you may feel no hesitancy about proposing your Typical American Girl for fear that she will be involved in something in which she would not care to participate.

College organizations, young women's associations, social,

The complete rules for the Quest of the Typical American Girl will be published in the next issue of Smart Set.

They will be comprehensive rules that will point the way to the solving of what has become a nation-wide problem, and every city's leading question.

Smart Set will also publish a list of the newspapers which will cooperate with the magazine in the matter of selection. Each one of these newspapers will have a Quest Editor to whom a candidate's photograph must be sent. With this photograph the Quest Editor must also receive details of the young woman's social, business and athletic activities as well as her complete description. Be sure to have accurate information regarding the girl you will sponsor.

To make the matter even more simple, Smart Set will publish a map of the United States upon which will be indicated the position of the newspapers that will serve as regional headquarters for the Quest. This map will simplify the matter of choosing the paper which is nearest the candidate's own home.

literary, business and professional clubs are especially invited to propose their candidate for Typical American Girl honors.

The rules governing the Quest will be printed next month as will the names of the prominent newspapers that are cooperating with us in this search. Read the rules carefully and propose the name of your Typical American Girl accordingly, to the Quest Editor of the paper nearest your candidate's place of residence.

Help your favorite to win the \$5,000 prize and international fame, read the newspapers listed for the announcements of their Quest activities and watch the next issue of SMART SET for reports on its progress.

FROM month to month until the final winner is announced in this magazine, we will publish all the interesting and exciting details that the Quest is bound to develop. Consequently, when our searching parties begin to comb the land for the girl destined to become a modern Cinderella, you should follow the fortunes of your Typical American Girl

with both ease and pleasure.

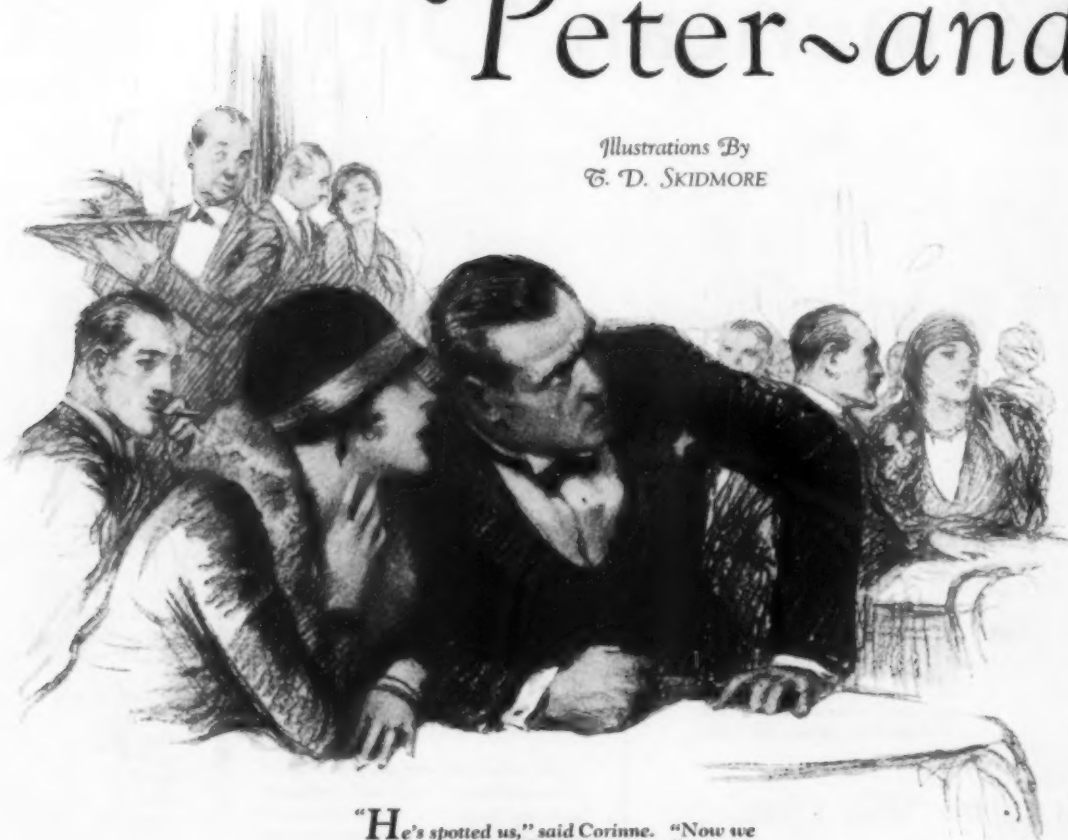
It is quite within the realm of possibility that the candidate you propose as typically American may be selected as one of the young women chosen to represent the region of her residence. As such a choice she would be sent to New York where she would be entertained by SMART SET until one girl is selected as The Typical American Girl, and is awarded \$5,000 by the magazine. Her chance will be about one in seventeen.

The time is almost here and, when it comes—

Don't fail to propose your favorite Typical American Girl!

Peter~and

Illustrations By
G. D. SKIDMORE



"He's spotted us," said Corinne. "Now we are out of luck." George was really frightened. This was more than he had bargained for. Corinne realized it with delight.

PETER HUGHEY, a young and very successful playwright, went to the little try-out town of Fairway, New Jersey, for the opening of his second play, little knowing that he was going to have a co-star part in a romance of his own.

Corinne Renshaw, the girl who sat beside him at the afternoon performance, was destined to play opposite him.

She knew it from the moment when she first spoke to Peter, a stranger, asking him to pretend that he knew her. But Peter didn't know it until a day or two later when he moved on to Atlantic City with his play and found that he had left his heart behind him.

So sure was Corinne of what she intended to have happen, that by the time Peter wired her to lunch with him next day, she had broken her engagement to one man and arranged with another elderly admirer, George Herk, whom she called "Daddy," to drive her to Atlantic City. Once there she managed to steal away from "Daddy" to keep her date with Peter.

UP TO that point Corinne's nimble wits had directed every move of the game. But even she didn't foresee that when "Daddy" appeared in a perfectly justifiable rage that Peter would assume he was Corinne's father.

If she had told Peter the truth then and there she might have saved a lot of trouble later on. Of course, Peter might have married Maude Lavery, the girl his Aunt Mike wanted him to marry, but he would never have been as happy with her as he was with Corinne, "the queen of elves."

They played together like two children during the weeks when they were furnishing their home at Veriende. Perhaps

no other grown ups in the world could have so much fun as Corinne and Peter were having on one particular night playing "Goldilocks and the Three Bears."

But right at the best part of the game, when Peter was upstairs putting on a mask and an old fur coat, the telephone rang and the sound of "Daddy's" voice, insisting that he was at the railroad station and was coming to see her at once, spoiled all Corinne's fun. For the moment she was absolutely terrified. She didn't know which way to turn.

No wonder she keeled over in a dead faint when Peter came rushing through the door in his unexpectedly realistic disguise! Peter caught her as she fell, but it was fully a minute before he was convinced that this child wife of his wasn't just playing-acting.

OF COURSE Corinne recovered immediately. She had to. This was no time to give her wits a vacation. Even a consistently hysterical woman cannot enjoy a good faint with a cyclone headed her way.

Peter was immensely relieved when she started laughing. Probably he would not have been if he had detected the high pitched quality of her mirth but Peter had an uneducated ear and a blunt understanding of feminine psychology.

"I just did it for a surprise," Peter apologized. "I wouldn't have frightened you for worlds, dear."

He had picked her up and was holding her in his arms. He planted a reassuring kiss on her still colorful mouth—credit due to Monsieur Lipstick Manufacturer—and another on each of her conveniently bare knees.

"Put me down, Peter," Corinne commanded, abstractedly, not really appreciative of the osculatory tribute. Her swiftly

Mrs. Pan

By

FRANK R.
ADAMS

*The Romance of a
Genius and a Girl
Who Thought Love
Was Too Important
To Be Treated Seriously*

revolving mind had hit upon an inconvenient obstacle, a question that had to be answered. "Was I unconscious long?"

Peter computed. "About ten seconds."

"Thank Heaven!" There was still time to think. What was she going to do when George arrived? George—the ordinarily easily managed—but once in a while the blundering typhoon which could not be diverted from its path by any of the wiles known to women. George, in short, a dangerous because a not very intelligent animal.

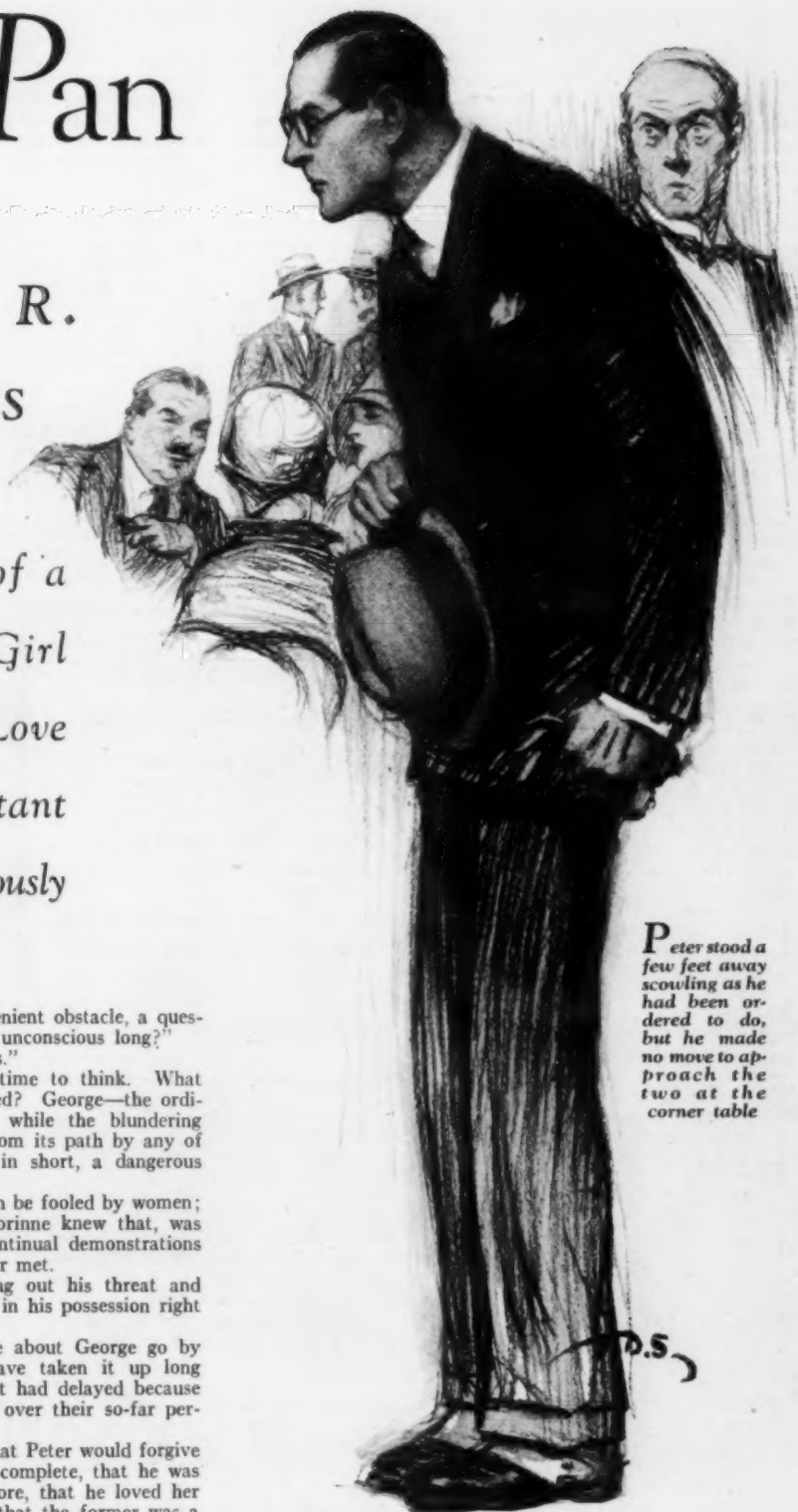
The cleverer a man is the easier he can be fooled by women; he does most of the work himself. Corinne knew that, was learning it better every day through continual demonstrations by Peter, the cleverest man she had ever met.

George was quite capable of carrying out his threat and coming right in and spilling every bean in his possession right before Peter.

If only she had not let that mistake about George go by without explanation. She ought to have taken it up long before this, had intended to in fact, but had delayed because she had dreaded to cast a single cloud over their so-far perfect happiness.

There wasn't any doubt in her mind that Peter would forgive her. She knew that his thralldom was complete, that he was her slave as no man had ever been before, that he loved her with his mind as well as his heart and that the former was a jewel such as only a few women were privileged to possess.

She had felt so secure from being overtaken by the past that she had temporized with pursuing fate, had trusted too long to the nimbleness of her heels at the last minute. The world was too small for a lie to be whispered in it without danger of being overheard.



Peter stood a few feet away scowling as he had been ordered to do, but he made no move to approach the two at the corner table

George must be explained, fully explained, with all his stupidity, his lack of charm unrelieved by very little save devotion to herself. That last Corinne was perfectly sure of in spite of his threats. Heaven knew there was enough evidence in the past that she could wind him around her little finger. She could even smile now at the things she had made him put up with, the interludes of wild flirtations, engagements even, which he had stood for and his doglike return to her side when the diversion was over.

Yes, she must make a clean breast of George's part in her life, must tell Peter the whole story—well, nearly all of it—and then must stall George off and prevent him from becoming voraciously violent.

SHE wondered if she had time to tell Peter first. No, ten minutes wouldn't be long enough. She might be able to blurt out the facts in that time, but with her life's happiness at stake it wouldn't be fair not to use a little varnish, just a tiny almost imperceptible bit of first class polish, that would make the surface of the story glisten so brightly that the underlying blemishes would not be too glaringly patent to the superficial observer. Same being Peter.

The only strategic move left to her in the time available was to get rid of George first and then have an orgy of veracity with Peter, erase George—and a thousand other things, most of them unimportant—from the horizon of their happiness. It would take some telling and she would have to work in an unfamiliar medium but Corinne felt that she was equal to the task, that the reward would be worth it.

She sighed at the magnitude of the resolution she had taken and approached the first problem.

"I'm sorry, Petermine, that I was so silly as to be frightened at you in your make-up. I won't do it again. You are a very convincing monster and I know you'd just as soon as not eat a little girl of my size and flavor. I've got an idea for a perfectly new game, much better than the Three Bears story."

"We won't play any more games tonight," Peter decided with an unexpected firmness. "Not after this stunt of fainting you put on for me."

"Oh, but I won't do it again," Corinne argued, a little dismayed by unlooked for opposition. Her scheme must go through on schedule and as originally conceived. There wasn't time to think up another one. "Now that I know how fierce you can look I'll not be frightened really. I'll pretend to be scared out of a year's growth but it will only be marvelous acting. You'll see."

"But—"

"Pish-tush. I'm all dressed up or undressed up for this game and you've gone and dug up a perfectly gorgeous costume. We're going right ahead. Only the plot is changed. You're going to be the nasty old vegetarian wolf who ate up my dyspeptic grandmother by mistake and I'm going to be Little Red Riding Breeches. Nobody wears hoods to ride in any more. I'll arrive with a box of pepsin tablets and a bottle of cocktails."

CONSIDERING her inward agitation Corinne elaborated the plot very cleverly. Her mind always did work at amazing speed under pressure.

Peter demurred, of course, kept on demurring until her exasperation almost betrayed itself in her voice, but finally he gave in as they had both known he would have to eventually.

She made him put on the fur coat and get into bed. He looked awfully silly with the collar up around his ears and his own heavy rimmed spectacles perched on the end of his nose. The game offered amusing possibilities and Corinne regretted that she could not throw herself into it wholeheartedly. Peter was sore enough at being made to do it

against his will to be very convincing in the part assigned.

"Now I'll go and get my basket of . . ."
Honk, honk, honk, honk! The toots were of varying duration, played in a tempo that was indelibly engraved upon Corinne's consciousness.

" . . . delicacies," Corinne continued, scarcely stumbling in her speech, "and then I'll come around to the front door. . ."

"I wonder what the deuce that car was blowing for?" Peter interrupted.

"Probably has a cold," Corinne suggested, in character. "But it was near the house; it sounded as if it were on our own driveway."

"Nonsense. It's getting late and no one is coming to call at this time of night. Stay in your comfy old bed and I'll be right back to satisfy your voracious appetite with a little white meat. Ta, ta!"

She prayed that George would not signal again, prayed, prayed, prayed.

There was no time to consider her own ridiculous costume. It was more important to keep George from blatting out that ridiculous code summons again than to prepare herself for the scene that was bound to come afterward.

As she opened the door softly to run out, the worst happened. George did it again. It sounded like the blast from a ship's siren.

Well, there was nothing to do.

Corinne went on as fast as her feet could take her.

Halfway up the path she met George. He had left the car on the other side of the shrubbery screen and was blundering along doggedly on foot. She knew what was going on in his single-cylinder mind. He was on his way to be revenged upon her for the last unforgivable trick she had played upon him.

SHE laughed almost out loud at the realization that in her own slim body lay the strength to stop this approaching runaway engine of destruction. She had no lack of confidence in her own powers. They had served her too well and too often to be doubted now.

"George!" she said softly, emerging from the shadow of the house and blocking his path.

"What the—?" George stopped in his tracks and regarded the apparent child who had addressed him.

"It's I, Corinne."

"What the devil are you doing in that sort of dress?" he demanded.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself to come out doors so nearly naked?"

Corinne had to giggle. This was an unexpected exhibition of prudishness.

"I thought you would like me this way," she offered. "It doesn't make any difference though because you must never come here again."

"I don't want to. I want you to come where I am. You know how wild I am about you. I know you done me dirt and all that but I love you too darn much to stay away. I got to thinking about it and I finally made up my mind I'd have to see you and here I am. I've got a gun in my pocket and a lot of facts on the tip of my tongue. I'm going to use one or both of 'em unless you do as I tell you. There's where I stand. All the cards on the table."

There was enough starlight so that Corinne could see that he meant exactly what he had said. A heavy intelligence such as George's takes a long time to maneuver into position, but once set it requires heavy artillery to dislodge it.

Corinne smiled. Very well, he could take up his position on the commanding hill if he wanted to. All she had to do was to put him off until tomorrow, tell Peter the truth tonight, and there George would be, sitting pretty but with his guns spiked.

She could do it.

New Dreams

BY DOROTHY GREYSON

*Let tomorrow laugh away
All the sorrows of today;
Do not pause to grieve—to cry
For the love that passed you by . . .
Do not sob and question "Why?"*

*When tomorrow dawns, be waiting
For new dreams your hesitating
Should be crowded to the past,
With the faiths that did not last.
Catch at life—and hold life fast!*



At breakfast Corinne said coaxingly, "Petermine, will you take me into town today? I promised to meet 'Daddy' at the Ritz at one." "So long as he doesn't approve of me," Peter objected, "I don't see why I should allow you to talk to him, perhaps let him convince you that you ought to go home." But as usual he agreed to her plan

"Corinne, what are you going to do?" George was demanding. "Well," Corinne replied, "I certainly don't care about being shot this evening. Neither am I particularly anxious for you to queer me with my meal ticket." Corinne winced at the idea of referring to Peter that way—he was never that to her, only her adored boy husband—but it was a part of the character she must assume for George's benefit until tomorrow.

"Good," growled the surprised victor of the contest. He had not expected to win, not even with all the cards stacked in his favor. He had had too much experience of Corinne's ability to outmaneuver him. "Give us a little kiss."

"No, no, not here," Corinne protested in a panic. No lips had touched hers since the instant she had known Peter and she wanted to go through life with that record. Please God let her have that one thing to her credit. A lie was as nothing by comparison. "I'll kiss you tomorrow, George, honest I will. I'll come to you wherever you say; I'll do anything you want me to. That's fair enough isn't it?"

GEORGE regarded the proposition suspiciously. There was something wrong with it he felt certain but he could not put his clumsy finger on the concealed panel. However he did know how to deal with concrete actual facts—things, persons that he could touch.

He swept Corinne into his arms. He was rarely gentle at best and in his present mood he was almost rough. Peter was never like that. In his most violent moments it was only a pretended violence and she knew that back of it all he was always a tender and considerate gentleman. Corinne had forgotten the crassness of other men.

When he finally let her go she wiped her tortured lips with the back of her tiny, childish hand. It wouldn't come off.

George was coming towards her again.

"No," she declared, withdrawing still farther. "No! no! no! I'll come to you tomorrow, I swear I will. At the Ritz at one o'clock. Be there. But no more tonight. Can't you see, I don't dare take a chance here?"

She had reached the door, had opened it. He reached for her.

"Touch me and I'll scream. Then that will be the end of everything," she whispered.

He stood irresolute an instant, with one foot in the door to prevent her closing it. Finally he withdrew it.

Corinne closed the door and locked it. She was safe. She stood there an instant trying her best to calm her cruelly agitated nerves.

Then she dragged herself up the stairs. There was suddenly an absolute lack of strength in her limbs. She wanted to sit down midway and cry.

But that was a luxury she could not afford yet. There was another unpleasant task ahead, the more unpleasant task. Peter had to be told. Would he still love her when he knew? Was he keen enough to see through the outer tangle of lies to the newborn soul of her that was struggling up to meet him on his own ground? She prayed God to give him insight and understanding.

SHE opened the door and stood there, a pathetic little wilted figure, all the pretense gone out of her but more childish than ever somehow. That, in the last analysis, was not pretense.

Peter was no longer a wolf. He was out of bed, his fur coat lay on the floor and he was tramping up and down smoking a cigarette.

He looked at her without stopping.

"Corinne," he began. "I want to talk to you."

His child wife laughed weakly. "Great minds run in the same family," she misquoted. "I want to talk to you and I want to talk first."

Peter began to object.

"It's the lady's privilege," she reminded him, "to have the first, last and all the middle words if she needs them. Besides what I've got to say is really important. I've lied to you, Peter."

"I know it," he replied gently.

"What does he know about what?" Corinne wondered swiftly to herself. No matter, her confession must take precedence anyway.

"That automobile horn you heard a few moments ago was

George stopped in his tracks and regarded the apparent child who addressed him. "It's I—Corinne," she said. "What are you doing in that sort of dress?" he demanded. "Aren't you ashamed?"



on our driveway just as you suspected, and it was a signal for me to come out and meet a man." Her lips and throat were suddenly dry. It sounded so much worse in words than it had in thought. "To meet a man," she repeated fascinated by the ominous ring of the words.

"I suspected that, too," Peter concurred grimly, "and I came downstairs and followed you outside. I had my automatic with me and I would have killed him if I had not recognized who it was just before he kissed you."

"You know who it was?" Corinne faltered, ruins of Rome tumbling about her ears.

"Yes. I'd only seen him that once in the hotel at Atlantic City, but I recognized your father anyway by his figure. It's lucky for him that I did. As it is I'm all upset when I think



how close I was to ruining every chance we've got for future happiness. Why did he do it, dear? Why not have him call

here openly? After all he is a member of your family."

What a jam! Corinne's mind raced around it and looked at it from all sides, seeking a place to pry her way out with the lever of the truth. Peter had seen her meet George, had seen him kiss her. That ruined her confession of the truth. It would be impossible to convince Peter of her innocent intent if he had seen that kiss.

Her tongue was going while she was thinking. "He wanted to come in but—oh, Peter, how can I say it?—he has never forgiven you for stealing me away from him and I was afraid he would be violent. He has threatened to kill you. That's why I did not let my folks know where we were living. I wanted to wait until he could cool off. But Rose Pommeroy told him our address this afternoon and he came right out. I recognized his signal and went out to intercept him, to take the beating or the bullet myself, whichever it might be."

THE story built itself up, raced on to a triumphal conclusion.

"He loves me enough so that I was able to make him go away. But you must promise me, dearest Petermine, that if you ever see him again you will run away from him. A meeting would only mean unhappiness for

both of us for always. We love each other too much for that."

"I don't see why he shouldn't forgive us," Peter began doubtfully.

"Of course you don't," Corinne concurred. "There isn't any real sense to it. But father seldom forgets an injury. It's almost monomania with him. Mother and I have had to go around all of our lives making excuses and apologizing for him to people whom he dislikes. Are you going to hold it against me?" she pleaded wistfully. "Oh, Petermine, don't. I'm going to cry because I can't stand it just to think of your not loving me enough to forgive anything?"

He did love her that much. It was almost a pity not to put him to the test as he held her in his arms in their favorite two-some rocking chair, held her close to his stupid man heart that was trying to pound its message of encouragement to her through his breast.

But she didn't dare. He had supplied his own explanation or had started her on it, had accepted a fabric of invention that would stand the strain of traffic at least temporarily. It seemed folly to knock the bridge down until she had another one at hand that she knew would hold up. Would the truth do? Wasn't it perhaps better to hold him for a few more days with a lie than to take the chance of losing his love forever right now with the truth?

She loved him so.

The hours until daylight were a nightmare for Corinne, especially after he released her from his protecting arms and went to sleep leaving her alone and whimpering in the dark valley of indecision.

THE long sleepless night of uncertainty was no sort of preparation for the situation which Corinne had to meet at one the next day—the appointment with George at the Ritz.

She had made the engagement with the private understanding, arrived at between her two selves, that she would never keep it, that before the time arrived she would have explained everything satisfactorily to Peter and, secure in his love and confidence, could defy George to do his worst.

But the explanation had gone wrong. She was involved in a worse tangle of lies than ever and there was that clandestine rendezvous with George staring her in the face. What had started out to be a joke on George now proved to have a deadly recoil in her own direction.

SHE would not dare fail to be there. George was in no mood to be trifled with. The recollection of the way he had kissed her the night before was evidence enough of that. Not a man of any very considerable balance at any time, George was now dangerously one-ideaed as far as Corinne was concerned. He was determined to have her for himself or else sink the ship with all hands.

Finally she hit upon a scheme which looked to be a master-key to all of her immediate problems. It would satisfy the letter of her agreement to do anything George desired and at the same time scare him away for [Continued on page 102]

Vanity

By RUTH WATERBURY

IN our grandmother's day, when a young girl was found trying to powder her nose with some pink talcum and a bit of slippery chamois, she was always reproved with the remark, "Beauty is more than skin deep."

That platitude was sufficient, usually, to make the girl drop the powder and go forth, letting her nose shine before company, while she innocently hoped that somehow her April spirit got across to the gathering.

For vanity was regarded as a sin in those days, and the girl who admitted an interest in her own personality was practically a social outcast.

Today we have discovered the value of vanity, and the girl who is content to dab two spots of rouge on her cheeks and one dab of powder on her nose, and let it go at that, is regarded as a careless person, who deserves a dull life.

This new attitude, it seems to me, is much healthier than the old. We have exchanged a set of negative virtues for a set of positive ones, and have thereby made the world a much more charming place in which to live.

IN FACT I feel that large doses of healthy vanity should be given to girls, every so often, as a sort of spring tonic for drooping spirits.

Real vanity can keep us from so much that is dull and ugly and introduce us to so much that is amusing and stimulating!

It turns us into idealists. For when we look into our mirrors we see ourselves not only as we are but as we may be with sufficient care and attention.

It makes us victor over the years by not languidly permitting them to take their toll from us, but by our taking their toll from them, a toll of added intelligence, chic and charm.

FURTHERMORE, vanity opens the way to so much adventure. Take, for instance, the mere quest of the right lipstick. There are thousands of lipsticks on the market, yet there

are very few that are exactly right—in both shade and texture—for the individual mouth. But after a long search and a great deal of experimenting we find the one right lipstick and lo, and behold we find the rest of our make-up isn't so good. So we go to the movies and study how owners of the loveliest faces have learned to accentuate their beauty and we work on make-up. Above a perfect face we must have a perfect haircut, so we attack our bobs, frequently with months of bad results, but the fact that we do not find exactly the ideal shingle or the ideal hat for us doesn't mean they aren't to be found.

WE KEEP on searching. We build up a smart ensemble but we still feel incomplete, and one fine day we discover it is the personality behind the chic exterior that is a little shabby. So we brush up our minds and our dinner conversation to the great improvement of our party dates.

In other words, the artist spirit is born within us. We discover the joy of creation. We are building ourselves as surely as any ancient sculptor built deathless art.

It is then that we find the real value of vanity and the true meaning of grandmother's axiom. Very truly beauty is more than skin deep. It is so powerful that we can not touch it, no matter how lightly, without its ever afterward affecting our lives. But where grandmother thought beauty was only born, we know it can also be created. Grandmother was afraid of failure, but we are not. We know that to fail because you have aimed too high is a kind of heroism. The only real failure is failing because you did not aim at anything at all.

IT IS vanity that gives us the urge toward beauty and if we work earnestly enough we will one day discover that we have created something more than beauty. We will find that we have created character.

The Miracle of Make-up

It Brings To Every Girl Her Own Distinctive Beauty

By MARY
LEE

DO you ever look in your mirror and say, "Oh, dear, I wish I had a new face!" Most of us do, at some time or other. I know of nothing so effective for attaining a new personality as make-up, expertly handled.

The stage and the movies have given us many hints about make-up which we can apply in daily life. But before we follow them, let me give this one word of advice.

Always use your own good sense and your knowledge of what is you before you attempt to change your make-up plan. There's nothing worse than make-up put on without any sense of the eternal fitness of things. And I know of nothing lovelier than make-up used so that it brings out a girl's hidden potentialities of beauty.

OF course you know whether you're a blonde or brunette. Or do you? Perhaps you're one of those indefinite in-betweens who looks very brunetish in shades of blue and quite blonde in shades of red.

Well, if you are, then the first thing to decide on is the scale of your own color values. What is the natural tint of your skin? What color is the flush of your cheeks when you're warm or excited? What's the tint of lips, of eyebrows and lashes? Can you describe your coloring to some one who has never seen you, I mean describe it so accurately that you could be recognized in a railway station? All this self-analysis is necessary before you decide what make-up can do for you.

In each day's mail there's one girl who begins by describing herself this way, "I'm fair, with a white skin. What kind of make-up should I use?"

I hate to be disagreeing with people all the time, but there's really no such thing as a perfectly white skin. If you're using white powder, do stop before you get so used to that enameled-white effect that you forget that it's quite contrary to Nature.

Every skin has some color in it, however delicate it may be.



Make-up must suit the which group do you girls, the long-faced determined

shape of your face. To belong—the oval-faced beauties or the more square-jawed?

Color Values in Make-up

POWDER: (For blondes) Pinkish cream (light or dark). Cream (light or dark) tawny shades, including the range from deep sunburn to light, rosy cream.

(For average brunettes) Most of the above shades, usually having less pink in them.

(For reddish-haired types) Above shades, with more pink as needed.

(For olive skinned brunettes) Shades of cream with a faintly yellow or orange tinge to them.

ROUGE: (For very light blondes) Rose petal pinks and pale geranium pink.

(For darker blondes and fair brunettes) Carmine in medium, brighter geranium pink.

(For decided brunettes and olive types) Carmine tinged with orange, or deeper carmine.

(For red-haired types) Pale rose tints or pale geranium.

LIPSTICK: In most cases, lip rouge should match cheek rouge. For decided brunette and olive types bright geranium and lip rouge with orange tinge may be used. Very dark lipstick is only suitable for certain decided brunette types. On others it tends to make one look older.

There's always a hint of flesh tones, of creamy tinges, of the olive tones, or tawny tints like sunburn. You can match your own tint of skin, no matter how subtle it may be. The shades of face powder on the market are so numerous and varied that I feel quite confident in making this statement.

IF you miss the proper shade the first time you try, don't be discouraged. Some enterprising manufacturers send samples. If none of the samples seems quite right, try mixing two together. But when you mix powder remember to mix it thoroughly. In the factory, face powder is sifted and sifted through innumerable silk screens. So it takes a lot of mixing to make a finished product that will not look muddy on the skin.

THE question of powder foundation seems to worry most of us when we're seeking make-up that will last. Here is a rule that applies to every skin: always put as little foundation on as possible. This does not mean that the foundation cream or lotion is harmful, but experience has taught us that every bit of the foundation must be somehow taken up by the skin surface to get the best results. If it remains on top, you'll find that one dab of the powder pad spoils the effect. The powder

is thicker in one place than another and the result is spotty.

If you find that your skin does not need a foundation, and you can prove this by how long your make-up lasts without refreshing, why, don't apply one. Just see that the pores are tightened up a bit with a gentle astringent lotion before powdering. Never put on powder when the pores are relaxed by hot water.

Choose your rouge just as carefully as you choose your powder. Don't take the first shade the salesgirl offers you, and beware of using what she tells [Continued on page 147]

For heavenly daytime dates comes "Stars," a print of all the constellations, designed by Molyneux into a softly bloused frock with a pleated skirt trimmed with little tabs of self-material. Most chic for all slender types

MARCH in the dress designer's studios means the launching of many little frocks. March among the milliners means tentative tries at various straws, trimmings and hat shapes. March in the shops means new models of cloaks, suits, shoes and accessories. So, be warned. Stop, look and listen before you shop. Sort the chic from the startling, the really smart from the bizarre. Study the way fashion is going, the colors and silhouettes it is favoring, but if you would be wise, do little purchasing until spring actually comes and fashion stops her flirting.

All the models that flutter so gaily forth at this season are mere bids on the style creators' parts to entice the greatest number of purchasers. But of the many put forth, few are chosen. Wait till you see what the truly chic



The ideal handbox would contain these four hats for spring. First, for street wear, this saucy beret of bright red velvet trimmed with a perky bow

For sports is this turkey red felt banded with beige felt insets that end in a tab. Its flattering brim protects from March breezes

Courtesy of
Ferie Heller



The March

Fads and Foibles
Of The
Early Spring Season

are favoring, or you may acquire a line of dud dresses that will ruin your whole season.

The great truth that the well-dressed girl learns early in her shopping career is that no gown or hat is good unless it can take an active part in her daily program. Every item she wears today must be not only charming in itself but have added smartness when brought into association with her own personality. Fashion still has her whims, and clever is the young thing who finds an easy way of adapting them to her own uses, but in the larger sense style today has a new practicality, suiting itself to the time, the place and the girl in the nicest way



A debonaire ensemble is Suzanne Talbot's new spring suit. The fabric is Siehli's amusing print, Parachute, in red and white. The skull cap of red felt, slip-on gloves of suede, and the swagger stick are correct accessories

all, yellow with gray. But silks are clinging to monotonies, very pale blues and yellows predominating with a few "toile de Jouy" patterns in white and blue or pink and blue scattered about. These can be very cunning if you're the right type, but go slowly if you are Junoesque.

Prints are favoring two-color schemes with a preference for lighter patterns contrasted against darker grounds. The combinations here are particularly original, beige on black, yellow or green on black, and pink on black outstanding.

Yellow in all its subtlest shadings runs through the whole mode from morning to night. Shopping about I have seen yellow in shades ranging all the way from lightest straw to deepest gold. Rodier, that Paris wizard, is featuring lemon yellow; one



of Fashion

By
**GEORGIA
MASON**

possible. There are individual things for every taste and purse.

What, then, are the signs of spring fashions that the girl who wants to guard her reputation for personality and smartness should watch this month?

The Rising Tide of Color

Misty, indefinite shades are most certainly going to be worn. Egg-shell, pinkish apricot, pale yellow, gray-blue will be prominent everywhere, there being an insistence on pastels even in woolen frocks. These latter are combining new shades: white with pale gray; soft, light blue with gray; and smartest of



Then for dinner dates comes a cream bakou straw combined with biscuit-colored felt, subtly manipulated back from the face and topped with a bow

Face the afternoon from beneath a porcelain blue bakou, its brim held off the face by a gay red, white and blue cockade

Courtesy of
Ferle Heller



This singlette with the new shorty bloomer is most practical. The negligée is of rose velvet lined with rabbit fur and might double as an evening wrap

differently. Let these colors be your guide, but make your mirror the final arbiter.

The Conquering Coat

There is a faintly antique sound in telling you to watch your ensembles but the ensemble continues to cling as tightly as a devoted slave to the hand of fashion.

EVEN the sub-debs remember the day when one had a coat, or at best, two coats, of spring and winter weight. But those wardrobes are very dodo today and summer will find us with a coat for every costume from bathing suit to dinner dress. The sleeveless frock is back in favor and very delightful it is, too, for country dates or holiday trips, but to make it permissible for town wear, all our sleeveless frocks must have their matching or contrasting coats. For example, a crêpe frock, without sleeves, should be worn with a coat of velvet or jersey. With the new cottons, and incidentally, gingham has staged a renaissance that promises us a very checkered future, piqué coats are very amusing. The sequined cocktail jacket, which got to be too much of a Ford, has been replaced by a long-sleeved model in pastel velvet which may be worn equally well over



This diaphanous singlette is best for evening wear, being cut with a deep decolleté back. The negligée of chiffon and rose lace has delightful sleeves

of his rivals is sponsoring the exquisite green yellow of mimosa blossoms and if you want to go very fruity, there is banana yellow, lime yellow, lemon yellow and orange yellow to gratify your orchard impulse.

In fact it appears as though no color will be offered in its more conventional shades. There are eleven different reds being featured for spring. All the blues run toward gray or green, the greens run toward yellow, and the pinks for evening wear, are salmon. Even beige has had a slight attack of jaundice, losing its pink for a yellow cast.

BUT, despite all this, I privately feel there is no such thing as the color for every season and every girl. The first rule of chic is becomingness and while many modistes claim it is possible to wear any color I obstinately refuse to believe that. Electric light brings out one tone in the skin, sunlight another, and it is a little silly to be argued into some particular color by a clever sales clerk and forever after find it trying to wear. The first study of fashion is the study of self and don't ever let any one try to persuade you



The ensemble has even invaded the boudoir and this ensemble nightgown made of flesh-colored crepe de Chine and beige lace, has a detachable coat. It is handmade and its uneven hemline is lace-edged

Courtesy of A. N. Saab

chiffon or taffeta. Beach coats are being facetiously developed in Turkish toweling, which sheds sand and water in a trig way.

The coats of the new spring suits are all of them very feminine, and are generally loose in outline while some of them frankly revert to that old-familiar, the bolero. Suit skirts are snug in outline, usually with flat stitched pleats, and neat hiplines or fitted yokes topped with broad, flat loops, as these skirts are intended to be worn outside the blouse. Through the loops you may slip the newest swagger belts which fasten with harness buckles. Some of the new suits are four piece: coat, blouse and two skirts, one of wool and one of silk, which is a nice thought. There are some cape effects featured but I doubt the lasting quality of these latter.

Peplums and Other Things

THE designers are still trying to evolve a new and interesting silhouette and the results of their imaginings appear in the

new mode. They have taken a good deal of the flutter from our indeterminate hemlines, turning up their wispy ends into neat scallops. Then they have definitely launched the peplum. Not that I, for one, care for peplums. They seem to me, fitting as they do, in a stiff circle just below the hip-line, to cut the figure right where cutting does the average figure no good at all.

BUT for long, slim creatures who want to look most final cry, a peplum-trimmed afternoon or evening gown is quite grand. For the less svelte, there are pleats everywhere. Sometimes they are introduced in the front of the skirt in rippling flounces; sometimes they end an otherwise plain skirt in a little pleated ruffle; sometimes they ripple down the front of the bodice, but everywhere they emphasize the more feminine and more formal note of the coming season. Privately, much as I hope we are about at the end of the



The collar of this peach-colored robe de nuit has gaily followed the fashion set by the popular scarf. It is uneven and tied with a saucy ribbon bow on one shoulder

Courtesy of Best and Co.



If you would be very, very chic you should wear the new short nightgown. The smartest ones range in length from forty-one to forty-five inches



Lounging pajamas are of great style importance and these of black satin piped in fuchsia red might be the answer to a Spanish maiden's prayer

Courtesy of A. N. Saab

down-in-the-back hemline I doubt it, since it gives so many wearers a delightful "little girl" look, but I do wish girls with rather Alice-in-Wonderland legs would remember it was never intended for them in the first place. It makes even the slimmest legs look fatter.

SQUARE and bateau necklines are replacing the irregular ones of last winter, but it is wise to be warned that the shape of your face is most flatteringly or otherwise affected by the neckline you wear, and that irregular profiles should not appear above necklines that veer off toward one shoulder, and that little round faces are helped by heavy folds around the top of a dress.

The same siren note of warning may be issued about the newer fitted waistlines. They are charming on the slim and the straight, but round-shouldered girls will do well to avoid them or to choose bloused waists and tight hiplines.

[Continued on page 144]



The new lingerie is as chic as the new frocks. Here are lounging pajamas of pongee with a tuck-in blouse, a Peter Pan collar, a broad belt and a detachable cape

The removable guimpe and sleeves, in this frock of green satin, give it evening possibilities



A brown jersey reefer and beret, worn with contrasting sweater and pleated skirt, make an inexpensive sports costume



It is clever to wear bi-ge earrings with a pear-shaped garnet pendant

Tweed catches the between-season fancy of the Parisienne. This gray and beige costume has a matching purse, and a hat of knitted chenille

Paris Towards

By DORA LOUES MILLER

MARCH, the housecleaning month—or that, at least, is what it used to be throughout a great part of our broad land. That is what it still is in Paris. And always before we get the carpets up and the paper-hangers and the painters in, we get ready for them. We decide what is wrong with each room, besides the winter's accumulation of dirt, and what would improve it most.

That is what I want to do with you about your clothes this month. Not cleaning the old ones, but renovating and refurbishing your ideas of what will make you smartest before you start out to get your new spring clothes. Take a good square look at yourselves, and see what will improve you most. If you can find what is wrong with your present wardrobe, and how you wear your clothes, then you are ready to buy new ones. You will be sure that they have just the things lacking in the old ones, and not buy them just because they are fresh and new.

First of all there is you to look at. What is wrong with

you? Are your skirts the right length, for instance? I don't mean the smart length, I mean the right length for you. Of course you don't want to wear your skirts to your ankles when every one's are stopping at their knees or vice versa. But there is a certain point on your legs, dependent upon your height, your weight, the shape of your legs and what not, that makes all the difference in the world in your appearance, and that length is within two inches of the length that is considered smart.

If you don't know just exactly where that is—and few of us do until we have spent some time finding out—get busy and locate it. It isn't one of the things you can depend upon the saleswoman nor your best friend nor family to tell you. You must find it out for yourself.

Take three-quarters of an hour and stand in front of a long glass. Use a separate skirt so you can try different lengths, but always with the blouse, so

Do you know that your Loues Miller, in care
served from Paris? That
window, overlooking one
and reply personally to the
Do you want something
Something that will bright-
them out of humdrum class?
Miller, our Paris correspon-



This evening chemise, in white wash satin and ecru lace, has attached panties. Back view of the same is shown at right



A felt hat and crepe de chine scarf become an ensemble because of their identical red and black



Looks Spring

Our Correspondent in France

you get the complete effect. Try it as you have been wearing it, then an inch shorter or two inches shorter. Then a half inch, an inch, or two inches longer. You probably are not farther off than that but if there is any doubt, find out. And what a difference when you find the right spot!

When you have located it, don't let any one convince you that you want to change your skirt length. I have known girls whose legs looked "odd," a hint of knock knees, when their legs were really gorgeously straight, just because their skirts were cut to the wrong angles of their legs.

Your sleeves are another thing that deserve serious study.

Not only the length but just how they fit at the shoulder. Some of us need a close cut shoulder seam. It will take pounds off your apparent weight if it is properly fitted. Then other figures need one that droops just a hint. It softens too square shoulders and often gives that roundness that is so be-

letters, addressed to Dora of SMART SET, will be answered. Miss Miller will sit in her of the wide boulevards, questions that you ask her? utterly chic and different? en your clothes and lift

If so, write to Dora Lowes dent, for expert advice

Black satin is good for any occasion. Paris, despite changing styles and silhouettes, always sponsors it. This suit has a blouse of white georgette crepe

coming to the angular girl. And the length of your sleeves! If your hands are small and attractive, you don't need to worry. But if they are just a bit larger, or bony or not so well shaped, be sure to have the outside of your sleeve come down over the back of your hand half an inch. That doesn't mean that you need to have a sloppy sleeve. It doesn't need to extend down over the inside of your wrist a particle.

The line of your collar and décolleté needs just as careful study, and so does the placing of your belt. If you can't regulate your weight by these little things, you can at least change your appearance to the extent of pounds and pounds.

And the only right way to do it is by looking in the mirror. The best French dressmakers design their models not by looking at the girl as they drape her, but by looking at her in the mirror to get the effect as one sees it.

Let me tell you the story of a business woman who came to me recently. She had just been [Continued on page 110]



No woman today understands more sympathetically the needs and aspirations of the girl who seeks a career than does Helen Woodward. One of the highest salaried advertising women in the country, a distinguished author, a successful wife and homemaker, Mrs. Woodward writes from the wealth of her own experience

HELEN WOODWARD Asks a Question
That May Show You the Way to Success

Do People Do As You Say?

Then
Your Career
Is Selling
and the
Highest Rewards
in Business
May Be Yours

I KNOW a bright, keen girl who changes her job every month or two. She is a stenographer and a good one, but she hates being tied to a desk, and almost as soon as she gets settled down in an office, she begins to think of going somewhere else.

One day, in a burst of confidence, she told me that all offices seem dull to her, though she is very competent and her employers like her. "What is the matter with me?" she asked anxiously.

Doctors nowadays seem to diagnose most of our body pains as due to tonsils, and I am inclined to diagnose most of our job pains as "doing the wrong work." So many drift into jobs instead of choosing.

"Stenography is the wrong thing for you," I told her, after I had listened to her restless and unquiet story. "No matter how good you are at office work, it's wrong for you, or you would be more contented."

"But what ought I to do?" was her next question.

"You're a restless person," I replied, "and you should do something where restlessness is a help instead of a hindrance. For instance, you might make an excellent solicitor, or saleswoman—seeing new people all the time, you know."

"BUT women can't sell things, and if they can, no one will give them a chance," she said with the splendid authority of the very young.

"Oh, yes, they can, and they do," I answered, and as I spoke I thought of the long list of women of my acquaintance who have become expert in selling one thing or another.

It is my opinion that usually women can sell things better than men—and as for getting a chance to do it—I know a number of saleswomen with handsome incomes right now.

There are several women who sell advertising space in magazines and newspapers. Some of these make \$25,000 a year and more. The wife of one of the leading American authors sells bonds, and is a perfect wonder at it. With her it is not a case of necessity, for her husband's income is sufficient for them both. She is in the bond business because she loves the work. And yesterday I had a talk with the wife of the most prominent banker in an aristocratic Southern city. She is in the real estate business, has been in it about a year, and likes it so much that she wonders how she ever spent her time before she started remodelling old mansions and selling them to wealthy Northerners for winter homes.

I think one of the most striking things about our modern American life is the fact that women are beginning to take part in activities that not long ago were considered completely masculine.

Many young women who are doing clerical work in offices

would be far better off if they were using their talents as saleswomen, and it happens that it is fairly easy to find out for yourself if you have selling ability. Just ask yourself this question, "Do I like to make people do things, whether they want to or not?" If you can honestly say, "Yes," to that question, you can probably sell goods, unless circumstances are piled up against you.

YOU'VE probably always thought, as do most people, that the qualities needed to make a good saleswoman are an obliging disposition, pleasant manners, talkativeness, and a liking for people. Not at all! These quali-

ties are all right in moderate amounts, but all of them combined do not make a salesman or a saleswoman—and in excess they are a positive hindrance.

I once knew a bond salesman who enjoyed doing favors for people. He would do anything you asked him to do, if it were humanly possible to do it, and if he couldn't manage actually to do it, he would promise to anyway. After a few years of pleasant promises, he got the reputation for being somewhat of a liar, though he didn't mean to lie; he merely hated to say, "No." Now this man would have been a pretty good salesman if he had not been so tremendously obliging. He was willing to promise anything to make his customers happy, and frequently he promised the impossible.

He would spend a lot of time getting his customers passes to ball games, or tickets to first nights at the theater, or discounts on one thing or another. Usually when he failed to make good on one of these obliging acts he would lose a customer. But his worst fault as a salesman was his extreme friendliness. He had bonds to sell—and good bonds—but when his customers showed a reluctance to buy he was too friendly with them to use the domineering force that is always a quality of real salesmanship.

I KNOW that all the copy books will tell you that you must think of your customer first—and of his needs—and that you must not ever make him buy what he doesn't want, and that you must never make him buy more than he wants. All this sounds fine and it would be a sounder commercial world if it were true. But it just isn't so.

You can't make a real success in selling anything if you take that attitude. In selling you must forget the customer's desires and point of view and think only of your goods—in other words, be able to convince yourself that it is more important for him to buy your goods than anything else in the world. Of course, you should know all about his business and what he needs, but you must know it from the point of view of your success—not his.

[Continued on page 122]

Personality's
Greatest
Handicap



By
ELINOR
GLYN

Self-Consciousness

I HAVE received such a large number of letters from girls who have read these articles upon personality—asking how they are to combat, if not cure, self-consciousness, that I feel I must talk about that before going on to the subject which I intended to discuss, which was posture—elegant and otherwise!

Let us first analyze what self-consciousness is. It is never being able to forget your own ego. You worry over it as a mother might worry over her child—continually questioning whether or not all is well. What effect is this little creature producing upon the people in the room? Is it good or otherwise? Is her frock becoming? Is she rumpling it? Is she being a success? Ought I to prompt her to say this and that? What does Mrs. Brown think of her? Did she receive enough applause? Did John notice her? Is he attracted? What had she better do next? And so on—so that three parts of the intelligence are squandered in this agitation, and only a third can be used to give forth thoughts upon interesting subjects, or demonstrate personality or charm.

The first step toward curing this uncomfortable and stultifying condition is to make your inner self come up and be examined. Talk to it as if you were addressing another person. Ask it what it really cares about the opinion of others, so long as it knows it has done its best. Why should it be awkward and ill at ease when probably no one is even thinking of it at all! Tell it not to be so vain and silly as to imagine that it is such a subject of interest to others.

And then, when this scolding is through, tell it that it has nothing to fear, that it is strong and quite indifferent, and although it may be aware of others' reactions, which are unconscious guides to its own response, yet it is undisturbed by any one's opinion.

The next step is to be quietly sure of yourself, Mary. Do not boast, nor give false impressions. Be quite true. If you are poor, and come of even an undesirable family, do not lie to hide it. Remember always, after a while, only character is really respected, and the possession of character is within the reach of all. It is the property of the individual and cannot be affected by any family or relation, good or bad.

Only for a little while will outward and material things "put it over," so why be nervous if you have not the outward things yet?

You can have them fairly soon if you have character and will-power enough to become master of yourself, so that the

whole of your intelligence can be used to advance, and not more than half be nullified by nervous wonderings. Napoleon and Lincoln, I feel sure, never speculated about the effect they were producing. Their minds were on their goal.

So now, Mary, we will get down to a concrete imaginary case. You are miserable with self-consciousness. You are going to a tea. It is, we will imagine, at the house of a girl friend who is in a higher social position than your own. You have always been rather diffident with this girl because of this, in spite of your knowing that her brains are not as good as yours nor is she as physically attractive. So you arrive at the party imagining yourself at a disadvantage.

According to your real niceness or your real vulgarity, you act in one of the following ways.

If you are really nice underneath, and yet self-conscious, you become agitated, are afraid your dress may not be right. You answer constrainedly when a nice young man is introduced to you; you are conscious of every one around, and you feel all eyes are turned towards you. You wonder if Gordia Midas, your hostess, is laughing at you—if the new Larry Dash notices you have not such a good hat—all your wits are numbed because your force is being used up in speculation and cannot be expended upon being amusing and quick.

The result is, you create an in-harmonious atmosphere around you and no magnetism comes from you. Larry Dash, who may have thought you pretty across the room is only conscious of depleting vibrations and turns elsewhere.

If you had gone to the party knowing exactly what you do possess, namely, average intelligence, and perhaps a pretty face, and that none of the material disadvantages are the least your own fault, you would have entered quite serenely, have had wits at hand to answer interestingly, and by your serenity, would have drawn the interest of any Larrys or Gordias you might have met.

Or if you did not, you could always have consoled yourself by knowing that you were making one important conquest—that of your own emotions—and gradually this knowledge in itself would engender magnetism, and your isolation would not continue always.

If you are self-conscious and vulgar underneath, the demonstration will show in bombast; you will talk loudly and too fast; you will be aggressive and [Continued on page 131]

We all reach toward perfection. But if we reach too hard we may, by becoming self-conscious, defeat our own purpose. The first step toward perfection and poise is the ability to be natural and unassuming—to be yourself

All 'Round the Town

Drawings
By
FRANK BOYD

When all the world
Is close to spring,
When hearts are gay,
And pulses sing—

Each shop calls out,
"Come, buy new clothes—"
(She needs no urging—
Goodness knows!)

Then she puts on
Her smartest gown,
And starts to travel
'Round the town.

She finds a hat,
It makes the day
A great success,
In every way . . .

The street she takes
Is very gay;
Be it Main Street,
Or else—Broadway!

And when the dusk
At last is falling—
There's tea time, and
The boy friend calling!

"The gang can go without us," Virginia said. "They'll get used to it. I'm never going to dance again"

Tuxedo

By RUTH



VIRGINIA CHASE arrived home in a serious mood. There was a soft glow in her eyes and she opened the apartment door very tenderly. The day had been a novel adventure and its impression had not left her.

A gust of tobacco-scented air greeted her. A tall Persian amphora lay fallen on its side, one broken handle crooked like a helpless finger. The rug in the foyer was twisted in a spiral heap. She shut the door with a bang, set the amphora upright, kicked the rug out straight and went into the living

room. There too confusion met her.

It was a beautiful room architecturally. Two stories high, with tall casement windows along one side and along the other a balcony, off which the bedrooms opened. "A great room for parties," Gary Chase had said when they were apartment hunting before their marriage. Virginia had enthusiastically agreed. They liked parties.

The furniture too was beautiful—in spots. Tables were covered with a pattern of white splotches and rings. Cigarette burns and stains marred damask chairs and sofas. A wobbly picture, drawn with a lip-stick, decorated a large parchment lampshade. Burnt matches littered the hearth and bottles and glasses were strewn over the tables.

Virginia removed one glass from the grand piano and wiped the spot where it had stood. She unhooked a cane which dangled from the wrought-iron railing of the balcony and flung it into the foyer. By this time her pleasant mood was shattered.

She punched a bell on the wall.

"WHERE'S Suki?" she asked the cook, who appeared in answer to it.

"I think he's asleep, Mrs. Chase."

"Wake him up and have him clean this room."

"Yes, ma'am. Will you and Mr. Chase be here for dinner tonight?"

Virginia hesitated, then her lips narrowed. "Yes, Addie. We shall."

Her husband was in the bathroom shaving when she went upstairs.

"Hello, Gary," she said as she removed her wraps.

"Hello. Where've you been all day? There's been a gang here."

"So I see," Virginia answered. "I spent the day in the country."

"In the country!" Gary repeated. "What on earth did you find to do out there? Golf?"

"No. Just sat and admired Polly Kent's lovely home."

"Was it pretty?" he asked, intent on his studs.

"Small, simple, perfect." Virginia's eyes and voice softened as she recalled the enchantment of her day. "Not a bottle of gin in the house. And the living room full

of flowers." The expression of hopeless dissatisfaction again crossed her face.

"We've got to keep gin in stock for some of the girls who don't like whisky. You don't have to drink it. But what do you want with a living room full of flowers? It would look like a funeral parlor."

Gary stood in the doorway, shaven, buoyant, struggling with his black tie. He was so good looking like that, in his black trousers, silk waistcoat and stiff shirt, that Virginia turned

A Tale Which Suggests That It May Take a Few Good Parties To Make a House a Home

RIDENOUR

away. A dull despair fought against her deep love for him.

"Whenever I buy flowers some one ruins them playing Bacchus," she said.

"Better get dressed," her husband suggested uneasily. He could not comprehend her mood but sensed that it was not her usual one. "We're going down to Barney's to dinner with the Sterlings and Jake and Lulu and Betty Parker and—"

"We are dining here," Virginia contradicted.

"Gosh, are we? Who's coming? I didn't know you had invited any one to dinner tonight."

"I haven't. Must we have a crowd all the time? Can't you have dinner alone with me?"

"Why, of course. Only we never do. What's the matter, Gin? Are you ill?"

"Yes. Sick of our life."

GARY was astounded. He had never known his wife to act like this in the whole two years of their marriage. She was seated in a small boudoir chair gazing dismally about her disordered room. He went over to her.

"I thought our life was great," he said. "We have a lot of fun. You're just worn out, Honey. A day in the country's an awful ordeal. Get dressed and we'll go out and you'll feel better." He mussed her hair fondly.

"I'm tired of going out. I want a home."

"Home! But Gin, we've got a swell home. The rent on this joint—"

"Joint!" she interrupted, rising and walking across the floor. "Exactly. This is no home. It's a speak-easy!"

She started pacing the floor, and Gary paced in circles after her.

"Gin, darling, what's wrong? What's happened to you? I thought you were happy. I thought you liked this life."

"I don't. I've had enough of it."

"What do you want to do? What can I do? I want to make you happy, Gin. Stand still a minute, will you? Tell me what the trouble is. Is it—" his tone was serious, "is it *me*?"

"It's everything. This apartment gets on my nerves. It's a mess. Furniture all ruined. A grand cook and all she does is serve scrambled eggs at midnight and bromos for breakfast. Suki mixes drinks all night and sleeps all day. Home!"

"I'LL buy you a new one, Gin. New furniture. More servants. Anything you like. Only cheer up. Come on, smile once for papa!" He caught her playfully. It was their custom to laugh at critical moments and thus avert temperamental explosions. But something had crushed Virginia's bright humor. Her annoyance flared.

"You're hopeless, Gary. You shouldn't be married. You're a good dancing partner. You're great for evening purposes but you're no good for hard, daytime wear. A girl wants something more than a playmate for a husband. You're—"

"Gin, you never felt this way before. You like to play as much as I do. More, sometimes. What have I done? How have I offended you? Are you in love with some one else? Don't you love me any more, Gin? What is it?"

A glance at his distressed face, his well groomed form, the whole beautiful, useless exterior of him and Virginia was dropping on the chaise longue. Was burying her head in the pillows. Why couldn't her charming Gary be a practical



Illustrations

By

EDWARD BUTLER

"Oh, come on, Gin," Gary pleaded.
"I have to go. The party's on me"

domestic delight, like Polly Kent's husband for instance?

"I adore you, Gary," she sobbed. "I'm just tired of the frivolous way we live. I want a saner life, a real husband, not an animated tuxedo. Oh—"

But she couldn't explain it. Gary Chase, born and bred in the sophisticated, pleasure-loving center of a high-tension civilization knew no other way to live. He had never seen inside the homes of simple people like the Kents. Country to him meant golf clubs or summer resorts or luxurious estates

well stocked with servants. Until today her perspective had been the same.

She couldn't explain to Gary the effect of the tranquility of the Kents' home life. The glimpse of peace and order and homely beauty had given her a yearning for something her hectic existence lacked. The novelty of it was romance to her.

He knelt down at her side, burrowing for her face in the pillows. "Darling, dearest. I'd do anything in the world for you. Be anything you like. I'll wear overalls, plus-fours—anything you say! I can't bear to see you this way. Come on, cheer up. There!" He had found her face and was kissing it. "No more loops. No more drinking," he promised. "Everybody sober up and stop crying." He kissed her again.

"Now. Get dressed," he said as he rose from her side. "The gang'll be here pretty soon. We'll fool them and not serve cocktails. This is a home, not a speak-easy. We do our drinking elsewhere. I agree with you that there has been too much of it going on around here. Come on, we'll surprise them with our sober behavior down at Barney's."

SHE stiffened. Go to Barney's! After all she had said! She set her chin stubbornly. "I'm not going."

"Oh, but Honey—" Now that the tempest was over he was irritated. "You can't back out now without any excuse."

"They can go without us. They'll get used to it. I'm never going to step into another night club. I'm never going to dance again."

"You don't have to dance if you don't want to," Gary agreed, "but come on, Gin. Don't act this way."

Her softly curved lips closed in an unfamiliar line. Her face was set in a strangely cold beauty. Gary regarded his wife silently for a moment. He recalled that women were unreasonable. He had forgotten it because his particular one had never been that way before. Now she seemed to be making up for lost time.

"I have to go, Gin. I invited them. The party's on me."

"All right. Go on. I won't."

There was a sudden clatter in the living room below. Voices raised to the familiar pitch of revelry. Virginia shuddered. Suki knocked on their door.

"All right, Suki," Gary called. "Tell them I'll be right down. You won't go, Gin?" he asked quietly.

"No. Never again."

He looked at her skeptically. This was surely nothing but a mood, he decided. Best to leave her alone. It would pass. Virginia could no more do without gaiety than a duck without water.

"All right. I'll tell them you're not well."

Virginia did not answer. She lay and looked at space with dry aching eyes until Suki announced dinner.

She had almost forgotten how good a home-cooked meal could taste. And an evening spent alone with a book was a uniquely pleasant occasion. But when her attention wandered from the book, as it did frequently, she felt a poignant loneliness. The living room had a dejected air—like a ballroom after a party. It seemed haunted with the soundless spirits of its departed gaiety. It got on her nerves and she went to bed early.

She awakened when



After a great deal of smashing and exploring it distributed some bananas which he found in night. He felt that the evening

Gary came home, very late. He ran up the stairs and she heard him rummaging in a closet and wondered what he wanted. He came to her door, opened it quietly and peered in at her.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Are you awake? I wonder where my suitcase is." From his voice Virginia realized that he was not quite sober.

"What do you want with it?" she asked.

"Jake and I are driving to Boston."



turned out that the house was not afire. Gary the ice-box, and bid the firemen a hearty good had been a great success

"What for?" she questioned. "It's such—"
 "Fun," he interrupted. "Feel like a ride. Thought it would be nice to drive to Boston for the week-end. Want to go?"
 "No, thanks. If you want to see me when you get back you'd better stay right here."

Gary snapped on a light and looked at his wife.
 "What's the matter with my going to Boston? Don't you want me to go to Boston?" he questioned.
 She turned her head to the wall. "Send Jake home and

come to bed and stop being a fool," she said wearily.
 He was in no mood for a battle. "All right. I'll tell Jake I can't go," he agreed as he snapped out the light and left the room.

After he had climbed heavily into the twin bed next to hers Virginia heard what sounded like a smothered laugh from him. She raised her head, incredulous.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

He rolled over and faced her. "You awake? Say, I was wondering what Jake's going to do with the two girls he has on his hands." He chuckled.

"Girls! What did you have two girls for?"

"Did you ever hear—" His voice trailed off sleepily, but Virginia was wide awake, now. She watched the dawn paint the room its daylight colors. Then she rose, dressed and went to her mother's home while Gary was still sleeping. Even in the honest daylight she was convinced that it was no use. Gary would never think of anything but fun.

Of course, Gary missed her after she had been away a couple of days. He found out from Addie where she was, and telephoned her.

"Hello, Gin. When are you coming home?" he said.

"Never."

"What did you say? The Sterlings are having a party tomorrow night and—"

"I'M NO longer interested in parties," she said and hung up. He roamed around the apartment for half an hour and then called her again.

"Gin, I wish you would explain and not leave me all in the air like this."

"I thought I made myself clear the night before I left, but a lot you cared!"

"Aren't you over that yet?"

"I meant it—every word of it—but it evidently made no impression. On top of it all you started off to Boston with a g-girl." She choked.

"But I didn't go."

"Because I stopped you."

"There wasn't anything so terrible about that."

"Do you think that is proper behavior for a husband—to go on week-end trips with other women?"

"We've always agreed that the more we played around with other people the more we liked each other. Don't you trust me any more?"

"Of course I trust you. It isn't that. It's the attitude. It's all wrong. Oh, dear," she added hopelessly.

"What is all wrong?" There was a silence, then he said, "Don't you know I love you more than anything in the world? Isn't that all that matters? Oh, Gin—"

"But — I don't know," she answered dejectedly.

"What can I do to show you? I'll do anything in the world for you, Gin, and you know it." His voice was husky. So, when she answered him, was Virginia's.

"Would you buy a little house out in the country and be happy in it alone with me?"

"What kind do you want? I'll go buy it right now."

"Oh, green shutters and lots of trees. And miles from everything and— But I'd bet—"
 [Cont. on page 115]



Parents

Some Teething Rings
May Be
Pretty Expensive

"THERE is," thought Mr. William Sterling, with the razor-keen perception of a threefold millionaire, "no place like home."

He gazed contentedly round the lesser dining room of his Berkeley Square house—the lesser dining room because there was no company that evening. Behind every chair stood a footman in gray and cerise livery. The choicest morsels of fish, flesh and fowl were served. The innocent faces of his children smiled back at him, and the wife of his bosom sat opposite.

"There is," thought Mr. Sterling, "nothing like family life."

His eyes perceived the seven pearl necklaces of Mrs. Sterling, one for every day in the week. Friday's intrigued him most. Their previous owner had been assassinated. No one, however, would assassinate Mrs. Sterling. She was far too modern to stand any nonsense.

Mr. Sterling cleared his throat and the beautiful smile of an indulgent father spread over his face, as he addressed his son.

"Had a good day, Vere?"

"Pretty foul, thanks."

Smiling still more indulgently, Mr. Sterling addressed his daughter.

"Had a good day, April?"

"Absolutely rank."

His glance moved on to his wife, more elfin, if possible, than her own daughter.

"And you, Helen?" he inquired.

"Really, William," Mrs. Sterling answered from her baby rosebud of a mouth, "you make me tired."

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home," ran Mr. Sterling's thoughts. "A place of rest, of natural candor, of no pretense. Still, it does one good to stir occasionally from the hearth." He went on aloud:

"In that case, I suggest that we take our summer holiday at once."

VERE raised his smooth and shining head from its gloomy slant and demanded, "What sort of holiday, father?"

"A pleasant and enjoyable few weeks, my boy, at Golden-sands, at the Millionaires' Club."

Vere drooped his smooth and shining head once more.

"Migosh, not that! I simply can't. I promised George Urns to motor with him across the Go Desert. He's invented a new kind of car."

April's eyebrows rose to the roots of her hair.

"Nothing doing. I've booked myself for an aeroplane trip



Illustrations By
HUBERT
JEAN MATHIEU

Prince Boris advanced toward them. "Isn't he young man

to the Arctic, with the Stenning-Brownes. I want to shoot a polar bear and eat blubber. Iris Stenning-Browne says it's better than caviar when you get used to it."

"I don't think either of you mean what you say," Mr. Sterling said tactfully. "I don't think either of you really wants to leave your mother and myself. I founded the Millionaires' Club on purpose to provide for the family holiday. It caters to every taste. There are two golf courses, a bathing pool, tennis, fishing, motor-boating, polo and dancing. One can dine in one's own cottage or at the restaurant. A cabaret direct from Paris gives two shows a night, and all the best shops have a small branch in the Marble Arcade. We meet our own kind of people there. After all, money whispers louder than blue blood and I do think we millionaires should stick together. Don't you agree, Helen?"

"I am just one seething mass of reaction from domesticity," his wife said simply.

Do Count

By
F. E.
BAILY

Even When Father
Is A
Multi-millionaire



marvelous?" said April to Morgan Bond. That scowled heavily

"What real objection," Mr. Sterling inquired, "has any one to the Millionaires' Club?"

"The people are so dull!" exclaimed his children.

"Morgan Bond will be there, April."

"Oh—him!"

"There will be Diamond Throgmorton, Vere."

"Oh—her!"

MR. STERLING who was, above all things, a family man, preserved his good humor.

"I will ask any one who will add to your enjoyment," he declared.

A subdued ripple of anticipation ran all over April's face.

"Then I should like Prince Boris of Carinthia, please. He's simply too divinely good looking."

"And I," said Vere, "should like Martha Carter, the film star."

"Very well," replied their father. "It may be a little diffi-

cult, but I've tackled worse problems in the past. And you, Helen? Is there any particular guest who takes your fancy?"

"You had better not tempt me, William. Just now I'm simply a psychological hurricane clinging feebly to my self-respect."

"Then we will leave it at that," suggested Mr. Sterling.

A grave young secretary with the brand of Harton and Camford on his brow, obtained a telephone number, and spoke to his counterpart who served a Fleet Street newspaper proprietor, murmuring:

"That you, old boy? My old man wants to speak to yours. Can do? Stout fellow." Then gravely over the house telephone to Mr. Sterling, "Through to Sir George Heywiddy, sir."

Mr. Sterling picked up the receiver.

"THAT you, George? If I were you I should buy Amalgamated Milk for a rise. Thought you'd like to know. Not 'tall. Oh, and I want to meet Martha Carter, the film star. Could your film critic arrange it? Many thanks. 'Bye."

Mr. Sterling pressed a bell push and a red light appeared over the secretary's desk. He entered and Mr. Sterling said, "Fortescue, do you know Prince Boris of Carinthia's private secretary? Arrange a meeting between the prince and myself. I want to ask him down to Golden-sands."

"It will be a little difficult I fear, Sir—"

"Stuff, Fortescue. The man hasn't got a bean. I could buy up Carinthia tomorrow. I don't care what it costs; my daughter wants him for a dance partner."

When, eventually, after who knows what scratching of backs and pulling of wires, Mr. Sterling found himself in the prince's library, his heart misgave him on account of April.

"Good morning, Mr. Sterling," said the prince, in perfect English. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you? Pray sit down."

"Thank you, Sir," replied Mr. Sterling, and bowed over the royal hand. "It's very good of you. There is the question of this Carinthian Loan which there is some talk of floating in the City."

"Ah! Parfaitement!" exclaimed the prince in perfect French. "Unfortunately that is a matter for the Chancellor of the Exchequer and my financial advisers. As a constitutional ruler—"

"Quite, Sir. The trouble is that your financial advisers haven't made much headway. The finances of Carinthia—"

"Madre de Dios!" interrupted the prince in perfect Spanish. "there are no finances of Carinthia. Why else should we want a loan, Mr. Sterling?"

"What I suggest, Sir, is that you should be my guest for a few days at the Millionaires' Club at Goldensands. I think I may promise that the loan could be arranged between myself and my fellow millionaires."

"For the sake of my impoverished country I would do much," said the prince, "but are you quite sure about this loan, Mr. Sterling? Even princes have their disappointments."

"I am very conservative in matters of finance," replied Mr. Sterling. "For instance, I have settled nothing on my own son and daughter. They are allowed only a few thousands a year pocket money and accounts at certain shops. I am quite

sure the loan will be forthcoming after your stay amongst us, Sir."

Having bowed himself out, Mr. Sterling went on to give Miss Martha Carter luncheon. They got rid of the film critic without mercy and Miss Carter took her host back to the Babylonian Suite in the Cosmopolis Hotel, where she lived.

"I like rich men," said Miss Carter frankly, lighting a rose leaf tipped cigarette. "Now that we have got rid of that little gooseberry, what is it you want to talk about, Mr. Sterling?"

"My wife and I would like you to be our guest at the Millionaires' Club at Goldensands," Mr. Sterling explained. "There will be my son and daughter and Prince Boris of Carinthia and a few people of that sort. Ever since I thought of buying an interest in Silver Screens Incorporated, for whom I believe you star, we have all wanted to meet you."

"Pleased to have you meet me," declared Miss Carter. "Delighted to accept. All I wish is you would get them to can that Silver Screens director."

Prince Boris arrived in the private seaplane of Mr. Sterling, but her own car bore Martha Carter, that well-known car finished in dull gold with cream brocade upholstery and a golden-haired chauffeur to tone with the rest.



Martha Carter appeared suddenly with the air of a nymph fleeing from a pursuing satyr

IT WAS the hour of pre-luncheon cocktails at the Elysian Bar whose veranda looks over the bay. April, in a cardinal one-piece swimming suit that crashed against her dark hair, sat next to Morgan Bond, also garbed for the waves. Her eyes beheld Prince Boris advancing towards them, wearing an immaculate flannel suit, accompanied by Mr. Sterling and Mr. Throgmorton, the chairman of the Club Committee.

"Isn't he marvelous!" April said to Morgan Bond. That young man scowled heavily.

"I loathe these foreigners. He looks exactly like a Monte Carlo gigolot."

"He's Colonel-in-Chief of the Carinthian Guards. I can't imagine you in the Guards, Morgan."

"Neither can I. Some of us have to work to keep them going."

"You needn't be jealous."

"Jealous, my eye; jealous of who?" asked young Mr. Bond intensely.

At this moment, curving across the lawn came Miss Martha Carter. Vere, sitting beside Diamond Throgmorton, gasped faintly.

Mr. Sterling now gathered in Martha Carter, who kept getting lost for the sake of a little more publicity, and led her and the prince to his marble cottage. Mrs. Sterling received them and sent them away to wash their hands for luncheon.

SEATED beside the prince at luncheon, April felt herself to be alone in the wide world, with a sun-bronzed young god who was intended for her from the beginning of time. The butler, the footmen, her mother, so middle-aged and hide-bound, her father, stout and unsouful, Vere with his appalling triviality and that quite impossible Carter woman faded from her consciousness.

She heard the prince saying to her, "In this paradise there are many hours, and have I not the flower of them beside me?" and almost choked over her filet of sole.

On the other side of the table Vere was saying to Martha Carter, "How do you dare to be so beautiful?"

After luncheon April took the prince out in her racing motor boat. He went with her dutifully, although he would have loved to play poker with Mr. Sterling and a few selected friends. Still walking beside him he saw, not April, but the Carinthian loan. Two and a half per cent would stick to him, if it went through.

They embarked with scores of jealous eyes fixed on April. They landed for tea at a little cove, and dreamily her fingers touched his over the passing of a teacup. The prince, while entertaining her with royal charm, thought sadly of his pet dog, his pet horse, his favorite armchair, his stamp collection even of the Prime Minister of Carinthia, a rather dreary person who told the same funny story over and over again.

At last, when all the buns and pâté-de-foie-gras sandwiches were eaten, the prince told himself with a sigh to get on with the good work. He encircled with his arm the yielding figure of April and raised her drooping head. "Let me see," he

reflected, "what is the formula? Ah, yes! 'Though a prince and I, trust, a gentleman, there are moments when temptation becomes overwhelming.'" The prince then kissed April.

"I wish," thought the prince, "that some one would invent a new lipstick. It is almost intolerable that they all taste the same."

Upon a far green hill, Vere sat on a scarlet rug beside Martha Carter. His racing two-seater stood parked close by; the debris of a tea-basket littered the grass. Vere was holding Martha's hand and saying things. Martha's compelling eyes rested on the distant horizon.

"YOU'RE the loveliest thing, Martha."

"Yes, Honey."

"I never saw such a peach anywhere."

"Yes, Honey."

Martha was thinking of a frock she had seen at Celeste's, and the face of the new leading man, whom she disliked, and of her mother in a little rose-clad cottage near Wolverhampton who kept writing, "Even if you only sent me another £50, it would mean nothing to you, and I need new woollens very badly."

"If I might take you away to some island, where we could live together and never see another soul—"

"Yes, Honey. And what should we live on?"

"Well, I've only got my allowance because father won't settle anything on me—"

"I might have known it, the hard-boiled old tight-wad!" thought Martha, and aloud, "Don't worry, I'm not settling on you either."

In despair Vere encircled her slender figure with his arm and tilted her drooping head. She broke delicately from his embrace.

"Sorry, but I do that sort of thing for hours on the lot. And it may be coincidence, but every man's shaving soap, or powder, or whatever it is, seems to smell exactly the same. It kind of gives me the willies."

Not many days later some inward voice suggested to the prince his extreme need of a little solitary self - communion. "For," said the prince to himself, "if I endure very much more of April I shall go mad."

HE therefore escaped from an engagement to play tennis after luncheon, and doubling like a hunted animal, discovered a building he had never seen before. It proved to be the servants' bathing establishment. The prince hastened within and sat down sadly on a hard and hygienic bench.

"I shall be safe here," he reflected. "No one will disturb me. I can assemble my scattered wits. I can think out a way of escape. Sterling said something about staying for a fortnight, but that's absurd."

He paused at the sound of footsteps. Before he could con-

ceal himself Martha Carter appeared in the simple yet dignified entrance, with the air of a nymph fleeing from a satyr.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "it's only you, Prince. I was afraid it might be that Sterling boy. He follows me about like Mary's lamb."

"You, too!" said the prince with a deep groan. Martha Carter nodded, picked her weary way across the tiled floor and sat down beside him.

"Me, too," she echoed. "Old Man Sterling has got us in his toils. We are the bone rings for his darlings to cut their sentimental teeth on. Bone rings! I'll say we're bone-heads."

The prince rose and kissed her hand, but she drew it away.

"Don't! That reminds me of work on location. What are you doing in this gilded cage?"

"You are a woman of the world," suggested the prince, sitting down again. "Frankly, it's a matter of poverty. My presence is the price of a Carinthian Loan from these odious plutocrats. A Carinthian Loan would mean a lot to me."

"YOU poor boy! Pa Sterling blackmailed me into it by hinting he was going to buy up the outfit that hires me. I haven't a hope."

"But surely you are rich?"

"You forget the current price of beauty. What with that, and the car and the Babylonian Suite, a thousand pounds a week goes nowhere. The competition's absolutely fierce. I used to get a raft of things just for a testimonial. Now all sorts of prize-fighters, and authors, and Atlantic fliers cut in on that."

"The sale of my picture post-cards is not at all what it was,"

said the prince sadly. "It isn't as if I could marry that impossible girl. Her father has settled [Continued on page 86]



"There's just one ray of hope left, Vere. After all, we are their children"

Challenge from the Sky

[Continued from page 23]

Miss Nichols has never capitalized her skill as an aviatrix in a commercial sense. She believes that flying for feminine enthusiasts should remain a sport and a means of conveyance. However, she has no doubt but that there is a place for women in commercial aviation if they wish it.

At the present moment her aviation activities are being concentrated on the organization of one of the most novel of country club propositions in the world. In company with such flying enthusiasts as William A. Rockefeller, Estelle R. Manville, now the Countess Folke Bernadotte, George M. Pynchon, Jr., William B. Leeds, Harry P. Davison and others, she is helping to form Aviation Country Clubs, Inc., a proposition of national scope. The present plans call for the formation of flying clubs in Long Island, Westchester, New Jersey, Philadelphia and Newport, and others in the principal cities of the United States as soon as practicable.

WHEN established, these clubs will be social centers where aviation has been substituted for golf as a major sport. Flying will be taught to members of these clubs just as golf is taught to beginners at the country clubs.

When Ruth Nichols went home from her polo game with the challenge of the sky ringing in her ears, she at once told her family of her decision to try to conquer the air. Strenuous objections were immediately raised, for it must be remembered that in 1922 few girls indeed had dared to fly "on their own." Practically all women were then flying as passengers.

She plunged into the business of "selling" her family on the safety of aviation for the person who went about learning to fly in the right manner. Securing consent to investigate her possibilities as a flyer she went down to the flying base maintained by the Rogers Air Line, Inc., on Long Island. Later, when weather conditions necessitated, she journeyed to Miami where this firm maintained a southern flying base.

Four times a week she hid herself to these bases for a course of instruction which stretched over a period of two seasons.

To learn aviation, both figuratively and literally one must start from the ground up. Week after week, Miss Nichols' activities at the flying base consisted of work on the planes. She sewed wings, painted them, learned wood construction, and familiarized herself with the motors on whose power she was destined to soar aloft.

THUS Miss Nichols prepared intensively for the big test of flying. Finally, when the instructors decided the moment had come for her to answer the challenge from the sky, she was sent out of the harbor in control of a hydroplane, accompanied by an expert pilot. She was ordered to return in ten minutes, but achieving an almost perfect take-off, was so completely thrilled by the job of piloting that she stayed up an extra ten minutes. Miss Nichols briefly describes her first experience as a pilot as follows:

"Tenseness gripped me and I was possessed by the desire to measure up to my accompanying pilot's expectations. My tenseness relaxed somewhat with the exhilaration of accomplishment. I just felt like flying on and on, and was very sorry to have to come down after twenty minutes of command in a successful flight."

She had discovered that flying requires nerve and physical courage of a different

order from yachting and polo, but that this requisite nerve might be developed as one gained a knowledge of aviation. She was convinced that most people entertained fear of air travel because they did not actually realize how much airplane safety had progressed but in her opinion flying has not reached the point where planes are entirely fool-proof, yet flying is no longer the inevitable gamble with tragedy that uninformed people think it is.

"The prime qualification a girl must have for flying is temperamental stability," according to Miss Nichols. "Flighty, emotional persons who allow themselves the so-called right of woman's nerves should not fly," she declared.

Her experience has proved that, as a girl and an individual, she is mentally, physically and temperamentally equipped to fly, even as qualified men are thus equipped.

I raised the question with her as to whether or not it is harder for a girl to become a pilot than a man.

"Possibly," answered Miss Nichols. "Men have enjoyed generations of sport and mental training for physical coordination which should be an advantage. One of the most difficult things for me was developing a power of geographical observation."

Several well-known flyers of my own acquaintance have told me that the chief thing that keeps women from becoming good flyers is the fact that they are not capable of the coordination required of a pilot. It is the opinion of these experts that women are entirely too much the creatures of impulse to ever accomplish complete coordination.

BUT Miss Nichols counters this male opinion with the statement that the average woman, well-balanced mentally and physically, can coordinate sufficiently to fly.

At the present moment, both men and women ambitious to pilot must pass the rigid physical test demanded by the United States Department of Commerce. If a girl can successfully pass this physical examination she need have very little worry concerning her ability to fly after she has thoroughly mastered the principles of aerial navigation.

A pilot's transport license issued by the United States Department of Commerce authorizes the holder of such a license to carry passengers from place to place in a plane. Application for this must be made twice a year after one has passed the necessary physical examination; it requires a person to have piloted a plane during at least ten hours of flight within sixty days previous to the application.

At the present moment, there are about twenty licensed women pilots in the United States. In comparison to the number of licensed men pilots which is well over the three thousand mark, this state of affairs seems to challenge the ambition of American women as regards aviation. Believing that the half million young women readers of *SMART SET* are definitely interested in what aviation holds for the womanhood of America today and tomorrow, I especially asked Miss Nichols to discuss her ideas concerning American women in this field.

Miss Nichols welcomed this opportunity to promote American women's interest and enthusiasm in flying. She says aerial evolution is as certain and as relentless as other phases of natural progress with which we are more familiar.

If, therefore, we in America are to keep up with the rest of the world's development in aviation, we must still do a lot of pro-

moting. We must more forcefully acquaint the average person with the safety, practicality and pleasures of flight. Only by so acquainting the average mind can we hope to interest capital in air transportation and manufacture, two industries which constitute the background of aerial progress.

"Europe is fast developing a long list of women flyers, many of whom have achieved deserved prominence. We must not let European women 'out-fly' us," Miss Nichols declared, explaining that the lower cost of flying abroad and the government subsidies over there are partially responsible for the progress foreign women are making.

WHEN the economic situation is relieved and flying is made convenient, Miss Nichols prophesies we will see as many women flyers as drivers of automobiles. Going into detail, the young aviatrix offered the following as her idea of women in aviation:

Due to the fact that women of the last generation did not, in the same numbers as at present, have the incentive to go to college, or to be as broadly educated as men, or to benefit by as wide a range of contacts, there has been a natural inevitable retarding of women's cognizance of the value of flying.

Moreover, woman's emotional make-up tends to make the feminine mind absorb with horror the newspaper accounts of crashes, without analyzing their cause, or without realizing the almost entire possibility of their avoidance. Most lay people do not realize that nine out of ten crashes could have been avoided. With the exception of military maneuvers, or pioneer flying in the form of test and endurance flights, the majority of accidents are due to carelessness, and ignorance of certain safety rules.

"Last year," said Miss Nichols, "out of all licensed civilian planes, only two per cent crashed. In comparison, do we realize the appalling number of auto fatalities?"

Regardless of the fact that American women have been slow to take up aviation, she states that we now find in our commercial air schools a large number of feminine fledglings enthusiastically feeling their wings. Others are constantly applying for positions in the industry either as sales or promotion representatives.

OF OUTSTANDING importance in the women's field of aviation, is the charming and dignified leadership of Amelia Earhart. Her personality and genuineness of purpose should be an example to her sex and should go far toward equalizing the number of men and women flyers.

With such women flyers as Miss Earhart, Miss Ruth Elder and Mrs. Omlie to inspire American womanhood with the ambition and courage that is necessary for aviation, Ruth Nichols feels that her American sisters will shortly be answering the challenge of the sky in greater numbers than ever.

Surely Miss Nichols' brilliant achievement as the first American woman to win the Federation Internationale Aeronautique Hydro-aeroplane certificate and the gallant record she has written into the log of our conquest of the air are proof enough that a qualified woman has every bit as much opportunity to win her wings in the air as a man. This charming young woman has established beyond question that her sex is not lacking in those high-hearted qualities of courage, confidence, coordination, ability and endurance, that are part and parcel of the successful-flyer's make-up.

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Photo by H. D. Carsey, Hollywood

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Parents Do Count

[Continued from page 83]

nothing on her. She has nothing of her own."

"Same with Vere. Of course you and I are a couple of idiots, Prince. We ought to set about the parents. I could vamp that old fool easily."

"Who indeed could resist those eyes?"

"You with your figure and military bearing might very well get hold of the old lady. She's got to the romantic age."

"You are too kind."

"I'm not. I'm desperate. I shouldn't suggest that sort of thing, but I'm getting old. You mightn't believe it, but I'm twenty-five."

"I also," the prince admitted sadly. "My press notices are nothing like what they were, but when one has turned thirty it is not to be expected."

"We need to try it, Prince. They may divorce and marry us. At the worst he'll buy us off."

"You, yes," agreed the prince, but I doubt if he'd buy me off. He might only start divorce proceedings and give me his blessing when the decree was made absolute. It's about all he would give me."

MORGAN BOND, coming in from a round of golf with Daphne Contango, the best looking girl in the younger set of the Kaffir Circus, paused for a moment beside April, seated alone on the golf pavilion veranda.

"Not playing today?" he inquired, while Daphne made unnecessary use of her lipstick.

"Dear me, I'm not, am I? I thought I was just holding out on the ninth green. My mistake," said April politely.

"Is that your mother driving off with the prince? Can I believe my eyes?" went on Morgan Bond in mock horror.

"You might as well believe them as long as you aren't looking in a mirror. If you were you might think they exaggerated the horrors of life."

"And how do you propose to spend the afternoon, April?"

"I am reading my book. I can read quite well, even the long words."

"Well, toodle—oo," said Morgan Bond, and went away with Daphne.

Up on the tennis courts Diamond Throgmorton, accompanied by young George Bear, better known as the Sheik of the Industrial Market, halted beside Vere who was stretched gloomily in a deck chair behind the side line.

"No pat-ball this afternoon?" she queried artlessly.

"I think I have a sick headache coming on, Diamond."

"Isn't that your father playing singles with Martha Carter on number 6 court? Very active at his age."

"Am I my father's keeper?" demanded Vere, so acridly that Diamond put her little hand on George Bear's arm and went off with him to have an iced sundae.

Things were beginning to look very black indeed for the young Sterlings.

Long after tea they converged on their marble cottage, now silent as the grave. The glittering tones of Martha Carter, the virile accents of the prince, the indolent coo of their mother and the middle-aged pobble of their father no longer made music on the air. Save for the butler and a platoon of footmen gum-shoeing about no living soul disturbed the stillness. They tried to do a cross-word puzzle, and failed. Presently they bathed and dressed and sat down to a dinner table laid for six, but occupied only by themselves.

Dinner over, they sat stiffly in the drawing-room and drank their coffee and liqueurs with aching hearts. At last Vere said with an air of resolution, "I can't stand this any longer. I'm going to see for myself."

"Right ho, Vere. I'll go with you."

They slipped quietly out at the back of the cottage, crossed a lawn, and came into the shadow of the pine trees. Against the rough bole of one mighty monarch of the forest two figures stood in one another's arms. Vere and April tiptoed softly over the carpet of pine-needles, only to find themselves wrong in their suspicion. It was Herbert Forthright, Mr. Sterling's personal body-guard, embracing Sally Cotton, Mrs. Sterling's personal maid.

"Forthright," said Vere sternly, "I expected better of you than this."

Herbert Forthright, coming smartly to attention answered, "In accordance with Mr. Sterling's orders, sir, I went off duty at four p. m. I am instructed not to say where Mr. Sterling is."

"Sally!" insisted April, "answer me. What have you done with my mother?"

"I put out the gold lamé and the ermine wrap for her, Miss April, and I helped her to dress, and fixed the wave in her hair. And she said 'I shan't need you any more tonight, Cotton, because I'm dining out and I shall be late. If anyone asks where I'm going, tell them you don't know'."

Vere folded his arms and said with a heavy frown, "You two can please yourselves. Either confess or never darken the doors of the servants' hall again."

"I shall follow the dictates of my 'eart,'" replied Herbert Forthright. "Mr. Sterling, Mr. Vere, has gone motoring in the moonlight with Miss Carter."

"And Mrs. Sterling," Sally added, "has gone out in a boat with His Royal Highness."

"Have you your gun, Forthright?" inquired his young master.

"Sir, according to regulations I have pistols, automatic, Smithers & Jones, Mark VI."

"Give me one of them."

"And give me the other," echoed April between her clenched teeth.

NEXT day it proved no longer possible to keep things from the servants. The night watchman at the little harbor had seen April fling herself into her racing motor boat, pistol in hand, and go tearing out over the bay, nearly taking the ornamental light-house with her.

The night staff at the garage had seen Vere fling himself into his racing car, pistol in hand, and go tearing out into the darkness, ruining the wing of Mr. Throgmorton's Thompson-Johnson limousine as he passed.

Besides there were the footmen. Footmen are not deaf, and they could not help hearing the prince say to Mrs. Sterling at luncheon, "In this paradise there are many hours, and have I not the flower of them beside me?"

Or Mr. Sterling murmur to Martha Carter, "How dare you be so beautiful?"

Merely toying with their food, the forlorn brother and sister quickly escaped to April's sitting room. Vere stood before the fireplace in a heroic attitude. He began to say a lot of things all beginning with "I shall" or "I shan't."

"I shan't stand it, April. I shall go and see old Throgmorton, the chairman of the club committee. I shall put it on grounds of decency—I shall ask him what sort of an influence he thinks all this'll have on the young generation like ourselves. I shall

"By Joe! it's good to smoke Luckies."

Felix Count Luckner

"Lucky Strikes? By Joe, yes. Let me tell you. I was cruising in my raider in the South Pacific. It had been damp, rainy weather and every bit of tobacco we had on the ship was mouldy and could not be smoked. We began to be desperate. The men were—what you call—grouchy. Along came an American ship. We captured her and after taking the captain, officers and crew aboard my raider and finding comfortable places for them to stay, I and my officers went over to the captured ship to see if there was anything aboard her that we wanted. We searched her. And what do you think? Under the cushions of a seat in the captain's cabin we found 500 packages of Lucky Strikes! I tore off the end of one and lit it and filled my lungs with it, and By Joe, I was a man again. We had enough for all the crew and we were all cheered up and we all became friends once more. By Joe, I was sorry to sink that American ship that had brought us those smokes. Lucky Strikes, they are wonderful, and my Countess, of course, wishes a fashionable, slender figure. She smokes Lucky Strikes when she is offered fattening sweets. And my life has always been an active one and I must be trim and fit. I love to feel what you Americans call 'peppy'. So no sweets for me. Give me a Lucky Strike instead. By Joe, it's good for us to smoke Luckies."

COUNT FELIX VON LUCKNER

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

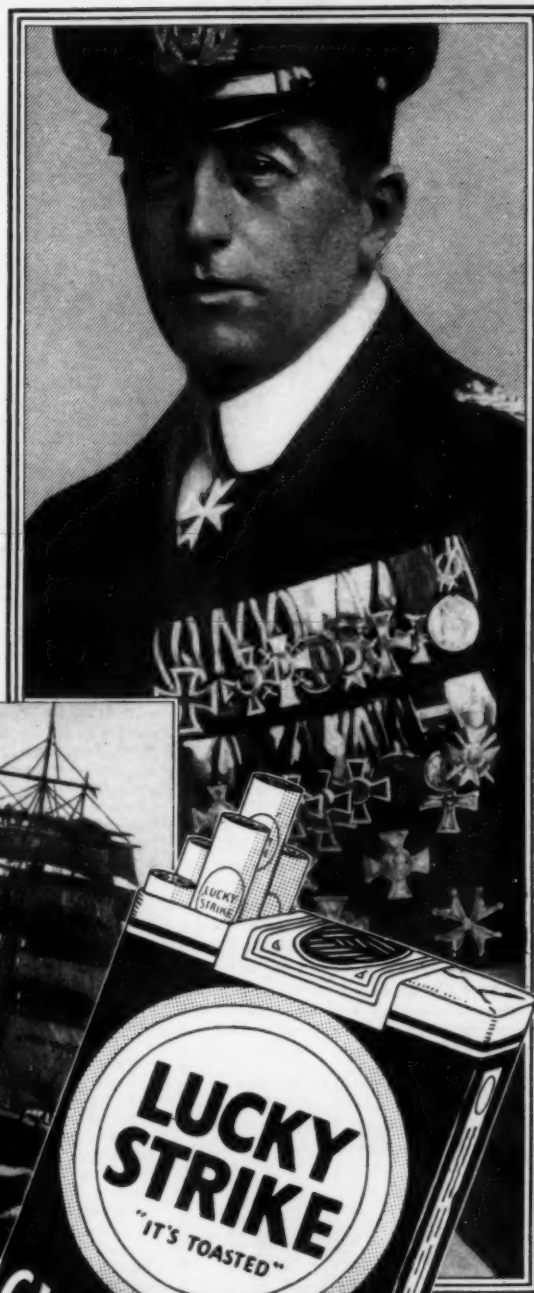
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make it a question of public morals."

"Oh, Vere," April answered wearily, "for heaven's sake don't talk about morals. They're so out of date. Talk about expediency; it's so much more fashionable. You go and beat the air with old Throgmorton and I'll have a cut at old Mrs. Bond, the president of the ladies' social committee."

Unfortunately Vere had no luck with Mr. Throgmorton. He found him a little stentorian after luncheon, a cigar clasped between his teeth and a desire for sleep in his soul. He listened to Vere's complaint about Mr. Sterling's conduct, and suddenly all desire for sleep vanished.

"It occurs to me," said Mr. Throgmorton, "that it was you who bashed up the wing of my car last night. Now I don't care about the cost of a new wing, for money means nothing to me, but what I object to is the sheer brass-faced impudence of you young fellows who think you can go about damaging other people's property without so much as by your leave. Cars aren't like angels; they don't grow wings of their own accord."

"Not only that but at one time you were always sitting in Diamond's pocket, and now a daughter of mine doesn't seem good enough for you and she goes about with young Bear; and if I had to see a man killed in a street accident I'd as soon it were young Bear as anybody I know."

"Lastly," said Mr. Throgmorton, "what your father, a very old friend of mine, cares to do, is no business of yours, my young friend, and if we were both ten years younger I should lay you across my knee and try and teach you a little respect for your elders and betters."

Feeling himself to be slightly misunderstood, Vere took his leave, only to learn that April had succeeded no better than he.

"There was a time," Mrs. Bond had remarked, "when I feared I might have to look upon you in the light of a daughter-in-law, April, but luckily, after your treatment of him, Morgan seems to have got over his craze for you, so it can't embitter our future relations if I tell you I've always considered you a flighty puss. I've known your dear mother since the days of our early struggles when we only kept nine servants apiece and had to have some of the washing done at home. I listen with the greatest grief and shame to your cruel accusations against your dear mother. If, after the tears and anxieties you must have caused her by growing up as you have, she feels inclined to drown her sorrows in a little fun, it's no business of yours or mine, and what I say is good luck to her."

AGAIN the young Sterlings met in April's sitting room. At last April said brokenly, "There's just one ray of hope left, Vere. After all, we are their children."

"I've always taken it for granted, April, but what's that got to do with it?"

"If we are their children they are our parents, and surely even in these days parents have some responsibilities? Surely we can appeal to their better natures?"

"It will be like looking for a needle in a haystack, but we might try."

They found their parents taking tea with Martha and the prince in a secluded corner of the garden. Vere, being the first born, spoke for himself and his sister.

"Father, forgive my interrupting, but April and I would like a private conversation with mother and you whenever it's convenient."

Mr. Sterling frowned slightly and looked at his wife. Mrs. Sterling played carelessly with her teaspoon as she said, "Your father and I are very much dated up just now, Vere."

"But remember, Mummy," pleaded April,

"it is your little boy and girl who are asking. Can it be that you don't love us any more?"

Mrs. Sterling raised her eyebrows at her husband. "Tk! Tk!" murmured Mr. Sterling impatiently. "Well, Martha has an appointment with the club hairdresser at five."

"And the prince has official letters to write about then," added Mrs. Sterling. "But I hope it won't take long, April and Vere. I am going to the fancy dress ball this evening as Venus, and I must have a pedicure first."

AT 4:50 p.m. Mrs. Sterling, in the smoking lounge of the cottage, suggested to her husband, "I suppose our good time is almost over, William?"

"Fraid so. The prince and Martha had better go in the morning. They've served their turn. After all, Helen, East, West, home's best, and there's nothing like family life."

Outside on the mat Vere and April shuffled their feet and whispered together.

"The thing is, Vere, they mustn't divorce and marry Martha and the prince. We don't want them for step-parents. They'd know too much and cost too much. Go on, open the door. You're a man and it's your job."

They entered, and standing respectfully with their hands behind their backs, appealed earnestly to their parents' better nature, imploring them to give up unseemly flirtation and comfort one another in their declining years.

After a pause Mr. Sterling cleared his throat and delivered a short speech.

"A wise father knows his children, and does his best to guide their little wayward footsteps. You, Vere, and you, April, imagined you despised the simple pleasures of home and your kind parents; I asked the prince and Martha Carter here at your request. You, April, felt sure you could captivate His Royal Highness, but he saw at once that you would never make a good hard-working, early-rising princess, opening bazaars and inspecting hospitals."

"And Martha knew that you, Vere, would never be able to support her in the style to which she is accustomed. I took the liberty of explaining that neither of you had any money beyond your allowances. Instantly the prince and Martha turned to your mother and myself, because we have charm, tact, poise, insight, and are very rich. Directly you felt yourselves about to lose your dear parents to a couple of strangers, you realized that, after all, your affections lay with us and that there is no place like home."

"Yes, Daddy."

"Society," ended Mr. Sterling, "is founded on these simple truths. All is now forgotten and forgiven and our guests leave in the morning. I have arranged a loan for the prince and backing for Miss Carter. As I said before, money whispers louder than blue blood and we millionaires must stick together."

"Mummy," asked April, twisting her handkerchief shyly, "may I have Morgan to dinner tomorrow?"

"And Mummy," asked Vere, blushing slightly, "may I have Diamond to dinner, too?"

"Yes, dears, if you behave yourselves and don't let them stay too late. Young people should be in bed early. Now you may both run along."

When the door had closed behind them Mrs. Sterling said to her husband, "Wasn't it heavenly, William?"

"The best holiday we've had for years. Pr'aps Vere and April will need the same treatment again."

"I'm afraid not, but our grandchildren may. After all when they're Vere and April's ages you'll only be seventy and I'll only be sixty-five."

Champions

A New Slant On Them

By WALT MASON

I HAVE met and conversed with many champions in my time, and when I beheld them with their glittering medals and bunting, I usually admired them for their skill or brawn, but always I have been haunted by the same old question, "What's the use?" My mind is essentially of the peasant, plebeian order; I can see no good in work that accomplishes nothing useful. And champions are never useful. They always excel in something non-productive, something that isn't worth while.

If some of the arduous labors of the world could be so dolled up that they resembled sports, we might have some valuable champions. All over the country there are piles of cord-wood which should be reduced to stove lengths, and there are thousands of householders who'd gladly pay to have the work done.

But the manipulation of a bucksaw has never been classed among manly sports, and so, if you hire a man to hew your woodpile you must get down on your marrowbones and implore him to get busy, with tears in your eyes.

Why shouldn't there be champion heavyweight, lightweight and welterweight lawyers, as well as prize fighters? If the wood-yard were provided with a grandstand and a callopie, with boys and girls selling peanuts and pink lemonade, the bucksaw might come into its own, and we'd have a sport that even the ministers would indorse. Consider the average prize fight. A pair of brawny representatives, who have no grievance, no vendetta, assail each other until one is declared victor.

When the brawl is ended there is nothing praiseworthy to show for it. Save in the financial sense, nobody in this world is any better for it, and a good many are worse off, for you can't watch a prize fight without mental and spiritual deterioration. You have made a considerable approach to the ancestral gorilla.

But a contest in a woodyard between champions trained to the minute would present no revolting, disgusting features; there would be no bloodshed, no outbursts of animal passion; and when the Police Gazette diamond belt was finally awarded, there would be a beautiful pile of stove-wood, and the whole community would be benefited.

JUST the other day I was called upon to admire sundry trophies won by a woman swimmer who is champion of a considerable territory. The trophies were beautiful; there were a silver loving cup and various badges of precious metals, and a bracelet with fancy jewels on it, and a lot of other things. The fair swimmer, attired in about two ounces of clothes, told me of her triumphs, and when she was done I asked her the old question, "What's the use?"

"I don't see much sense in swimming," I said. "You are almost sure to get your feet wet, and all the doctors agree that wet feet cause rheumatism, and rheumatism causes heart disease, and heart disease causes funeral expenses. You can swim a certain distance in half an hour, I can go the same distance in a motor boat in ten minutes, and be comfortable. When you are done swimming there is nothing to show for it, not even a streak in the water. In order to swim you have to wear clothes that would shock your

grandmother, while I am wearing my plug hat and carrying my green umbrella."

She dotted me on the forehead with her silver loving cup and chased me out of the building, saying something about her devotion to her Art, which was her All in All.

THERE are so many female swimming champions a man would need a complete office equipment and a large corps of assistants to keep track of them. Every little seaside town has its blooming champion whose picture appears in the rotogravure section of the Sunday paper as often as she can work it.

Every river has its champions strewn along its banks, and every country club, with its 7x9 artificial lake just back of the tool-house, has its aquatic phenomenon, always ready to be photographed in a bathing suit about as large as a two-cent stamp.

In nearly all the cases I have investigated, the blooming swimmers are no good for anything else. They can't fry an egg or poach a potato or sew on a button or make a flax-seed poultice. Yet any one of these things is more important than swimming.

The woman who can broil a steak so her husband takes off his hat to her, and bursts into tears of happiness, has a right to talk about her Art; and she is more useful and more admirable than the spectacular woman who can swim up Niagara Falls and win the lead loving cup offered by Henry Ford.

AS a general thing it is bad for a man to win a championship of any sort. He usually gains such honors in his youth, before his judgment has had time to ripen and expand, and he accumulates a great many false notions. He is foolish enough to suppose that his admirers really admire him, that his friends are friendly.

He assumes that he is superior to the plain, plug citizens who work eight hours a day; he becomes filled with a cheap cynicism, and sneers at those who are obscure. He found some money growing on trees and imagines he can always find money on the trees.

And then some bleak morning he rouses from a deep dream of peace to realize that he is a champion no longer. From a lofty eminence he has descended to a hole in the ground; and all his admirers are admiring a new champion, and his friends are open enemies, having lost fifty cents each on him, and the plain, plug citizens ask him why he never learned to do anything useful, and the trees are barren of everything but teazles and thistles.

This refers to the champion of pugilism, wrestling, and other strenuous sports. If we had a champion of carpet beating or wood sawing or lawn mowing, or anything else that is useful, a defeat would mean little to him. He could still go ahead, winning handsome tin loving cups and pulling down goodly purses, and if he elected to talk about his Art, and the sacrifices he was prepared to make for it, people would lend attentive ears, and he'd have as many friends after losing the championship as he had before.

But the world isn't yet educated to the point where it demands useful champions. It will continue to waste its money on the stuffed heroes who are champions of the mat, the prize ring, and other useless and pernicious institutions.



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Life Isn't so Bad

[Continued from page 29]

"Sir James? Never met him, but I've heard—"

That was a relief.

"He's just bought a new place in Devonshire; sold his own and bought something smaller like people have to nowadays, hasn't he?"

She affirmed this recklessly, adding, "My mother's staying down there this week-end."

"Ah, yes, I know the Gerald's never put in more than six weeks of the season in Town. They're back in Devonshire already, I suppose."

"Yes."

"You live in town?"

"We have a flat in Kensington, my mother and I."

Well, many socially correct people had flats in Kensington; nothing unsatisfactory in that!

"How does your mother like your working for a living?"

"Haven't I said we're the poor branch of the family? Besides every one works now."

"Not at typing and shorthand. That's distinctly original."

Original! Original! The hundreds of thousands of little tired girls pouring out of tubes and omnibuses, into bed-sitting rooms in decayed streets, into hopeless family circles in suburban roads—original!

"IT WAS so jolly to get this chance of traveling," she said.

The orchestra began again and they danced. She decided that she must have the attention, the whole attention, of Tudor Charles. The dance was a fox trot; he was a smooth dancer with a variety of steps and she followed him perfectly. She knew that people were watching them and he murmured in her ear with a chuckle: "I wonder how many of these people will scrape acquaintance with me tomorrow for the sake of getting an introduction to you! But they haven't an earthly chance. I'll see to that!"

"I hope I shall be working tomorrow."

"No, you don't. You will get up early and play deck tennis. I'll find a match or we'll play singles."

But Esta was suggesting—

"Mr. March will want some work done, I expect. Is he working on board?"

"Is he working! My dear! He works every minute day and night."

"Oh, why?"

"To get rich. And then to get richer."

"But why does one get rich if not to buy time for play?"

"God knows. But then, my dear,"—his light-hearted, boyish "my dear" had a little caress in it one couldn't deny—"the Kelly Marches don't look on life exactly as you or I."

She had a very vague sense of disloyalty at her faint thrill of satisfaction. Tudor Charles bracketed her as of his world, readily and as a matter of course. The unwarranted kinship of the unknown Gerald's, the faint connecting links with Trewins only glimpsed in society pages of magazines, had done it. It could not be undone now without humiliation.

She looked up into Tudor Charles' fine-featured young face. "The Kelly Marches?" she questioned.

"Well, the self-made fellows. One of the best, you know, but self-made and can't stop making. They never can."

"He looks just a little unhappy or dissatisfied."

Charles laughed. "That's very girlish and romantic of you! He is neither." He

spoke with calm certainty. "I know March up and down, I assure you, child."

"Child" was very nice, too, almost as nice as "my dear."

"Is he—hasn't he ever been married?"

"Certainly not. He doesn't trust women. But he likes them to be beautiful all the same."

"But tell me. Why doesn't he trust women?" Esta urged.

"Oh, he's spent too much on them for too little return, for one thing. Women, the kind he would admire—for he's very particular—rather tend to use men as pawns in any game they're playing; women, the kind he likes, are socially clever. They're builders, just as much as he is, and they look on him as a bit of building material."

She was seriously silent, thinking of Kelly March's lean brown face, his sinewy, steel frame, the extraordinary firmness and sureness with which his tanned hands touched anything, his hard blue eyes.

"Well, ma'am?"

"Ma'am." That was as nice as "child" and "my dear." He had enticing ways of speech.

"But Mr. March isn't a nonentity."

"By no means. But a lot of women would be apt to think him an easy mark and worth powder and shot. He knows they think it, and if they're worth while, he stands for them to shoot. Oh, I tell you, I know him. I've been his secretary for three months!"

"That's not long."

"Long enough, if one studies carefully."

There was something angry in her heart, in spite of the perfect rhythm in which they moved.

"You say he thinks this way about women and yet he's spending the evening with Miss Earl—with Blossom."

"It amuses him."

"Besides, she's the kind of girl the Kelly Marches love to be seen about with."

"Why?"

"Does 'em credit. Something for their money. And that's what they want—something for their money. Do I sound bitter?"

"A little."

"Well, it's beastly, being broke, isn't it?"

THE fox trot stopped. The glass doors were open to a moonlit night. He suggested a walk on deck. "Yes, it's beastly, being broke," she sighed and wrapped Tiny Ma's cherished shawl about her.

They stepped out on deck. The shawl smelled faintly of the perfume which Ma used when, most infrequently, she broke through her rule of economy and lavished on herself something that made her happy. Esta thought of Hardwick Street on this hot night. Warm out here at sea. There it would be stifling. Ma would be sitting quite alone by the tubs of geraniums, breathing in what fresh air she could get. If the barrel organ came and played below, there would be no one for her to dance with in the living room. She would be there quite alone, contending with London. And Esta's heart suddenly cried out and her eyes were wet. She thought, "How could I leave her?"

But it had been best for them both. A relief for Ma to know that the astounding chance had come and a relief for Esta to take it.

She walked leisurely down the dimly lighted deck with Charles' hand slipped through her arm.

"How did you happen to run up against March?" he asked.



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and every night, is most effective. When a cold or sore throat has already started more frequent use of full strength Listerine is advisable. Its ability to get results lies in the fact that it is so powerful against germs. Don't hesitate to use it full strength. It's both healing and soothing to the tenderest tissues.



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"He was property-hunting and came to our flat by mistake."

"Oh, really? Yes, he's buying house property in London. It's become a fad of his. I got him that house-agent's list. Where was your flat?"

Narrowed down thus she confessed to Hardwick Street.

"Oh, I know. Very fine street at the west end of it and then narrowing off into regular slums and little shops and all that. Yes, that block of flats at the west end of Hardwick Street. But it's curious. I hadn't got that down on the list. It wasn't for sale."

"I told you he came by mistake."

"Jolly unlike him to make a mistake."

"Well, he made it."

"Very fine flats, I imagine, those are."

"Quite good."

Quite good. Princely, unattainable mansions! She smiled in the half dark. But she wanted to get away from the vexing topic of Hardwick Street. She asked, "Do you live in the country?"

"THE family place is let to some splendid Americans. I really—er—don't live anywhere except in clubs or in jobs." He laughed with embarrassment. "When I left Oxford I dragged a darkie prince around Europe and the British Colonies, and then I happened on March. And here I am."

"How amazing life is!"

"Amazing!"

She said this with solemnity; he with glib agreement.

"You look perfectly wonderful silhouetted in this moonlight," he told her as they went forward.

They leaned together on the rail and looked out to sea. It was eleven o'clock. Cherbourg had been left behind. The moon was full and radiantly white. Behind them floated the strains of the orchestra beginning to play another fox trot. She wanted to go in and dance it with Tudor and yet she also wanted to stay with him in this beguiling light.

"I should awfully like to show you my old home," said Tudor in a warm, sad voice. "If it weren't let, I could take you down when we get back to England, if you'd care to come."

"I would love it. When shall you live there again?"

"Never, unless I strike luck somewhere, somehow. My father died when I was at Oxford and my mother before that, and my guardians found such a mess-up that there was literally nothing for me; won't be for ages. The rent just goes in repairs and paying off some silly mortgage with which my father loaded up the place."

"Do you so terribly mind being hard up?"

"Well! My dear, what a question! You have confessed that you mind it, too."

Yes, but she hadn't confessed that her hard-upness was very different from his hard-upness. That hers meant what he had just designated a slum and that his meant staying in the historic houses of wealthy relations, accepting a mount now and again instead of being able to hunt his own horses, owing the best tailor in London instead of paying the worst dressmaker, going to splendid parties—without being able to return them, tennis at Hurlingham in spite of impoverished personal conditions. For he was still Sir Tudor Charles, with lineal background behind him, and the sense of ease and leisure and pleasure in his mind.

"Do you ever manage to get any hunting?" he asked gloomily.

She answered firmly, "Now and again when I stay in Devonshire."

"Stag hunting. Ah, yes. The people who've taken my house were awfully kind last winter and asked me down and mounted me a day a week all through last season.

They pitied the poor family pauper!" "Luck will turn; life is so amazing!" she repeated.

She was faintly surprised by her histrionic abilities. In the business world one called this bluff; out here it was like a charming little play in which she played heroine. The curtain was just up; the first act had begun; she and Tudor Charles on the stage of a moon-washed deck. The second and third acts she did not know; she did not know how the play would end. They leaned shoulder to shoulder on the rail.

"Luck will turn?" he echoed. "Oh, well, I suppose I might try for an American heiress if all that hadn't been overdone and if I were that kind of man."

"But you're not!"

"I thought that might be what you meant." There was a studied inflection of coldness in his warm voice.

"You'd never marry for money, would you?" she said.

Tudor Charles thought, "Oh, Lord, give me the chance!" But answered aloud, "I suppose not unless one might fall in love with a girl who was attractive as well as rich, and then, what could one do if she loved, too?" He looked down at Esta and the faint breath of Ma's perfume reached him.

He considered her faintly in his mind. The Gerald's, a large scattered clan, many branches. How close was she to old Sir James' affections? The old man had no child and a considerable private income from his mother's side apart from the family property; there was a distantly connected male heir to that somewhere. The orchestra played a waltz again and the sound drifted out to them. He felt, rather than saw, the vibrating of the girl's feet.

"A relief to see a girl who's really keen about things. I should have thought," he suggested, "that you would have had a surfeit of dancing and parties."

"Oh, but no." A little of Ma's cynicism laughed inside her, quietly. "I've had the itch for work as I told you. After all—" What on earth drove her on, lying smoothly to this splendid young man? "After all, I was kept at school in Paris till I was nineteen."

"Oh, finishing school? Oh, yes. Lots of the girls I know finished in Paris. I wonder which school—"

IT HAPPENED that she knew, just by name, a select one. Her former employer's daughter had been to it; she had addressed envelopes containing parental checks, often enough.

"Oh, I know," said he, "the famous Madame Morton's school. I suppose you speak French frightfully well. That'll be useful to March."

It happened that she did speak French well. How beautifully things were shaping for her! She had had, as a friend, a little French governess who came often to the Hardwick Street flat on Sunday evenings, and on those Sunday evenings never a word of English had ever been spoken.

And the little shop in Shaftesbury Avenue, where now and again she and Ma had bought a cheap spectacular garment, was kept by a French Jewess. To her they always spoke her own language. "We must cultivate all we can," Ma had said, a little cynically, a little wistfully, "our brains, our bodies—just as we cultivate our yearly dozen of geraniums, my pet."

And there was the Berlitz School of Languages. She and Ma went there on bi-weekly evenings in the winters. "I don't know if it will ever do us any good," Ma had said, "but it will keep us from creaking with rust."

Well, it had done some good with this young baronet who leaned upon the ship's

rail with Esta. He was looking at her with far more interest. She was not only beautiful but had "people." Of course, girls were liars but he didn't think she was. He applied Kelly March's encomium to her. She was "unusual."

She wished to end the talk, to involve herself no further in the tangle of little lies in which, for no apparent reason and yet from a very strong intangible instinct, she had involved herself. The music swelled out to them; she moved her feet in rhythm.

"I can't keep still."

"Oh, come on then, child," he said masterfully, suddenly laughing at her—such nice laughter—she loved it. He took her arm lightly and caressingly.

"You are a darling," he said. "So unspoilt. Girls are so hard, so sharp, nowadays."

THEY were in again and waltzing. He had all the social perfections. Their movement together was like a sailing ship on a smooth sea, skimming, gliding, slight rhythmic rise and fall. They encored the waltz. She could have gone on forever but saw him looking at his wrist-watch.

The gesture reminded her that they were neither of them free to please themselves.

He said, "Of course. I ought to go and see if March wants anything."

"Are these office hours?" Esta asked.

"My dear, I have no office hours. That's the kind of job I have. I'm never long out of call."

"And I?"

"Yours will be much the same, unless when we go back, you should settle down to regular hours in Cannon Street."

"Oh."

"My dear, no good saying 'oh' like that. March," said Tudor Charles with a certain carelessness, "could replace either of us over and over again any minute. England's full of fellows like me—Eton, Oxford, and then turned out one day to find their own fodder. I have to know when I'm well off. As for you, my dear, you may be luckier than I."

"We're both much in the same boat."

"Oh, but my dear! You've got at least this jolly solid mother right behind you."

Jolly, solid mother. Tiny Ma, so weary from her incongruous office work! Still, the expensive end of Hardwick Street, the finishing school in Paris and all of it! Yes, no doubt he thought her luckier than himself.

Well, she wanted him to think it; couldn't bear the loneliness, the outsider feeling that he and March and Blossom with her glossy men friends had given her. She wanted a little bit of background. All women did.

"May I come?"

"To the smoke-room? Rather."

He escorted her there. It was her first look at the smoke-room of a big liner, at auction pool, and the excitement that seethed more or less silently save for the bland booming of the auctioneer's voice, all over the room.

She sat down on a couch with Tudor Charles, while his eyes searched the room for Kelly March and her eyes roved bewilderedly through the smoke haze at the eager hard faces of the men. Even soft fat men were pouncing like hawks. Bidding was high. She did not understand it but Tudor Charles whispered to her in a voice thick with excitement, "I've never heard the bidding so high. Lots of rich fellows here."

She looked about her. Whiskies, brandies, cigars, pipes, cigarettes, air heavy with smoke and men intent on money. She disliked it all. But there were many women there who did not dislike it, whose interest was held or who pretended that it was held, women sitting beside their men, women drinking, smoking here indoors on this perfect night! Women's voices called out, bidding now and again, but mostly it was



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a man's business. She turned to Tudor Charles and murmured, "How dull!"

"Dull?" he whispered back. "Dull?" She saw his eyes shine. "My dear, this is the life of the ship! Dull? Why, do you realize the money that's being put up? Just listen a moment."

Twenty-five—thirty—thirty-five—forty—fifty—sixty. Up and up it went, the auctioneer smiling and calling for higher bids and the smoke-room steward standing by, his cool look traveling from face to face sizing up his passengers, recognizing old ones, pricing new ones, pleased to see women come in, missing not a word, not an inflection of voice, probably already able to gauge the size of his own gains in percentage on the winnings by the end of the trip.

"I never saw money come so fast," Tudor muttered.

"There's March," Tudor muttered. "The steward's found him one of the best places in the room, close to the auctioneer. He would. See, there he is."

Esta looked and saw Kelly March in a small group to the left of the auctioneer's table. The two glossy men were with him and so was Fairy Earl. And there was another woman too. At her one did not look but Esta looked at Kelly March and at Blossom who sat next to him. She was bored with the proceedings, but greedily interested in the results.

"Is she bidding?" Esta asked.

"Certainly not," said Tudor with a little snickering smile. "Why should she spend her own money? Any of those three men will buy her a number. Why should she risk her own money, plentiful though it is?"

"Will Mr. March buy her a number?" asked Esta.

"He'll probably buy her one tonight; she's sitting jolly close to him, isn't she? And the others'll do it some other night. But March is as good a bet as any woman is likely to find on this voyage."

She was silent, listening reluctantly and with a little anger. "It's much nicer dancing," she murmured.

"IT IS for people who are broke," he answered frankly. "I'd take you back only I really ought to see if March has anything for me to do. I ought to be with him a bit."

They sat on till the auction was over. Then escorting Esta, Tudor Charles advanced with his ingenuous smile towards Kelly March's group.

March looked up, nodded, saw Esta, rose. "Hello, Charles!"

"Miss Gerald and I have been sitting on the fringe for a long while, sir, but couldn't get to you without disturbing people."

"Ah? Sit down. Will you sit down, Miss Gerald?"

The glossy men made room for her between them and offered cigarettes.

Esta felt again the appraising, aloof stare of the dancer.

"Miss Gerald, Miss Earl," said Kelly March, abruptly.

The girl and the woman looked at one another, smiled faintly, murmured faintly.

Esta thought, "If I'd known a week ago that I should be meeting the famous Blossom how thrilled I'd have been. And now I'm simply galled. I'm not thrilled at all. It's something to write to Therese about, and that's all there is to it."

Blossom murmured to March and Esta heard his murmur back, "My secretary."

The dancer stared no more, was not even faintly interested; without moving from her lazy pose she introduced to Esta the nondescript woman who was her own companion-secretary. The inference was, "They had better know each other. They are two of a kind." She turned her head and re-

sumed her conversation with Kelly March.

"How about sandwiches?" said one of the glossy men.

"I don't mind," said Fairy Earl.

Tudor Charles was talking easily to the glossy men.

Esta shared the champagne and the sandwiches and later her first partner took her away for the final dance of the evening. "If you can spare your lady secretary, Mr. March—"

And Fairy Earl cut in smartly before March could answer, "Why shouldn't she enjoy herself?" Her tone implying, "Poor devil."

When Esta lay in the dark in her berth that night she remembered with anger the scathing pity of Fairy Earl. It hurt. She lay evolving useless plans for becoming a star of the first magnitude.

THERESE GERALD awoke gloriously the morning after Esta had left her. She had looked forward to such a desolate awakening after a night in which, really alone, she could give full vent to the agony of loss within her. But now it was a magnificent awakening, a miraculous morn. In the room on the other side of the thin partition was Robert, her first born, a man. No more fears, no more doubts nor useless longings for this exile. He was home again. At six o'clock she awoke and softly pulled the curtains back from the open window and let the sun stream in.

That side of Hardwick Street faced east. In came the sun ungrudgingly.

She was faintly ashamed of herself that she worried no more about Esta since her great young man was with her. Women—thought women—could look after themselves. Women—supposed women—were always, somehow, all right. But a boy, a precious boy, growing into manhood unwatched and unadvised, who could say into what snares he mightn't fall? Women couldn't say, didn't know.

But now Robert was on the other side of the partition, making the slight, narrow bed groan every time he turned, strong, free, unharmed.

"Fancy! I shall have to go to work today and leave him!" That was her first regret amid the rejoicing realizations. She would go off, an automaton, to the office at eight-thirty. How could she bear to go?

He had said he was rich, a millionaire. Robert. Her son. Her small baby. The schoolboy who had been the first to nickname her Tiny Ma. Was he truly rich? Hadn't his young imagination run away with him? Could it be? And then she thought to herself, simply and definitely, "He looked rich." One knew so well, so extraordinarily well, the difference in bearing, in aura, of the rich and the poor.

She had known from the first moment she had opened the door to Kelly March a week ago that he was rich.

Robert's clothes were not as good as the clothes of Kelly March. How could they be? Sackville Street and Savile Row tailors could not be found all over the world. But Robert had, already, the beginnings of the look, the aura, of Kelly March. If she, who searched people so carefully if impersonally, did not know, who should?

She heard Robert jump out of bed and pad across his floor. He opened his door and went creeping about the flat. She smiled. She heard little tinkles. He was surprising her by making the early tea just as he used to do, ten, eleven, as far back as twelve years ago! Tears ran down the cheeks that happiness had newly colored pink. She wiped them away and laughed. It was lovely to hear him fumbling about the strange flat. They had lived in a tiny villa in a suburb then—at the time she would rather not remember. She reached across

the narrow space between bed and dressing-table, got her comb and hand mirror and powder puff.

"Is this me?" she thought rapturously. For this morning she was young, electrified. "Am I the mother of that great man?" Oh, how lovely to be forty-three with all that terrible mass of troubles behind one! She combed her hair and pinched its waves in place, powdered her face, slipped the things back on the dressing-table, lay down again and pretended she always looked as nice as that, *au naturel*, when she awoke.

What had Robert said? "Paris"? "Ascot"?

THERESE exclaimed to herself just as Esta had exclaimed to Tudor Charles on the liner's deck last night, "How amazing life is!" Only she voiced it sincerely. It was, indeed, amazing that she who no longer expected anything should suddenly see the first fruits of the harvest which she had sown.

"Not all of us are able to reap," Therese thought to herself. "Very few of us come in for the harvest." And then came Robert's knock on her door.

She called in a sleepy voice, "Come in," unashamed of wanting him to think that she always awoke like that, so smooth, so powdered and sleek. And he came in, in a silk dressing gown—yes, Bobs in a silk dressing gown!—carrying such conglomeration as he had been able to find—japanned tray, china, and a little glass of flowers decorating it all, flowers filched from the sitting room.

The flowers caught her eye and heart first. Back of the tiny suburban villa there had been a tiny garden subdivided into her garden and "children's gardens." In his, Bobs had grown flowers for her only. They had come up—only carried then by a clumsy youngster afraid of the lash of his father's tongue whirled on him for his "mushiness"—with that very, very early tea that sometimes, disregarding the lash of the father's malevolent tongue, Bobs had brought her all that time ago. Oh, the little memories! And the great grand man bringing them back!

"Tea," he said briskly.

"Tea. Bobs. You shouldn't—all as it used to be!"

"No. A lot better," he said and turned from her a second while he moved a chair to set the tray beside her.

She knew what he meant. No lash of tongue nor any other lash now.

"Two cups, Bobs."

"I can sit here and have mine with you." He sat on the edge of her narrow bed, and looked her over breathlessly. "Gosh, Ma! How you've kept so pretty simply beats me. We are going to have just the deuce of a good time."

She sat up, very thin, fragile and small in a blue kimono; her gray eyes were full as a book of wisdom; her blue-white hair was charming, lying in a sleek curve on either cheek.

"It's going to be wonderful. Let's make a program."

"For me, office at nine o'clock sharp."

"Oh, no!"

"But yes. I can't let down my boss."

"Give in your notice, my girl. No more work for you."

He meant it strenuously. He met her for lunch, took her to such a restaurant as she had never afforded; sent her back to her office with gardenias at her breast.

"You're looking very smart, Mrs. Gerald."

"My son's home from Australia, awfully rich. He's come into money. I'll have to leave you." Her eyes danced and sparkled; her cheeks flushed; her voice had new cadences. "My boss" looked at her, was glad. Even in the stuffy heat and the rush



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of a busy office, he paused a second to be glad at the shining glory of this woman.

By the time she was home, a smart maid-servant was cooking an appetizing dinner. Robert had found her at an agency which provided experienced temporary workers. Robert had the cocktails ready, immaculately iced. Robert had fairly filled the little flat with flowers; roses and carnations scented all the air. Robert had been to Savile Row and Jermyn Street and ordered himself suits and shirts and hats "fit to wear with a girl like you." Robert was insisting she should have a half day off tomorrow and never mind that boss, so that she could come with him and buy herself some clothes and clothes and clothes. Robert had hired a car with chauffeur by the week, just as a temporary measure and was planning to take her down to stay at Maidenhead for a river week-end just as a beginning.

Then she'd be free of her office, wouldn't she?

LATE that evening, as they sat out on the roof garden, she talked to him about Esta; all the news of Esta since he left them. Later, she wondered if he didn't want to know something about his father's death. He did not. He was quietly unforgiving. But she wanted to talk, had to talk, to lay it all upon the brawny shoulders of her fine young man. So he took it all from her, just like some one taking a heavy burden, so that it seemed completely over and done with and she said to herself, "How he understands!"

Parcels arrived to be unpacked; his trunks were there; the excitements of this wonder homecoming seemed never ending. He took out mementos and showed her; photographs of his beautiful house and gardens away on the other side of the world, photographs of his horses, his dogs, the man who had died and left him all this wealth. And, lastly, some little snapshots.

These snapshots were of one woman.

Therese's heart gave a little leap and felt a little pain while she looked at them, a young woman, girlish looking, exotic, in a hammock under a big tree, with a dog, on a horse, in a swimming suit by a swimming pool.

"That's she," said Robert, breaking a silence.

"The woman who—"

"Yes. His wife. Mrs. Mackinnon. Pamela."

"Did you call her Pamela?"

"Oh, no. I called her Mrs. Mackinnon, of course."

Therese put the snapshots from her. She thought, "But you think of her as Pamela."

"I told you," said Robert rather gruffly, "he never forgave her."

"She married the other man?"

"I suppose so. Mac divorced her all right. Divorce is simpler and quicker there than here. New country, new doings."

"Where is she?"

"Oh, I don't know. The chap left Australia almost at once, we heard. I suppose she went with him."

Therese—with a faint disturbance still in her heart—put all the photographs together. Robert smoked his pipe, his face calm and cold. She stole a look at him. What hard judges of women men were!

She ventured mildly, in a few moments,

"You never felt in the least sorry for her?"

"She let down my boss, my pal."

"Ah, yes."

"Mac was one of the best."

"And she?"

"They hadn't been married so very long, about two years. She was a California girl. He met her when he went to America once, leaving me in charge. He brought her back. I was never more surprised."

"She looks alluring."

"Yes." He admitted it quietly without grudging. "One of those vivid, golden-haired Californians like fruit in the sun. I don't believe you see such girls anywhere else."

"Did they have a child?"

"A child? She?"

"Woman hater, Bobs!"

"Well, I told you before. Ma, I've seen some and had some. Let's drop it."

"You don't want to talk about her?"

"Prefer not."

"I was just interested. We women always are interested in the charm of other women," Therese explained.

But that was not it. No. Not exactly. There was more in her heart, until her proprietary good night kiss to Robert drove it out. She felt more proprietary now than she had ever felt before.

They were in Paris, she and Robert, at the tail-end but still in the glory of the Paris season. It was not quite time for Longchamps. The Bois was lovely. They were established in a suite in the Hotel Plaza-Athenée.

"You're going to have the best, my girl," Robert assured her, as they drove up the Avenue Montaigne.

She was secretly lost in wonder at how much he knew or how much he had found out on her behalf. And he was as much surprised at her fluent French and her air of the initiate, on which Kelly March had sardonically remarked to himself at Ciro's.

They shopped in the Rue de la Paix, supped at Larue's, at the Cafe de Paris after the opera; lunched at Paillard's, dined at the Pre Catelan, loitering about afterwards in the beautiful grounds and she had the excitement of wearing a hat with an evening frock.

"I've always longed to wear a hat with an evening frock. Bobs, always wondered if magazine artists really illustrated Paris life truly. And now!" It was a blue-silver tissue turban, swathed as tight as a bathing cap over her silver hair. His mother's enchantment with this simple issue set him wondering again; her delights perhaps began his real education about women and it is not often that a mother teaches her son anything on that subject.

They dined "chez Foyot" and ate duck at La Tour d'Argent. They went to the Lido, supped, danced, swam.

"What, Ma, you swimming? You didn't when I was a kid?"

"No, but Esta and I learned together, taught each other one holiday at the sea at home after—when we were free."

The wonderful freedom! The wonderful freedom! It had all dated from the time when that disastrous husband died. Really, everything vital seemed to date from that. The hard work, the money worries, the cramped flat in Hardwick Street; nothing like that had mattered really since freedom came with it.

Supping at the Lido, watching lovely women suddenly getting up from their tables, making tiny sensations by unexpectedly throwing off extravagant enveloping evening wraps and revealing themselves in bathing suits of silk and diving in, every movement studied, accomplished, she reminded Robert about the wonders of freedom.

"Stay free, Bobs. Stay free."

"Even if I found a girl like you, Ma?"

He was teasing her.

"Oh, stay free!"

"And Esta?"

"Oh, dear! Women have to marry, I suppose, or feel disappointed, unsuccessful."

"Oh, how funny you women are!"

"Why, Bobs, what would you wish for Esta? Tell me, what would you wish for your little sister?"

"Well, that she should marry, of course."
"Oh, how funny you men are!"

They were at Longchamps on the last Sunday in June. She saw the Grand Prix run. She backed the winner.

She found other lovely things to do besides frivolling though. Never before had she traveled, left her own country. She must wander in the cathedral of Notre Dame. She must go to the Louvre, where she declared herself finally entranced by the delicacy of Fragonard and Watteau until she passed on to the Salon Carre, where she fell into deep ecstasy with the generous color of Titian and Tintoretto. But further on still they came to examples of the Barbizon school, and Rousseau's "Road in the Forest" made her cry, "Oh, Bobs, let's go there."

He drove her out next day to Barbizon. They left the car several times to wander in the forest. She was enchanted to be in this forest of Fontainebleau, so huge, so friendly, so beautiful, with its myriads of little pathways in every direction. They stayed there all day, dined excellently at an inn in the forest, out in a garden, under trees, from a rustic table.

She knew what she had always suspected since the first days of her sad marriage, that all the thrill, all the romance of life, may center in a son rather than in lover or husband. To various women fate brought romance in various ways: early romance, late romance, or romance like this of achievement and pride.

It was only the next evening while she sat with Robert in a box at the Casino de Paris and looked down into the theater as the lights went up between the acts of the revue, that she saw a vivid head, sheer gold-colored, a vivid, desperate, gay face, a personality that seemed to bring the warmth and light of the sun even into the artificiality of the theater. The personality was a very slender little woman, sitting beside a French Jew with a clean-shaved white face, who devoured her with his attentions.

"Where are the glasses, Bobs?" said Therese in a light voice, and when he handed her the glasses she lifted and focused them. "Vivid golden Californian like fruit in the sun?" Yes. And she lowered the opera glasses a few seconds too late to prevent Robert's eyes following the direction of hers. He sat rigid, took the glasses from her and looked down. At the same moment the beautiful woman looked up.

What eyes!

"Isn't that a lovely woman, Bobs?"

"Yes. She's a lovely woman all right."

"She knew you."

"Did she?"

"Is it Pamela?" murmured Therese and needed no answer.

THE first morning at sea Esta rose early as she had arranged with Charles. She breakfasted at table one hundred and forty-three, but breakfasted alone. Neither Charles nor Kelly March turned up. Very few women were there, certainly not Miss Earl, who, no doubt, had a luxurious suite of her own. After a half-hearted attempt upon grapefruit and coffee, Esta herself left to go up on deck.

The first person she saw was her dark, glossy partner of the night before in the palest of gray flannels and white shoes, padding up and down the promenade deck, back and forth, seemingly lost in absorption but with a swift eye for all comers. He saw Esta immediately. From fifty yards distance she could see him appraising her, see his slow smile of pleasure as he came to meet her.

"Exercising too?"

"I'm going to play deck tennis."

"With me?"

"I warn every woman I employ"

*Says the woman Personnel Manager in a large office
about this phase of modern feminine hygiene*



One unconscious offense which is no longer necessary. This remarkable sanitary pad deodorizes* completely and is superior in comfort features as well as ease of disposability.

IN the world of business, in society, women often find themselves embarrassed at certain times. Sometimes they offend without knowing why. When they learn, miserable self-consciousness follows. Make-shift efforts to counteract the difficulty seldom succeed. Now a discovery made in Kotex Laboratories ends all these fears and worries. Science has discovered a way to counteract a serious offense.

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Mr. Dowling says ~

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"With Sir Tudor Charles."
"Let me see," said Sebastien. "Sir Tudor Charles? Who is he?"

"Mr. Kelly March's secretary. He sat with us last night in the smoke-room."

"Ah ha! He!" A slight snap of the fingers, as at recollection, did not flatter Tudor Charles. "Well," said the glossy, swarthy Sebastien, smiling, "he's not here. Shame on him! Shall we go up and play a while, you and I?"

THEY ascended to the highest deck and there saw one of the two tennis courts taken by two men in white flannels, playing vigorously—Kelly March and Tudor Charles. "Ah ha!" said Sebastien, still in his leisurely way. "Your friend is here, after all. We misjudged him."

"But he is playing."

"He can—he will surely—stop."

"But he is playing with Mr. March; he won't be able to stop."

"Ah ha! So?" A little click of the fingers again for Tudor Charles, for all the Tudor Charleses of life, it almost seemed to be. Yet who was Sebastien? He explained himself airily in few words: "It must be very circumscribing, a post like your friend's. Fortunately," a smile, "I am free to devote myself to you. Miss Earl will not appear till luncheon." An amused reflective pause. "I am her manager, you know, at present; taking her over to dance in my theater in the fall. But that means, in these days of very autocratic stars, perhaps, that she is my manager. Still, she is not here. May we begin?"

They took the other court.

Esta heard Kelly March's abrupt voice calling, "Good morning!" She looked round and saw his blue eyes fixed on her in a pause between a rally.

"Good morning, Mr. March."

"Have you breakfasted, Miss Gerald?"

"Oh, yes."

"Good. I was going to send to your cabin to say that I wanted you at ten o'clock, if you please. My suite is on A Deck."

"Certainly, Mr. March. I shall have time for a set though."

The two sets went on, side by side. She and Sebastien played for a few minutes longer than the other pair. She lost herself after a while in the joy of the exercise, in the fresh, hot air coming untrammelled across the vast spaces.

At first she was conscious of Kelly March, and of Charles, who had thrown aside their arrangement for a game together without so much as a note to her cabin to say so. At first she wanted to watch them—the taut, white, hard figures, each virile and swift and strong, March the swifter and the stronger all the time—but Sebastien's amused understanding smile brought her back to attention.

She learned quickly how to catch the hard rings without hurting her finger tips; she was agile on her feet as a cat; there was no movement she didn't seem lissom or speedy enough to make. She kept the New York manager on the jump all the while, crying out, "Bravo! You play, madam, as well as you tango."

She knew, once or twice, without looking, she just knew that Kelly March several times lost a point through staring at her and Sebastien. She knew that Tudor Charles lost points that way, too. Her spirits rose and soared again. The feeling came upon her again that recurs to all youth in its triumphant moments, that life was going to be easy. All one wanted was opportunity. Here, even on a five-day Atlantic crossing, even the first morning out, one seemed to sense opportunity in the air. "Game!" cried Sebastien with real admiration. "You win." He sleeked back his

hair with a tropically colored silk handkerchief, a large, soft handkerchief, so fine that it would have passed through a very small finger ring. He looked to the other Court. "Your friends have gone."

"And I must go too."

He crossed to her. "Because this man Mr. March says so?" he asked good humoredly.

"I'm his other secretary."

"Ah, so?"

He looked at her quickly. "Your Mr. March, he engages an enchanting pair of secretaries, if I may say so."

"He's tremendously rich," she said thoughtfully. "Vice-president of the Atlantic Combine Bank and with heaps of other interests too. We're going to California now because of his oil property."

"Ah, so? That's interesting. How do you like my gay handkerchief?"

She laughed. "It would look nice worn gipsy style on my frock."

"It would," he brightened. In a moment he had folded it cornerwise, slung it across her shoulders and knotted it on the left one, with a delicate touch. Its clash of colors, indeed, was charming on the little frock of white wash silk that she and ma had made so carefully from paper patterns.

"I bought it in your Burlington Arcade. I think you should have it."

"Oh, but I couldn't."

He bowed, "Your tennis prize, madam."

They were both laughing as they ran down the companion ladder but just below she saw Tudor Charles loitering about, smoking a cigarette. She waved a farewell to Sebastien behind her and he climbed slowly, understandingly, back.

She met Charles.

"I SAY," he said, his dark expressive eyes fastening on the silk handkerchief. "I say, I was awfully sorry not to meet you as arranged. But you understand that any arrangement we may make is apt to be upset. One can't help it."

"Royal command. Oh, I know."

"I was horribly disappointed. I say, you really look topping."

"You weren't at breakfast."

"Oh, I breakfasted with March in his suite, you know. I've got a bedroom there. We had an awful lot to do this morning."

"A lot to do? At sea?"

"My dear child," said Charles, his dark eyes on her vivid face, "as I told you, business doesn't stop just because he's on the ocean."

"Doesn't it?"

"Does it!" His laugh was a little superior. "Radiograms were coming in all last evening and we had a batch before breakfast. Decoding 'em has kept me busy. And then he wanted exercise and I had to play tennis. You quite understand?"

"I've said so. But is he having a business crisis or anything?"

"Well, between you and me, he's had an awful row at the bank, you know. Won't come into line on a question of a Czechoslovakian loan. He's got a lot of correspondence and notes and so on for you this morning."

"I'd better go."

"I expect you had. How I wish I were independent of all this muck!"

"What would you do?"

"Keep you to myself this morning! That's the first thing I'd do!"

His dark eyes had a flash in them. She turned away, pleased. He was delightful, this young man. He understood, so swiftly, all that she felt: her loneliness, her fears and struggles, all that March callously ignored.

"Breeding," she thought, turning from him. "Centuries of breeding. Fine and sensitive, if he is a man." He was the first man of that sort with whom she had ever

really come into close contact. Close contact that would grow closer.

He turned after her.

"I'll just show you the way."

He opened the door of a large sitting room and said softly, "Miss Gerald, sir," and disappeared. She entered. Really! She hadn't known how commodiously the rich could travel! Here were soft chairs, soft chesterfield, table big enough to dine on, writing bureau at which March was sitting. And the room had roses in it, boxes and baskets of fruit, all stowed away on a handsome chest; bon voyage gifts from many people anxious to please the rich man.

He looked up.

"Ah, Miss Gerald. There's a lot to do this morning. You'll find a file and the machine on the table. We'll work on till lunch time." He did not rise but she saw his eyes go to the silk handkerchief knotted gipsy fashion across her shoulders. "You were up early although you danced late."

"I like getting up early, Mr. March."

"And dancing late?"

"With partners like I had last night."

"Ah, yes. I expect you do." He got up now and came to the table and took a sheaf of radiograms in his hand.

"I've provided you with a good dancing fellow secretary, haven't I?"

He made this observation drily.

She sat down before the machine and looked over it.

"Say rather, you've provided him, Mr. March. I'm the later addition."

"Oh, him. Why should I provide for him?"

She sat silent, hesitating for an answer. It would be trivial anyway. She didn't make it.

He was going slowly through the sheaf of paper in his hand.

"Sir Tudor has decoded these. There, on the table by your left hand."

She saw a pile of neatly written sheets, dated and tabulated.

March sat on a corner of the table.

"Enjoy your game this morning?"

"Immensely, thank you."

"Your partner was Sebastien, the manager of the Bright Light Theater, wasn't he?"

"He said he was Miss Earl's manager."

"Yes. She has an engagement with him, she tells me."

HE watched her. He knew women and was up to all their tricks and plots. This bronze haired beauty about whom he had rather made a fool of himself to start with—for that Hardwick Street business was foolish, no doubt of it—was, he saw, like all the rest. She hadn't been long in looking about her, picking on a fellow like Sebastien, for example.

"I hope you'll get on with Sir Tudor," he remarked drily.

How dry his voice was! Unjust! She glanced up with a little flame in her eyes that he noted.

"Sir Tudor? He's being wonderfully kind to me."

"I'm glad of that. Amity between secretaries is a very good thing. You like him? Good!"

She replied, tempted to try Kelly March: "Yes. I think him extraordinarily nice. Thoughtful. It must be a great trial to him to—"

"To be my secretary?"

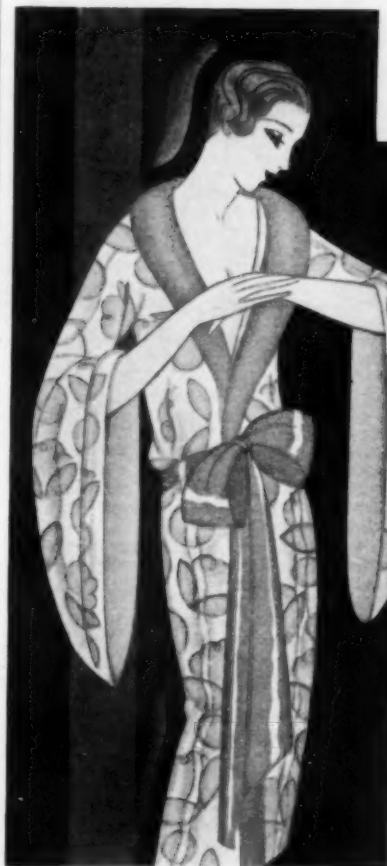
"To be any one's private secretary instead of living as he might do if his ancestors hadn't mortgaged the property."

"Ah, you have the whole history. I see. Good, again! Don't you think Sir Tudor Charles is happy, Miss Gerald?"

"He can hardly, I suppose, be really happy when strangers are living in his home."

March laughed. "Romantic you are!"

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"I am not romantic, Mr. March."

"Child—Miss Gerald, you are. I contradict you flatly. But don't allow yourself to suffer at all on account of Sir Tudor, who is eminently fitted to take care of himself. The Sir Tudor Charleses of life don't look on things exactly as you or I, you know."

She could not suppress her startled look up at him.

"As you or I?"

"As you or I, the workers of life."

"He works!"

"YES, Miss Gerald. Oh, yes. Please believe I am keenly aware of all Sir Tudor's good qualities. He has been with me for three months now and has fulfilled every requirement. Three months ago I saw his advertisement: 'Public school man, age twenty-four, Eton and Oxford, has traveled, can drive car, good at most games, sportsman, wishes position of trust such as confidential secretaryship.' They run like that."

"They?"

"Those advertisements, you know." He watched her. "There are so many of them, aren't there? One has to weed them out very carefully. I repeat, I was fortunate in Sir Tudor."

She disliked Kelly March. Sardonic, ungenerous, self-satisfied, fierce in his criticisms, smug in his power.

What had he said? "The Sir Tudor Charleses of life don't look on things exactly as you and I do."

What had Tudor said to her under the stars last night, his arm close in hers?

"The Kelly Marches don't look on life exactly as you or I."

Kelly March was speaking again:

"He's awfully interested, Charles is, about your being related to Sir James Gerald, the ex-Chancellor."

A flame ran all over her, a deep blush, and receded. He saw it and she knew, with irrational anger, that he saw it.

She murmured carelessly, "Oh, yes?"

"He knows some other branch of the family, I think. The Trewins. Is it Trewin, the name?"

"Yes."

She inserted a sheet of paper into the typewriter. Hateful brute! He knew! Of course he knew; how could he not know after his visit to the mean end of Hardwick Street? Why did he even trouble to go on saying with his twisty smile:

"It's jolly, of course, for you both to know some of the same people. I had no idea." Why did he harp on the string a moment longer, having twanged it once? Because he was a cad.

He paused. He thought, "Women, what devils they are for play-acting! Taking rabbits out of hats and all that!" Poor little tricks women had but they played them cleverly. It was the title, of course, that had caught her imagination in the case of young Charles. He would have made a bet with himself that Charles had had some pretty fiction to tell on his own behalf too. For the Tudor Charleses, he thought, lived on whatever interesting history they could build about the papier-mâché images that were themselves. Well, they were a sweet young pair of them! He knew them! Men and women fawning, sponging, lying, dressing up, advertising goods they hadn't got, hoping to get away with it!

He looked at the red-bronze head below him and didn't mind her so much.

His eye fell again on the brilliant handkerchief.

"You weren't wearing that up on deck. You were all in white."

She looked up at him. How the girl's eyes could flame!

"No. Well, that's my deck-tennis prize. I won the set from Mr. Sebastian."

Her voice crawled a little. She was defying and tempting him. She must know what she was doing. She did not know what she was doing. He sat still for a moment with a sort of smile in his hard blue eyes.

"Is that so? And a jolly nice prize, too."

He got up leisurely, moved away, went through a communicating door into an inner room. She waited, sitting at the table and thought, "Well, after all the hurry to begin there seems to be plenty of time." He came back again with something white, not dead white, but yellowish, ivory white, draped over his arm. He was smiling, debonair. The queer man.

"Pretty shawl you were wearing last night, Miss Gerald."

Yes. She had known he had remembered ma's poor shawl, bought at a sales time from an Oxford Street shop. Again she raised reluctant, resentful eyes and saw him carelessly unfolding, crumpling up, tossing on the table, something of such beauty that it took her breath away. A white Spanish shawl—no colors—all that old yellowish, ivory white, heavy with a maze of embroidery, heavy with its long fringe.

He stood regarding it and her.

"Feel it."

"Oh!"

"That's a genuine one. I bought it in Spain, out of a very poor grand senora's treasure chest."

"The thickness! It's—"

"I should like you to have it, Miss Gerald."

"I? Oh, but why?"

"Oh, why not?"

THEY burst out laughing together. There was something very sly and whimsical showing through his hard crust of perfectly atrocious cynicism.

"Well—" she faltered.

"I'm glad you like it," he bowed.

"Thank you."

"I suppose you think it queer for a man to carry things like that about with him. Oh, but I've got lots of things. Just like some benevolent old ladies carry crumbs to feed the pigeons at St. Paul's and the ducks in the Serpentine, or carrots for the costers' mokes in Covent Garden, so—"

"Well, thank you!"

"I'm full of treasures. I've a little jade cat that I thought of offering Miss Earl, for example." A harsh pause between them again. "I'll show you the little cat," he said and went once more into the bedroom beyond. He emerged with a small, carved, wicked creature of translucent jade and he sat the creature down upon the white shawl.

"Now, if you will take this letter, please," he said in a businesslike voice. He began to dictate, pacing up and down. Letter followed letter. Tudor Charles walked quietly in and out again with a busy air. All was business. But the white shawl lay limply heaped on the table and the small green cat sat wickedly upon it, triumphing.

DID Kelly March really believe that Esta was no different from all the other women he has met or was he just testing her? Did she make a mistake in accepting the shawl?—And don't you wonder what is going to happen when Esta hears of her brother's return to England, and of her mother's good fortune? And if Sir Tudor Charles is true blue or just a pretender? Find out in the succeeding installment of "Life Isn't So Bad" in April SMART SET

A Woman's Intuition

(Continued from page 35)

"That's the trouble with a woman," Julia was becoming angry at him for harping on it. "What?" she demanded. "Offer her a loan and she takes it so personally. No man would—"

She turned quickly, catching the lapels of his coat in her hand. "Loan? What loan are you talking about, Norman?"

"Why, to go abroad with."

"Oh," Julia went limp. She sat back into the upholstery, pale, numb and speechless.

"The money doesn't mean anything to me," Terrant's voice rumbled on. "I was going to tell you, you could give me a note for it if that would ease your conscience. You could pay it back sometime, if you wanted to."

IF THERE was anything in the wide world that Julia hated, it was a woman who cries. In particular, she hated women who cried when men could see them. She looked away from Terrant and bit her lip to prevent her tears from falling but it was no use. They would have their way.

She tugged out a tiny lace-trimmed handkerchief, drew her feet up under her, and curled up into a ball of concentrated misery. In spite of all she could do, the stream of tears got the best of her. Her shoulders shook with coughing sobs.

At that moment, Norman Terrant proved he was a gentleman. He slid into her hand his own huge, linen handkerchief, got quietly to his feet and walked over to the window. He stood there a long time. When he returned to Julia's side, most of the storm had passed.

"I'm sorry to make such a fool of myself," Julia said.

"When you feel better," Norman returned, "I wish you'd tell me what's the matter."

"Nothing. Just tired." He slipped his arm around her. Her tears broke out again. "Just leave me alone. I'll be all right. Please."

"Julia, you've got to listen to this." He was getting terribly out of patience. "I don't care whether you get mad or not. I wish you'd marry me and dump that job of yours into the drain."

HE WAITED for a reply. None came. Julia's face was hidden and she was destructively weeping upon his stiff shirt-front.

"Julia! Julia, darling!" he said. "Won't you please tell me what's the matter?"

Very slowly, in a little girl's voice, came the reply.

"I'm just crying because I ought to be happy and I'm miserable."

"You mean that you would marry me?" Norman asked.

Julia began to laugh hysterically. "Just try to stop me, Norman Terrant."

He attempted to kiss her but he was very awkward about it. As kisses go, it was practically a failure.

"I was afraid you'd laugh at me," he confessed. "You usually laugh at everything I do."

"I'm not laughing now."

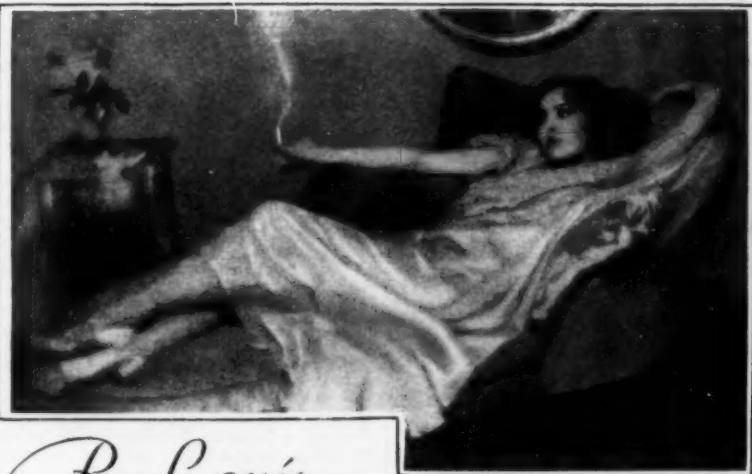
"Well, didn't you know I wanted to marry you?"

"No," said Julia very honestly, "I didn't even suspect it."

"This women's intuition is a lot of bunk," Norman said.

"I guess it is," agreed Julia.

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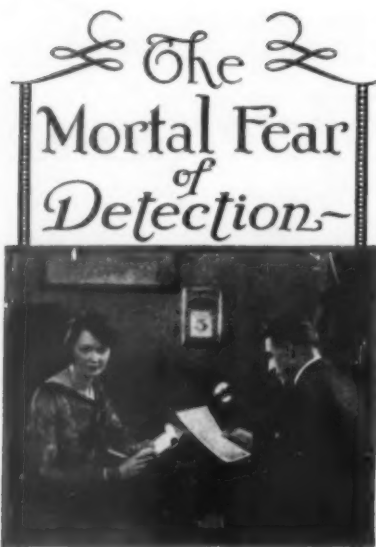
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Peter and Mrs. Pan

[Continued from page 63]

the time being. Incidentally it would bolster the position she had taken up with Peter temporarily. All temporarily.

First gun at late breakfast. They still had this meal together.

"Petermine, will you take me into town today? I promised to meet Daddy at the Ritz at one."

Peter scowled. "So long as he doesn't approve of me I don't see why I should allow you to talk to him, perhaps let him convince you that you ought to go home."

Corinne laughed, part bitterness and part wonder at his love for her.

"He couldn't convince me of anything that would separate us, Petermine."

"Then why go?"

"Because I had to promise I'd talk to him today in order to get rid of him last night, to keep him from coming right into the house and being downright nasty. Didn't I? I know he's darned unreasonable but after all he is my daddy and he has certain rights."

CORINNE tried to hold her voice steady and to be casual. Her very soul inside was revolting at the necessity for lying any more to the one human being in the world who had any faith in her word. Her own mother wouldn't believe her. She had remembrances enough of that from the past. George didn't trust her—with reason. None of her old-time girl friends would have taken her unsupported word—they were feminine themselves.

But Peter believed.

And she had to outrage that belief, was obliged to play upon it for her own selfish and surely ignoble purposes.

"You'll take me in, won't you? And let me see him?" she added pleadingly, "Petermine?"

"I suppose I've got to but I don't like it and—"

"Thank you. And there's just one more thing that will help us both. Only leave me there a few minutes—well, maybe half an hour and then come back. Don't come up to us; that might precipitate a scene. Just see us and scowl as if you were terribly displeased and walk away. It will give me an excuse to leave and I'll come right out to our own little snub-nosed car and we'll go for a long ride into the autumn. Will you?"

He wouldn't at first but as usual he agreed finally to her program.

She met George at the Ritz. George, dressed though he was to the top-notch of his wardrobe, did not fit in with the surroundings and was conscious of it himself. His feet were too heavy for that butterfly promenade. Corinne was faintly amused at finding her monster of the night before so unformidable. The topography of the battle ground was distinctly in her favor.

George's voice was a little husky as he greeted her. He was evidently trying to tone its outdoor timbre to an appropriate hush for the whispering gallery.

Right away he expressed his objections to the place. "Let's go somewhere else where we can be more comfortable."

"Not for a few minutes," Corinne objected. "I've got a car and a chauffeur outside and while I don't think he'd peach on me because he rather likes me himself, still I don't want to have him see me coming out of this place with a strange man. I told him I would be here for lunch."

"Oh, all right, I guess I can stand it, that is if you'll go to my own hotel later. I've got a comfortable place there and—"

"Let's go into the grill room, then," suggested Corinne anxious not to discuss details.

That was difficult not to do during the meal. George wanted to discuss details and to gloat over the victory which fate had placed in his hands. To tell the truth he had scarcely dared hope that Corinne would really come. More than that he had never dreamed that she could be so wonderful as she was now.

This glorious girl, exquisitely gowned, perfectly cared for, with the old marks of scheming worry practically all ironed from her face, was no more the Corinne that he knew than a sunrise is like a false dawn. He had not been skillful enough to sense her possibilities in the old days but he recognized the unbelievable fruition of her one-time suggested charms and he was twice as infatuated as he had ever been before. He could scarcely believe his luck.

He told her she was a great kid, which was poetic extravagance from George's impoverished verbal exchequer. He wanted to hold her hand under the tablecloth and when she refused him the favor on the ground that she knew someone at a nearby table he made love to her with direct disrobing words that she had almost forgotten were in the vocabulary of the world and which made her shrink as if someone were offering to touch her bare flesh with a sooty, slimy hand.

"I'll get up to New York every Saturday," he declared, "and we'll have a high old time. We'll—"

"Sh!"

"What's the matter?"

"My husband—over there by the door—I hope he doesn't see us. Oh, heavens, he's spotted us. Now we are out of luck."

George didn't believe her. He looked for himself and with a smothered curse recognized Peter's actual scowling visage regarding them. George turned his own ashen face back to Corinne. "What are we going to do?"

She shrugged.

"Is he coming this way?" George was really frightened. This was more than he had bargained for. You'd think that in a city as large as New York you wouldn't run into the only person in the world you didn't care to meet.

Corinne realized his concern with a thrill of triumph. The plot was working. The strings of fate were coming back into her clever hands. She could devise a better finish than destiny.

"NO, HE isn't coming. But he has done something worse."

"What? What do you mean?"

"He has gone away and I know where he has gone. He keeps a gun in his car and he told me that if he ever caught me with any other man he'd kill him."

"He did? What have you been doing to make him jealous so soon?" George demanded suspiciously.

"Nothing," Corinne answered hurriedly. "He's just naturally suspicious and very violent. He's got it in for you, too, since that day in Atlantic City. After all he is my husband you know and he has certain rights. I don't think there's any doubt but that he'll shoot if he sees you with me."

"Gee, we better get out of here," George was vainly signalling a waiter, the wrong one.

"We can never make it," Corinne doubted. "What'll we do?" George reluctantly flung back upon her acknowledged superior

cleverness to find a way out.

"You stay here and take care of the check and I'll keep Peter out of the way. I'll tell him something, I don't know what just yet but I'll think of it and make him calm down until you can escape. Don't come out for about ten minutes. By that time I'll have him away from the entrance. Good-by."

"Wait a minute, sweetie," George objected vehemently, "when and where do I see you again?"

"Don't be a fool," Corinne counselled scornfully. "I can't stop to make dates when a bullet is apt to come zipping through the air any minute. I'll let you know at the old address as soon as I think it's safe."

"Honest? You promise?"

"Absolutely. Good-by."

"Good-by."

One more bridge passed over and blown up. George was officially in leash for some little period of time to come. It would take him a good many days to forget the fright he had had and by that time anything might happen.

"Well," said Peter, sitting placidly in their car, "what has happened?"

"Nothing, thank heaven. Drive on, Peter-mine, before he comes out of the hotel and paws up the ground out here at the sight of his favorite red rag."

"Meaning me, I suppose?"

"Meaning you, especially when you are with me. I've got him calm now and he won't bother us again for a long while. In the meantime he'll probably forget what it was he got peeved about. If you know the location of the studio of this artist who paints the gold on the trees let's go out there and see what he's working on now."

It was a happy day. Corinne's troubles and problems were certainly smouldering only just below the surface but there seemed very little likelihood that the services of the fire department would be required for a few days and she let down her guard a little and was really gay.

When Corinne was really gay and loving she was a companion for a god. Peter pretended he was one.

The car eventually led them home. It stopped practically automatically as it came up out of the jungle.

"Some home," sighed Peter.

"Our own darling Happy House," corroborated Corinne who loved it today with more of a stab in the heart than ever because she had been so near to losing it. "Pay toll, mister, before you can go any farther."

He kissed her according to the ancient and honorable rite which had been established the century—no, only the day—before.

CORINNE realized, save in her most sanguine moments, that she was standing precariously on the edge of nothing. Rose Pomery would tell everybody at home where she was and it was only a question of a short time before her parents would be piling in on them for a visit.

Hilary Renshaw, her brilliant father, would rather do anything than exhaustive consecutive labor. His talents were marvelously adapted to being the black sheep of a wealthy English family. He really was that—except the family wasn't wealthy any more. He would love to be the guest of his

brand new son-in-law for an indefinite period.

And Mrs. Renshaw, who had married Hilary because of his brilliant future, had had so many practical demonstrations of the adage about the bird in the hand that she would welcome any excuse for getting off her feet and letting some one else make the excuses to the collection agencies.

There would be only a short time then before the deluge of the family. Rose Pomery would tell how well off Corinne seemed and her father and mother would certainly want to see for themselves.

THEN what? By no stretch of the imagination could Hilary Renshaw be mistaken for George Herk whom Peter knew as her father. The murder would be out as soon as the two men met and there seemed no way to prevent the meeting.

And to tell Peter the truth now, after he had seen George embrace her that night, would be the finish of everything. There was nothing to do but play feverishly with what happiness there was left so as to have something to remember when it was all gone.

Peter was rather bewildered by her gayety and did not always play up to her satisfactorily. He did not know that the happiness of a lifetime was being crammed into a few days and he was appalled by the contemplation of a continuously joyous existence such

as seemed to be in prospect. He was obliging about it but not always sufficiently stimulated to parallel her apparently high-keyed mood.

The play he was working on, for one thing, was not coming along very well. He was finding it impossible to effervesce constantly both in private life and in his profession. Looking back he remembered a little

regretfully the solitary dull hours that he had once spent in the grumps. At the time he had thought it was a deadly moodiness that he ought to avoid but he realized subconsciously now that those hours had served the same purpose as allowing farm land to lie fallow one season in order to make it productive the next.

He worked hard enough in the time that he could steal for his business but it was fatiguing and the results never came anywhere near to satisfying him. He told himself that his critical faculty had advanced, that his judgment was not so easily satisfied, but that did not entirely quiet the uneasy recollection he had of reading over his own stuff in the old days and finding it better than he had expected. That never happened now. Apparently he had once written under the influence of an inspiration that had escaped him.

There was no need for financial worry yet. His income kept up with the expenses and even ate into the mortgage on the house a little. But he had a contract that must be filled. Harry Herberts, his manager and benefactor in more ways than one, was depending on Peter for a play with which to open his new Barbazon Theater on Forty-Eighth Street. That meant a premier just after Christmas.

Peter spurred on his tired team, Plot and Dialogue, but the results gave him a pain right in the place usually most affected by the emotions of fear and disgust. His characters were wooden and disagreeable without being cleverly so and his heroine was an unpainted doll when he came to compare her with the vivid personality of the woman

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he knew best by constant association.

Relief for all parties concerned came unexpectedly. Hilary Renshaw made an irremediable error in the selection of a headache tablet. The bottle really contained bichloride of mercury. The doctors had given him twenty-four hours more to live when Corinne received the telegram.

It was not until Peter began preparing to accompany her on her trip home that Corinne realized that her father's impending death had any bearing on her personal affairs.

It was first borne in on her by this remark. "It is a curiously ironical circumstance that I shall meet your father for the first time on his death bed. Of course I have seen him and I've even been knocked out by him but it isn't the same as being properly introduced."

It was much more ironical than Peter realized. All of a sudden it came over the distracted Corinne that Peter must not go with her to Fairway, must not see her dying parent. What a horrible funeral complication it would be to have Peter step up to the coffin expecting to find the slightly piggish features of George and actually gaze into the blandly cynical face of Hilary.

After Hilary was buried—

Corinne refused to plan beyond the border line. Her father was still living. In her way she loved him. They were too much alike to get along well together but they appreciated each other. Up to Peter's advent no man had been so stimulating to Corinne's wits as Hilary.

"I had forgotten," she told Peter with half-pretended abstraction, "that you and father are not friends. You mustn't go with me."

"But, dear, I don't think it would look well if I didn't."

"THAT isn't the point. We don't care about looks if the mere fact of your presence would irritate him and give him unnecessary agony. No, Petermine, it will be best if I go alone. You never belonged to the circle of my family and your absence will not cause a noticeable blank. I'll do everything I can and then hurry right back. I can take care of myself all right and in the meantime maybe you can finish your old play so that we can go South or to Cuba for the winter."

Peter was finally persuaded. The idea of having several days of uninterrupted application to his work attracted him more than he would care to admit.

He took Corinne to the station in New York City.

Her train pulled out and there he was to all intents and purposes the same irresponsible bachelor he had been a few months before. He could almost feel his muscles stretch languidly as if a load had suddenly been lifted from his shoulders.

Out on the streets there was a little fall of friendly snow, just starting, not enough even to accumulate underfoot, but it lent a new color to the outlook, was much pleasanter than the merely gray lowering sky had been. Peter did not even put up the top on his roadster for protection. He wanted to be exposed to the elements. It was part of the interlude of freedom.

Where away? With all the world to choose from what point should he select as his destination? He tried to call up from memory the thousands of things he had wanted to do during the past few months but which had seemed inadvisable at the time. He remembered some of them but they did not seem important enough to be the initial celebration of a first independence.

He drifted over to the Lambs for lunch. George Milburn was there and they sat together at one of the smaller tables. The famous stage director was full of a new production he had under way and wanted to tell Peter about it. Peter listened politely

but apparently shop talk was not what he needed. He was not wildly interested. Only casually did George mention the subject of their last conversation.

"You're still married, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course."

"Of course—yet," George agreed.

Peter was willing to argue this point. "George, I don't understand you. You're not a woman hater. You constantly associate with women yourself."

"Certainly. With women but not constantly with a woman. Women are stimulating; a woman is depressing. Sometimes one woman can combine the characteristics of several. In that case she remains stimulating longer than the female who can be solved, so to speak, at a single sitting. She lasts until she runs out of tricks or until the man has discovered that everything she does is a variation of one single trick."

"YOU'RE not opposed to women then, merely to marriage?"

"Absolutely. I can't imagine who ever invented the institution. I've tried it four times without graduating *cum laude* in a single instance."

"Perhaps 'the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves,'" suggested Peter. "Perhaps you can't hold a woman."

"That's just the trouble, I can."

"Meaning by that, what?"

"Find out for yourself, my boy. I couldn't teach you the trick anyway. No man can learn it until it is too late to save himself. Gray hairs bring wisdom that, acquired earlier, might have prevented their turning gray."

"I'm sure you're wrong, George, but I can't prove it—yet."

"You'll be saying that on your death bed."

George refused to discuss the matter further on the ground that it is foolish to try to give swimming lessons to a drowning man. He preferred to talk of the theater and did until he had to leave for an afternoon rehearsal.

Peter went upstairs to the card room. It was crowded and pretty thick with smoke. He was not interested. Another two flights up he found a rehearsal in progress, one of the acts for an approaching gambol. This was amusing until he had heard the jokes through once. Milton Sloane, who was in charge, suggested that it would be professional of Peter to retire and not ogle the ladies of the cast, played by men, of course.

The possibilities of the club were exhausted and Peter did not want to buckle down to work just yet so he made a call on his aunt whom he had long neglected. True, he had seen her for a moment or two when he had been in town and had spoken with her over the telephone on several occasions but he had certainly not treated her very well considering how much she had done for him in the period of his life preceding the great revolution.

SHE received him composedly.

"Well, is it over?" she asked.

"What?"

"Your honeymoon."

"Why on earth did you ask that?"

She surveyed him critically. "You seem more normal, some way. Besides you act as if you had leisure. That woman must be losing her grip on you or she wouldn't allow you to spend any time with me, whom she hates with reason."

Peter laughed at the tight line which had suddenly supplanted her mouth as she finished her speech. "Bite off that ten-penny nail, Aunt Mike, and spit it out. My wife, whom you so tersely refer to as 'that woman,' has gone away."

"Left you?"

"Only for a few days. There is a death impending in the family. It is for that rea-

son that I am released from my thralldom for a short period, left to my own indifferent devices."

"And I am graciously accorded the pleasure of your society?"

"If you wish to put it that way, I suppose you are in a degree right," Peter conceded. He was very much loathe to enter into a discussion or a defense of his wife.

His aunt sensed that and with surprising tact dropped the subject. "You'll stay to dinner?"

"If you'll go to the theater afterward with me. There's a piece on at the Asco I've been wanting to see."

The afternoon and the evening passed pleasantly enough. There was no particular gaiety about it and the program had none of the exuberance which one would naturally expect of a man whose wife had "gone to the country, hurrah," but it filled in the time and by entertaining his aunt Peter was attending to a duty which had long reproached him for non-fulfillment.

HIS aunt urged him to remain in town overnight instead of driving out to Veriende but Peter had an uneasy desire to be home.

"Why?"

"Well, the servants might forget to feed the cat."

"Have you a cat?"

"Yes."

"But you don't like cats."

"It's Corinne's cat. But I've changed. I like 'em now."

"It wouldn't hurt if it wasn't fed. It could catch a mouse. It's silly to drive fifty miles when . . ."

"Well there are some other things to attend to."

"You mean you want to go."

"Perhaps. After all it is my home you know."

"This was once."

"I know that, Aunt Mike. Shucks, I can't explain it. For some reason or other I feel as if I ought to go out there."

"You're an uxorious slave." Scornfully.

Peter laughed. "Harsh words, Mike, but I don't dispute them. Good night."

She sniffed. "Good night."

She shut the door without kissing him good-by. Peter could not know that she cried about it as soon as the oak closed between them.

He was sorry she was miffed but he felt the first real pleasure of the day when he turned the roadster around and headed her for Connecticut. In ten minutes he had forgotten everything else in the luxury of speed that drew him nearer and nearer to the lodestone of his heart.

He stopped at the edge of the clearing. The house was dark. Evidently the servants had expected him to stay out all night. Corinne's absence from the seat beside him in the roadster was very palpable. The omission of the ceremony of toll at the entrance to the grounds was curiously important.

He drove on to the garage and then, a few moments later, let himself in through the front door.

The house smelled stale, closed up. There was an odor of has-been wood smoke about it that Peter did not like. The single shaded light actuated by the switch at the door seemed gloomy although he had heretofore considered it cosy. He turned on the chandelier and the wall brackets. That

made the room look cold, barren and deserted.

It revealed the source of the smoky odor though. There had been a fire in the grate which had been cold several hours perhaps. A stick from it had fallen forward out of the iron basket onto the brick hearth apron and in smouldering out it had filled the room with its vapors.

PETER went into the library. At last he was going to have an opportunity to read some of the books which had been accumulating for the last few months. He even sat down in the most comfortable chair and opened one of the most fascinating.

But it did not hold his attention. The room seemed consciously empty. There wasn't a sound. Even the cat wasn't anywhere around—sleeping with one of the servants probably.

Peter could not talk to himself so he got up and started the phonograph. There was a record already on it and Peter did not look to see what it was.

Came the rich tenor of John McCormack:

"Within the garden of my heart

A little flower grew,

A rose so fair—"

Peter shut it off abruptly. That was Corinne's song. She hummed it often, a little haunting melody. He had not realized its power, though, until now.

Ugh! The house was cold. And empty. Good Lord, it was emptier than an abandoned nest! Peter resolved then and there to build for himself a shack that Corinne should never set foot in, some place that would hold absolutely no reminder of her, a retreat that he could live in if sometime he should be really left alone, if she should go ahead of him into the gripping dark.

Appalled and very, very lonely Peter went upstairs to turn in. He bravely ignored the prim order which held sway in their bedroom. Ordinarily there were a few of Corinne's things strewn around on the dresser and the chairs. Now they were ominously neat. When he hung up his coat in the closet its emptiness slapped him in the face. He had all the hooks he needed for the first time since they had bought the house.

THE bed was cold and it seemed to defy him to sleep in it. A tap, tap on the window pane told him the light snow had turned to rain. That was a gloomy idea—a lonesome one.

Then a strange thing occurred. He had a feeling that Corinne was there by his side, a fleeting hallucination that came and went as if for a second she were there, vanished and then materialized again.

The impression was so strong that he threw his arm over in the dark.

Of course there was nothing.

And yet she registered her presence. Surely that was her perfume!

He had identified the sense which was building up his phantom, identified it and with deadly logic reasoned out its source.

He reached under her pillow and drew forth her wisp of a nightgown, the one she had worn the night before and which she had not cared to pack for travelling. He went to sleep finally with it hugged tightly in his arms.

Marriage had Peter in its awful clutch. He was a confessed slave to it.

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How New Is Anne?

[Continued from page 45]

There was a white flurry, like a small snow-storm, and a tiny tinkling as of many fairy sleigh-bells.

"I've just remembered it's leap-year. Chetty," she called to the Jester, "and I've asked Tony to marry me. Will you spread the glad tidings?"

The Carnival crowd was tremendously diverted. Carmen came running up out of breath, with her eyes open for engagements and her mouth open for roses.

"You would grab off the only man I ever really loved," she observed aggrievedly to Anne. "I thought you didn't believe in marriage."

"I don't," Anne reassured her. "This is just a sort of trial marriage."

"IT WOULD be," commented Carmen.

"Any marriage of yours would certainly be a trial to the other person."

The Devil stepped forward and bowed.

"If you'd really like a trial marriage, Anne," he suggested, "I am at your service."

Anthony stood very stiff and cold and still and white, like a man made of snow.

"I believe," he said formally, "that the lady has made her choice."

Anne took his arm.

"Life being what it is," she mused, "a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing," and a marriage being even more so, if you see what I mean, I find it most appropriate that the ceremony be performed by the Court Jester."

"As you will," agreed Anthony, through set lips.

Anne tipped back her head that he might look into her eyes, whose black depths were mocking and mysterious.

"That he who reads may run," she suggested deliberately, loosening her hold on Anthony's arm.

"I," retorted Anthony coolly, "do not choose to run."

And so they were married—jocularly—by the Jester, with a ring of smoke blown from the Devil's black cigarette—amid a whirl of confetti, serpentine streamers and cynical smiles—on New Year's Eve in August. In this fashion Anthony Carter from Boston married Anne Appleby from—he didn't know where.

Immediately after the ceremony they drove away in Anne's long green roadster.

"A sweet shade," said Anne meditatively. "I'm thinking of dyeing my hair to match."

A shower of confetti covered them. A shower of shoes. Anthony was hit in the eye with a sharp-toed scarlet slipper.

"Never look back," admonished Anne. "Remember Lot's wife."

"Happy New Year," shouted Anthony grimly and returned the scarlet slipper to the Devil with interest and an admirable accuracy.

"Poor dear," sympathized Anne. "Did it hurt?"

"I hope so," said Anthony happily.

They found the boulevard as quiet and deserted as a village street. Electric signs winked at them solemnly from its silence. Anthony's eye was swelling rapidly. It gave him a surprisingly sinister aspect.

"I think," said Anne after a little, "I shall drive about until the time is ripe and go to Catalina on the first trip over. I want to ride in the glass boat again and see the bottom of the ocean. Somehow there's something so soothing about the bottom of the ocean. It gives me great clarity of mind."

She regarded Anthony pensively. He looked huge and handsome as a highway-

man. One of his eyes was very blue and the other was rapidly becoming very black. A bizarre effect which, Anne reflected, somehow enhanced his manly charm.

"Why did you do this, Anne?" he demanded, staring down at her.

Anne stifled a yawn.

"If you must have the sordid truth," she replied amiably, "I was about to be bored. The party was on the verge of becoming tedious to me so I thought of this stunt to slip away. Clever of me, wasn't it?"

"Just why," insisted Anthony, "did you honor me?"

"Don't ask," rebuked Anne. "You know you made a sweet June groom. But I'm off for Catalina," she continued serenely. What's on your mind? The Montmartre or the club or your home, sweet home? What would be your pleasure, sir? Where shall I let you out?"

"You're not letting me out," said Anthony. Anne stared.

"We're not going to Catalina," said Anthony. "We are going to Mexico."

"You're an odd soul," murmured Anne, regarding him thoughtfully. "Your highwayman's attire seems to have gone to your head. You'll pardon my curiosity, Tony the Terror, if I venture to inquire, why Mexico?"

"You can be married in Mexico fifteen minutes after you get there, so they tell me," answered Anthony.

"How interesting," commented Anne. "But I have no intention of being married. In fifteen minutes, or in Mexico, or elsewhere. I'm a modern and I have my art to think of. Marriage would simply slay me. I have that type of mind."

Anthony regarded her steadily.

"It is encouraging," he murmured, "to be assured that you have a mind of whatever type."

"When you look at me in that piercing fashion," complained Anne, "it simply slays me. It simply pokes pins in me to see if I'm really sawdust."

"I wonder," pondered Anthony.

Anne drew up in the shadowed pattern of a pepper-tree.

"SORRY to make you walk home," she remarked cheerily. "After all, you may be somebody's brother."

Anthony leaped from the car.

"Adios," Anne mocked, waving him a gay farewell. "Perhaps I'll see you in so and so at such and such a time."

"Which isn't," suggested Anthony, approaching the driver's seat and swiftly lifting her from it, "as far away as you might suppose. Mind if I drive?"

"Could he be serious?" mused Anne.

"I'm always serious," sighed Anthony. "I should think in these months, even you might have come to realize that. We left on our honeymoon, presumably. I suppose it is very quaint and old-fashioned and serious of me to insist that we be married."

"Do hush," said Anne crossly. "Everybody understood it was just a joke."

"Perhaps," agreed Anthony. "In that case, everybody is due for quite a neat little surprise."

He started the car. They drove in swift silence down the deserted boulevards.

"You don't seem to realize," Anne protested piteously, "that marriage will make a dishonest woman out of me. At the shackle-shunners roll call, lo, my name leads all the rest."

Anthony laughed in a completely heartless fashion.

"That's just too bad," he said. "You started something. I'm finishing it. Your idea of humor differs radically from mine. In fact, you and I have rather completely dissimilar ideas on most subjects."

"We'll make an ideal couple," said Anne viciously. "We have so many differences of opinion in common."

Long lines of palm trees blurred by. The wind ruffled their great green leaves with a thin sound like light laughter.

"I could scream for help," muttered Anne. Anthony smiled in polite surprise.

"I'm surprised to hear you say that," he observed mildly. "I thought screaming for help went out with antimacassars. The modern woman seems so adequate and able."

Anne bit her lip. They had reached the ocean. The tiny white caps waved them on their way, like a delicately derisive flutter of many frilly handkerchiefs.

"YOU can lead a bride to the altar," snapped Anne suddenly, "but you can't make her love you."

"Really," returned Anthony, "I'm not interested in trying."

His black and blue eyes, dwelling upon Anne for some moments, were oddly unreadable.

"After we're married," he observed finally, "what's on your mind? The Montmartre or the club or your home, sweet home? What would be your pleasure? Where shall I let you out?"

"I'm going to Catalina on my honeymoon," said Anne furiously. "And I'm going alone."

"If you are going at all," agreed Anthony, "you are certainly going alone. I simply couldn't be bothered."

Anne's black eyes blazed. Never had a man so angered—or so interested—her.

"One of these days," she threatened ominously, "you'll be sorry for this."

"Naturally," nodded Anthony. "I'm sorry now. It just about spoils my morning."

"And after we're married," Anne pursued icily, "if we are married, you'll never see me again."

"Can I depend on that?" inquired Anthony cheerfully.

And so they were married by a magistrate. Without ring or book. In Mexico—at dawn. In this fashion Anthony Carter from Boston married Anne Appleby of Hollywood. Anne went on her honeymoon. Anthony went home. That was on Thursday.

Friday. Saturday. Sunday. Monday.

Tuesday. Carmen walked into Anthony's library with a rose in her teeth. Anthony was playing double dummy. It was his favorite.

"Greetin'!" shouted Carmen thickly through the rose. "Thee you're home from your honeymoon."

"I didn't go," said Anthony calmly, cutting the cards.

"You cute thing," squealed Carmen. "How cute of you."

She drew up a tall carved chair and seated herself close to Anthony.

"There are other fith in the thea, Hector," she suggested.

"I," said Anthony, dealing, "have never cared for fishing."

Carmen removed the rose and tickled him with it.

"Marriage hasn't changed Anne," she announced. "It wouldn't. She's posing for Docet. They're always together. They make such a cute couple."

Anthony raised his eyebrows and took up his cards.

"You have such cute eyebrows, Hec," confessed Carmen. "They go up and down like elevators."

Pensively she laid her head on Anthony's

shoulder and continued to give information. "The statue'll be presented at a charity garden fete. Charity covers a multitude of sins."

Her laughter, Anthony thought abruptly, was like a tin can tied to a thin dog's tail. "Docet calls it 'The Unveiling of Anne.' He would."

Anthony arranged his cards to his advantage and his shoulder to Carmen's disadvantage. She leaped up and stuck the rose in his buttonhole.

"The husband's always the last to hear," she cried happily. "A word from the wise is sufficient."

"Sometimes," said Anthony, rising coldly, "it is more than sufficient. Must you go?"

"Heh, heh, Hec," screamed Carmen, in great good humor. "Hate to tear myself off but I certainly must. If you need advice call on me. Any friend of Anne's is a friend of mine. She wrecks 'em, boys. I pick 'em up. By by, Hector. Call Hempstead 8000."

She was out of the house and leaping down the avenue, like a Jack-in-the-Box, Anthony thought, without the saving grace of the box.

He sighed and resumed his game. It was slow. Rather a waiting game. Anne and Docet. Docet and Anne. Whose move was it? Not Anthony's. No. His shadowy opponent attempted to finesse a queen. Anthony studied his hand. He held the king. The king took the trick.

Anne walked into Anthony's library. Behind her walked Marie, the maid, bearing boxes, and Adams, the chauffeur, bearing bags, and Beaton, the butler, bearing a smallish steamer trunk.

"Well, here I am," remarked Anne cheerfully.

"Just put them there. There. There. And there," she said to Marie and Adams and Beaton, pointing to two davenports and six chairs and the library table.

"And," she added, looking magnanimous, "I believe you might all take a vacation. We shan't need them, shall we, dear?"

She gazed appealingly at Anthony. "I shan't," said Anthony thoughtfully.

Marie and Adams and Beaton withdrew.

Anne sat in the tall carved chair by the card table and put her feet on the scarlet stool. At this point Anthony found it impossible not to stare at her. She looked subtly different. Her dress was thicker and her make-up was thinner. She looked very young and appealing. She looked somehow like an old-fashioned girl.

SHE raised her eyes shyly. Anne, shy! It gave one to think.

"Tony," she said, twisting the tassel on the scarlet cushion, "I have a favor to ask you."

"Yes?" said Anthony cautiously.

She looked very sweet and childish and simple, there in the great chair, asking favors. But after all she was Anne. Anne was always Anne.

"My mother is coming to see me," she murmured.

"Ah?" returned Anthony wearily. "Nice."

"Isn't it!" exclaimed Anne, smiling at him. "It's sweet of you to be pleased."

"Just what have I to do with it?" inquired Anthony gravely.

"Just everything," explained Anne.

She twisted the tassel again.

"You see, of course, I had to write my mother I was married. And now she's coming in from Kansas to meet my husband."

Her eyes were on the tassel.

"I can't tell her the truth."

"What," mused Anthony, "is the truth?"

"That I made you so mad you married me out of spite," said Anne quaintly.

She looked at Anthony gravely as she went on.

"She's too old to know the truth. I want

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to preserve her illusions about everything, you see."

"How," inquired Anthony, "had you thought of going about this preservation?"

Anne looked down. She braided the tassel into a long red tail. There was the slightest possible choke in her voice.

"I thought if you are willing we might—just for a week or so—if you didn't mind too terribly, and it isn't too much trouble—" her voice quivered, "pretend we are happily married."

She raised her arms in a small gesture of appeal. Her wide sleeves swept the card table. The cards fell in confusion.

"Oh, all right," agreed Anthony, gruffly. "Thank you, Tony," said Anne with tremendous sweetness. "Thank you, millions. Her train," she added thoughtfully, "comes in half an hour."

So it came about that Mother Mary, as Anne called her, met by a happily mar-

ried couple in a long green roadster. She proved to be all that Anne had said and Anthony hadn't expected. Sweet. Frail. White haired. Blue eyed. Fragrance of lavender. Old lace at throat and wrist. A little old page from a little old picture book.

"Mother Mary."

"Daughter Anne."

"My husband."

"Mother."

You could have set it to sacred music, Anthony reflected. It was all so sweetly solemn.

They spent the evening in an unbelievably beautiful serenity at Anthony's home, their home. Mother Mary patted his hand. She was pleased with him and said so. Anthony was pleased with Mother Mary. He said so. Anne was pleased with everything and everybody but she was getting sleepy. She said so. She had to be up early to cook her husband's breakfast.

"YOU should let me do that, dear," remonstrated Anthony gently.

But Anne wouldn't hear of it. Mother Mary wouldn't hear of it. It was a wife's place. They ascended the stairs in a gay group. Very gently Anthony kissed his mother-in-law.

"Would you forget your wife?" murmured Anne wistfully.

She looked up at him from her long black eyes, full of sweetness and light, mystery and mockery. "An angelic-Anne look," Anthony characterized it, "full of the devil."

"As if he forget," smiled Mother Mary.

He took Anne in his arms. Slowly he kissed her, and with greatest thoroughness.

"Anthony, my angel," whispered Anne when she could get her breath, "what a technique! The American stage lost a great emotional actor in you."

"Night, all," said Anthony abruptly.

One week passed. Two. Three. Golden glamorous weeks, with every evening the end of a perfect day. Anthony found Anne most amazing. She darned her husband's socks. She laughed at his stories. She broiled his beefsteaks. She marveled at his golf score. She was too good to be true. She wasn't. Secretly she continued to pose for Docet's 'New Woman,' he discovered. On Wednesday the shrouded statue was to be placed in her garden. On Friday it was to be unveiled at a charity fete. Anthony couldn't help hearing this story. It had an enviable circulation, by courtesy of Carmen.

So Anne was leading a double life. He

grew a little dizzy and fearful watching her at it. It was like a many-ringed circus. The versatility of the girl! Her amazing ableness and adequacy! Anthony wondered, waited, watched.

Wednesday. A gray day. Thin rain sifting down on the Santa Fe Station.

"A dull day," said Anthony, flinging this brilliant bit of repartee across the silence that had suddenly engulfed the three of them. He never knew what to say at stations when people were leaving. Either there was nothing to say, or there was too much.

"A dull, dull day," repeated Anthony desperately.

"Dull days," replied Mother Mary in her thin little voice that was like a snatch of sweet old-fashioned song, "are lessons in appreciation."

She took Anne's hand and Anthony's and laid them lightly together.

"I've had such a beautiful time, dears, watching two people share such a beautiful love," she said.

Anne couldn't look at Anthony. Anthony couldn't look at Anne. But Mother Mary looked at them both. Her dim little smile was wise and tender and younger than youth.

Anne and Anthony drove from the station in silence. It was not golden, as silence is said to be. It was gray like the day and dark clouds of doubt scudded

across it. The gray day grew grayer. "It looks," remarked Anthony with an effort, "as if we were going to have some unusually unusual weather."

He peered down at Anne, trying to read her expression. He wanted to say with enormous casualness, "Where shall I let you out?" He couldn't.

Rain fell heavily, a swift drenching torrent.

"Home, James," said Anne matter-of-factly. "Hurry. The windows are all up."

Wet, shining streets like black mirrors! Bobbing, bright umbrellas! Skidding! Swearing! Silence! Home!

"I'll do the upper ones and you do the lower," Anne told Anthony, and ran up the stairs.

Anthony did. Then he waited an inconceivably long time for Anne to return and stared unseeing out at the storm.

Finally he went to the stairs and shouted, "Anne!"

She must have gone home. She must have gone down the back stairs and out through the garden. Then she came slipping in like a small shadow.

"YOUR hair's all wet," cried Anthony accusingly. "Where have you been? You shouldn't have gone."

Abruptly he began to shake her.

"I thought you'd gone home," he whispered thickly.

Anne looked up at him.

"I am home," she said.

It was just a step for him to take, after shaking her. He took the step and Anne was in his arms.

"Anthony," said Anne softly, with her head against his heart, "why did you marry me?"

"Because I love you," answered Anthony, very simply.

For a moment that was as long as eternity and as short as a heart-beat, Anne lay in his arms. Then she began to laugh. She shook

A Pleasant Mood

Anervous breakdown can lead to many unpleasant things. But in "Moods," by Caroline Darling, it leads straight away to romance and a happy ending. You'll like this story—which leads the list of fiction in April SMART SET

with laughter. She ran to the davenport, buried herself in a great heap of bright pillows, and lay there shaking.

Anthony felt infinitely old and sad. So it was only a game and he had lost. Bits of memories came back to him, pieced in a pattern. Anne saying, "You'll regret this some day." She wanted revenge. She had it.

He stared desolately from the window. The rain ran down the pane, like the tears of countless sorrows. He stared into Anne's garden. Abruptly he turned to her.

"When you have sufficiently recovered from the humor of the situation," he said bitterly, "perhaps you'd be interested in seeing what the wind has done to your statue."

Still shaking, Anne crossed to his side. The statue lay at the foot of the marble cliff, a white broken heap. Gazing at it Anne seemed strangely undisturbed.

"It wasn't the storm," she said in a muffled voice. "I can not tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet."

"But why? Why?" cried Anthony.

"Because I love you," said Anne, as if this answered everything.

"What!" shouted Anthony, his New England reserve stretching somewhat under the strain. "Then what are you laughing at?"

"Oh, Anthony," sighed Anne, snuggling into his arms. "You ask me such hard things. I'm laughing because I want to cry. I'm laughing at life. I'm laughing at me. A terrible thing has happened to me. I've fallen in love with my husband."

Anthony kissed her adoringly.

"You made me what I am today," she told him solemnly. "Since you took me in hand I'm a new woman. I mean, I'm an old woman. I mean, instead of being the old new woman I thought I was, I'm now a new old woman."

"STOP telling tongue twisters, dear," said Anthony tenderly. "You're my woman. That's all that matters."

The sun came out, like a bright benediction. They walked in the gardens. They walked among the petunias. They walked among Anne's shattered statue.

"There lies my past, dear," remarked Anne, squeezing her husband's arm. "I'll make you a present of it."

"It was only a pose," declared Anthony solemnly. "But you see, I wasn't sure that I knew you. And you didn't know yourself or me. And if your mother hadn't happened to come, probably we would not have known each other."

"Yes," observed Anne thoughtfully.

"I have a sort of confession to make," she said meekly. "My mother didn't happen to come. I urged her. Make him love you, and leave him. That was my motto."

"Why, dear, bring that up?" asked Anthony.

In silence Anne plucked seventeen petunias. She plaited them into a wreath.

"Why, dear," she said, "there's a little something more. My mother wasn't my mother. My mother's abroad and the newest woman of them all. This was a movie mother. I got her out of a casting office."

Anthony took the wreath and placed it on the shattered statue.

"My dear," he said serenely, "let the past rest in peace. Did you think I didn't know?"

FOR some moments Anne regarded him. "You have deceived me," she said severely. "I have married Sherlock Holmes."

She put her head on Anthony's shoulder.

"Have I really married you?" she whispered. "Somehow I just don't feel as lawfully wedded as I'd like. Mexican marriages are so sort of vague and impermanent."

And so they were married by a minister. With a ring and a book. At high noon in a little church around the corner.



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Paris Looks Towards Spring

[Continued from page 71]

promoted to an excellent position, so good in fact that she had packed her bag and come to Paris to buy clothes to live up to it. She realized that her clothes would make a tremendous difference in her success. She was sure that she could do the work, but she wasn't sure that she could look the part. And when I saw her, I knew why she was afraid.

I asked her, first of all, to let me see all the clothes that she had brought with her. And what a shock they were! She was petite, dainty and demure. Her dressy clothes, the things she had selected for parties and to have good times in, were quite all right. She knew what made her happy, but her business clothes were terrible. Because we wanted to analyze what was wrong and not just buy some good looking things, which she might feel she could not equal at home because these "came from Paris," I asked her why she had selected the tailored suit she was wearing.

SHE said because she had thought it would be so serviceable. As if that were ever the only reason for buying anything! The material was an excellent quality and entirely inconspicuous, but it was too somber and stuffy. She was decidedly pale and this suit somehow succeeded in making her look washed out.

Then the skirt hung a full three inches too long. First of all she hadn't been careful about having it well fitted around the waist and hips. She said she always wore jumpers over it, and her weight was so inclined to vary. The result was that it was bulky. Of course I don't think any one has a right to let her weight vary even if alterations are not so difficult to make. Certainly they are not to be considered when one faces the necessity of being trim and neat, not to mention smart.

FINALLY she had let the tailor cut the skirt the length he told her was going to be stylish, eleven inches from the floor. As if a skirt could ever be planned on a uniform length from the floor, without relation to the individual figure, height, and what not! If the skirt was bad the coat was a million times worse. It was a straight box coat, double-breasted and cut to the bottom of the skirt "so that it might be worn over any dress."

The cloth was not only durable but stiff, so it made her look like a little box. The shoulders were a full inch too long and added to the squareness. The double-breasted effect again emphasized her worst point, her broad hips, and the straight coat lost all the advantage of the heightening effect that just a little flare would have given.

I suggested that before we bought any new things, we take the suit to be altered as an object lesson in what to avoid. The little tailor made the obvious alterations to fit the suit properly, and then cut the coat to a three-quarter length, slightly fitted at the waist. We bought a bright blouse, a hat and a boutonniere to match it. When she looked at herself in the remade outfit,

she said, "I can't believe it is the same suit, or that it is I wearing it." Neither could I, she was so transformed. Then she felt she didn't need anything else for office wear, but I intervened. She had agreed to take my advice and I insisted that she should.

I tried to explain to her why she needed another suit. First of all she had worn this enough to make it seem an old shoe. More-over two suits interchanged will wear three times as long as one worn continually, so you save the price of one, besides not presenting the same monotonous appearance day after day.

We selected the second suit. Because she was pale, we decided the suit must have some life in it without being eccentric in coloring. The old one was a steel gray so we settled on a brown with just a hint of henna in it. The jacket was short, but just that inch below her hips that concealed their width, and was swaggy and smart. The collar could be worn open, but also closed with a scarf that tossed over her shoulder. It was not only smart but warm, and that was essential since she was one of the girls too short to wear a fox. The dress looked longer than it was, for the pleats were cunningly longer at their outside edge. I had insisted on a dress because she couldn't afford to be cut in two by a blouse and there was no use in drawing attention to the line which she most needed to hide. With beige shoes and stockings, gloves, hat and purse, it was a charming outfit.

I won't bother you with the details of the coat and two extra dresses except to say that one of the latter was definitely planned so that she could not only wear it to the office, but could also feel well dressed in it for dinner and the theater afterwards.

A letter from her, on route back to the job, said the new wardrobe had already paid dividends. She had met some people who had crossed with her on the way over but who hadn't taken the trouble to make her acquaintance, and who proved to be valuable business acquaintances. There was also a man who had proved most congenial and with whom she was counting on spending many pleasant evenings at home. Believe it or not, she thinks that both opportunities were due to the difference in her clothes.

Wandering Men—

Nobody knows more about men, and why they leave home, than Texas Guinan. She has told their real reasons for leaving—and has given some suggestions for keeping them where their wives think they belong! Read "Why Men Leave Home," in the April SMART SET

AND now just a few more "Do's and Don'ts." First of all, do you carry your clothes well? For even the simplest clothes take a lot of wearing. Our mothers may have fussed a lot about bustles and corsets and flounces. We need to fuss just as much about carriage and figure. You often see a girl who buys all her clothes at the best places and somehow just misses looking smart. The answer generally is "carriage." You can't mince along in tailored clothes nor stride in a clinging satin frock and not ruin them. You must stand up straight first of all—yes, I realize you've heard that since you were a kid, but do you do it?—and manage your own body. Every girl in the world can walk and stand well if

she'll give a little thought to it, and believe me, this counts.

And when you put on your clothes be sure you put them on over smooth undies. Tie your scarf snugly about your neck, or weight it with one of the new smart clasps. Avoid all dangly things. They may seem romantic in the films, but they are sloppy in real life and can ruin the smartness of the best cut frock in the world.

Put your hat on your head at the proper angle. The center of the felt has been arranged to go on the crown of the head. If you wear it too far on one side you will lose all its smartness. Angles are out.

AND be sure your accessories are right in color and proportion. You may think I sound like a carping old woman, but I see so many American girls, who have spent oodles of money on their clothes and are still dowdy in comparison with some little French girl who takes the trouble to bother about details. And now for those details!

Shoes to be smart must be either pumps or oxfords. I like the pump because it keeps the line from the ankle to the foot unbroken; it flatters a pretty ankle and does not draw attention, by a wide contrasting strap, to an ugly one. But don't think a pump is just a pump. There are all sorts. They may be high at the sides and curved down at the back, or cut very low in front and curved up at the back. They are made high over the instep or with unimportant looking seams, which by their cross lines, make your foot look inches shorter. Combinations of leather are good though I prefer them in a single color. I saw a good looking pair the other day, black suede with inlays of black patent at toe, heels and side. This contrast of high and low lights made the feet look small, and the patent leather was applied just where the suede would have scuffed.

Shoes naturally lead us to stockings. First of all, do be careful to see that the seams are in the exact center of the back of your legs, and that your garters are tight enough to keep them there. Colors in stockings are more subdued and actually darker this season. They must echo, but softly, the tone of your dress. Not only is this smarter but it is much better for the average legs not to emphasize them by too violent stockings. Paris has used gunmetal for months for evening with black dresses, and it does make legs much more attractive. One is seeing more of them on the boulevards for day wear with black shoes and dresses.

One more word about stockings. These drooping hem lines of ours are fascinating but most trying on the legs. They are another reason for selecting subdued stocking tones that reflect the shade of the frock. The angle of the long back draws attention to your calves. Moreover that long back makes a frame against which your legs stand out most conspicuously.

Gloves should follow stockings in color and should, like your shoes, tend toward straight unbroken lines. Don't buy the fussy little turn-back cuffs, which are decidedly passé, but select either the simple button model or the very smart slip-on. White with a black or navy blue outfit is the last word in smartness, but that means at least one pair a day, for they must be immaculate. Otherwise stick to the reliable chamois, beige or gray tones. A new word is black gloves with the lighter ensemble and for once smartness is economical.

WHAT a lot of don'ts! Forgive me this month, but March is just the time to blow away all the foggy notions and dry-as-dust traditions that spoil your loveliness and prettiness. And I promise to tell you about a fascinating lot of new things that will make you feel like the first spring daffodils next month. And there will be all the fun of planning the spring wardrobe.

Lose unsightly FAT

this easy

*Pleasant
way*



PEOPLE used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. So some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

THEN medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

FAT people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

THEN experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

THEN thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

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THEN a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called Marmola prescription.

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How to Be the Life of the Party

(Continued from page 31)

make her own whoopee will do the next best thing and invite you to be among those present.

So since talk is apt to go blah and bridge breaks the crowd up into dumb little cliques, naturally you may want to know what to do.

Answer: Play games.

This is the point where the amateur wise guy will give loud outcry and make caterwaul.

"Games!" he shouts. "For the love of Mike, if I want to kiss a girl, I don't have to run around in circles waving a handkerchief, or play Post Office and Spin the Plate."

He thinks he has crabbed everything and looks hugely pleased with himself. You as hostess smile sweetly.

"HOW quaintly old-fashioned you are, after all, Timothy," you say. This annoys Timothy for in his own opinion he is the latest word in jazz wantonness. "No one plays games for kissing like grandma used to play," you continue. "Kisses can no longer be as public as that with our modern sport models. The games I mean are invented to show how clever you are and how much good clean fun we can have before morning. And besides," you add, knowingly, "everybody these days who knows an almanac from a lipstick plays games and likes them."

"Who, for instance?" he sneers.

"Well, Ring Lardner, Rube Goldberg, Milt Gross, John Held, Jr., Noah Beery, Marion Davies, Esther Ralston, Florence Vidor, and a whole stack of famous writers, artists, actors, critics, and believe it or not, business men like Otto Kahn and Flo Ziegfeld."

The wise guy sits back with "I'm from Missouri" written all over his face and manages to say, "Is zat so?"

This boy should be invited to a nice private affair at the morgue where he can be at home with all the other dead parties.

For a guest has no right to expect his hostess to be the whole vaudeville show in herself. When she tries to start something, it is up to everybody present to be agreeable and give the idea a chance to bloom and bear fruit.

Right at this point, it is time to sound the alarm. Have a care what you select to entertain a crowd. We all have met the well-meaning friend who rushes forth with an idea that would be just dandy—for some other crowd, some other time. It is worse than no idea at all because it embarrasses all and, taking them by surprise, gives them no alternative but to martyr themselves, or strangle the poor tactless zany.

A hostess must be doubly careful, for she is in a position to force her will on the others, willy-nilly. Whatever that means; who were Willy and Nilly anyway? By merely introducing the harmless game of "Verse and Vice Versa" among a group of people all set for a bit of reminiscent and very close harmony, she may throw them into a fit of inhibition that will take them weeks to throw off.

The attitude some folks have toward games and a little informal amusement is rather amazing. They think of it all as something ruthless, to be started with Fred and carried right around the circle back to Fred again, each person having his turn at being IT.

That is about the wettest idea since the flood. A game should be played only until there is a hint of some one getting tired of it, and then, as though the thing had turned

into a red-hot scorpion, it should be dropped.

Whether or not another game is tried depends entirely upon circumstances at the moment.

There are some games which take an hour or two to play and these are great things for small parties of six to eight people. But not for large groups. Some games will do for any number of people and are worth their weight in gold, for saving the life of the party.

Every hostess who wants to have a reputation for throwing good parties will have several games of each species—long and short, stunts and maneuvers, indoor and outdoor, with paper and pencil, musical games, literary games, and just a few plain unadulterated, idiotic burly-burles.

It's an axiom that the simplest games are the most sure fire. Sometimes the more goofy they sound the better they go in practice. I have been on parties where things got to such a pitch that any lunacy whatever would set people milling about in a delirium of delight, wafting feathers from a feather duster with a bit of folded newspaper in a frantic feather race down the middle of the living room. Sounds plum crazy? Well, it is, but what of it?—it's grand fun.

It depends pretty much on the pitch of excitement whether something like that gets over or not. Nobody in their serious moments would try it perhaps, but that is part of its glory. On the other hand, when people are in the mood for sitting around solemnlike and studious, that is the time to hand out paper and pencil and get them busy over some type of anagram game, and there are scores of good ones.

The hostess need not get upset nor discouraged if some one seems a bit superior about entertainment like our friend Timothy. If a game is suggested and all the crowd seems interested except one bird with raised eyebrows and perfect behavior, just get him to go off into a corner and pay no attention to him. I've seen this type come whimpering around in no time begging to be let in on the fun. You can relent or not, as you please. He's no longer important. You can stuff him down the coal chute without a qualm, for he'll never be missed.

I REMEMBER once, after dinner, when several of us were sitting about airing our views on the weather, prohibition and all the usual topics, that we suddenly ran short of ideas. One of those ghastly nine o'clock lulls was threatening. There was a glance or two in my direction and I bravely assumed the responsibility.

"Let's play 'In Your Hat,'" I suggested.

"What's that?" a baldish chap by the name of John queried, lifting his eyebrows.

"It's a game John Held plays," I said. "It's very simple. We just place a hat five paces away from where we sit and deal a deck of cards into it one by one."

"Sounds terrible," he muttered, picked up the evening paper and walled himself up behind it completely.

His wife, for he was married, gave him a few dynamic looks and made a pointed suggestion that he either join the party or go home. I tried to bridge over the unpleasantness with a loud and compelling voice.

"There is a neat trick to this stunt after you get on to it," I said, putting a felt hat brim upward on the floor about five paces away from the foot of a pleasant fellow named Ronald who was seated comfortably on the divan. I took a deep breath. "Every

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one keep still so there will be no drafts," I advised.

John promptly turned his newspaper inside out and fluttered it about until subdued by his wife.

I handed a deck of cards face down to Ronald and told him to try dealing them one at a time into the hat. Those landing on the brim would not count unless they later fell into the crown. He was a tall man and almost seemed to reach the hat as he leaned forward in his seat. Smilingly at first, he tried almost every motion of the hand and arm he could think of except the right one. His first score was not bad for a beginner; out of fifty-two cards he got three into the hat.

HE WAS furious. We picked the cards up and he went back to his seat muttering, "Ridiculous, perfectly absurd," and was for trying it all over again, but one of the girls announced it was her turn. A tournament resulted.

You can score this game either by the number of cards thrown into the hat, or if the players are not evenly matched in skill, by counting the value of the cards, one to thirteen in each suit, the reds being counted plus and the blacks minus.

Sulky John never fell for this game, but on another occasion I converted him in five minutes after a dinner party with a game called Lottery. He never got over it, and now he wouldn't think of throwing a party himself without a go at either Lottery, or Averages, or both. Maybe the editors of SMART SET will let me tell you more about these another time.

Many games require a point of approach that is almost infantile and it is safe to say that any party ambitious to be a real wow should be ready to go back to childhood at the slightest provocation. The trouble with John was that he couldn't. When he found a game that met him halfway he was all right. But people who can unbend all the way have the most fun.

There is always the terrible problem of the self-conscious person, apt to turn up any time almost anywhere. Any party is apt to have one. No one wants to be a dumb cluck cringing against a wall, a wallflower that can't climb. The self-conscious girl isn't really wanted around, but the hostess can't put the poor puss in a corner and forget her. She may really be a darn good egg, or your best friend, but she is a problem.

The solution of her trouble lies inside herself. You can't help her if she will not help herself. But a good hint may begin to effect a cure. Self-conscious people are on the wrong track because they think they are the center of all eyes, that the first move they make will attract more attention than Lindbergh at a garden party.

The honest truth of the matter is that no one is that much interested in any one among us ordinary mortals. People are interested mostly in themselves and are too busy with what is happening to them, or what they are doing and thinking, to care much about what shy Sheila is up to. The first time she enters whole-heartedly into the fun may attract a flurry of attention, but only for a moment.

Be childish if you want to, be foolish if you must, but don't miss the fun when you can get it; there's little enough of it in life as it is. Self-consciousness has no business raising its ugly head where every one else is willing to let themselves go as goo-goo as though they were equipped with rompers and a lolly-pop.

Now and then the best game in the world sounds a bit heavy when put down on paper. That may be because it is not well described, and no game is well described which does not account for every emergency that may occur. It must be clear as to what to do in any unusual circumstance that may easily crop up. It will crab your act if you are not ready to handle every aspect of a game that can develop during play.

A game that may be personally demonstrated in a couple of minutes sometimes takes twice as long to read, and as in the case of the drama it is not always possible to tell from reading whether it will act well or not. It is necessary to give it a try to be sure. I have tried a great number of them, and the best of them I can pass on to you. Some of the most hilarious pastimes sound goofy in reading, and some of the best games for holding a crowd intent and entertained for most of the evening, are games which, in complete descriptions, sound almost dull. But an incomplete description is worse than none.

One of those handy games for general use is Adverbs. In fact, it is one of the best games I know. It is good for any number of people and any sort of crowd. The players are apt to get keenest enjoyment out of being IT. It ought to last half an hour before anybody shows signs of having had enough.

One of the players selects for herself an adverb, only one adverb, but tells no one what it is. An adverb, as you remember from your school days, is a word which modifies the action of a verb. For example, "boisterously," "cooly," or "placidly" are all good adverbs. Every one in the crowd takes a turn at asking the IT to do something "in the manner of the adverb." The IT does so, acting it out to the best of her ability. The first player to guess correctly the adverb she is trying to indicate, is allowed next turn at being IT and chooses his own adverb.

Sometimes one of the crowd may ask the IT to do something "in the manner of an adverb" which will not mean anything at all so far as giving away the secret adverb is concerned. For if the adverb is "conceitedly," it is practically impossible, for instance, to turn off the light conceitedly, even when a player demands that act in the manner of the adverb. It is then up to the next player—or when the lights have been turned up and order has been restored—to try a new line of attack altogether. An order such as, "Speak to me in the manner of the adverb" will result in an act so obvious as almost to give it away.

AT FIRST the adverbs are apt to be easy, but when the crowd gets cagey, the adverbs get pretty tricky. The adverb "correctly" is hard to guess, and "variously" is another hard one. The more emotional words, however, have the most fun in them.

More Dam Fun!

You've just finished reading Edward Longstreth's amusing article on putting the breath of life into a party. So you'll be especially glad to know that—starting in the April SMART SET—Mr. Longstreth will begin a unique monthly department on games. Not only will these articles be hilarious—they'll be practical. Mr. Longstreth's games can be played anywhere—and by anybody!

Tuxedo

[Continued from page 79]

ter go with you when you buy it. I'll come right home."

The Chases had been living in their little house in the country three days when a blizzard announced the definite arrival of winter. It snowed all day. That evening, Gary, wrapped in a sweater, woolly bathrobe and overcoat was huddled in a big armchair and Virginia, in a fur coat, was roaming around the room. A fire of magazines smouldered futilely on the hearth. Gary had forgotten to order wood for it.

"Are you bored, dear?" he asked as she put a record on the phonograph.

"Oh, no, darling. Are you?"

"Not at all. Just cold."

"The trees look awfully pretty outside, loaded with snow."

"I PREFER trees, if at all, loaded with warm dew. In fact the only tree I have much use for is a palm tree in the sun. I wish I could get that furnace fixed."

"So do I. What's the matter with it?"

"I don't know. Last time I tackled it, all its insides collapsed. I guess we'll have to have a furnace man, Gin. And," he added uncertainly, "don't you think a cook would be a nice addition to the household? Rural simplicity is very nice but we should eat."

Virginia's experiments with baked potatoes and scrambled eggs had not been successful. Even beans out of a can didn't taste just right. A cook-book hadn't been a bit of a help. Gary had been good natured about it, and they had laughed like newlyweds the first couple of days. But now he was getting hungry.

"Yes. I expect we'll have to have one. Astonishing, isn't it, the way the Kents get along without servants? I think Addie's mean not to come out here with us."

"I don't blame her," Gary said. "I'd like to have her nice warm job as caretaker of the apartment."

"We should try to get rid of that apartment, Gary. It's a needless expense."

"I can stand it. And it'll be convenient if we should have to go in town to a party. Or—" he added hastily as she turned and looked at him, "business, I mean."

Virginia stared out at the frosted landscape. Her finger nails clicked on the cold pane. Gary would be content, she told herself hopefully, when they were settled and things were running smoothly. At first he had taken the change as a joke, but he was beginning to see that she did not take it lightly—that it meant more than a whim to her. Virginia wished he would make an active effort to adjust himself.

"Let's play Russian bank," she suggested. "Can't. Fingers too stiff. I couldn't shuffle a card."

"Let's do something for amusement. Let's dance."

"Not bored are you, dear?" he asked as he rose.

"Oh, no, darling. Just cold."

It wasn't much of a success, dancing with so many coats on.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Ten minutes of eight."

"Heavens, won't it ever be time to go to bed?"

Virginia impatiently turned back to the window and resumed her inspection of the landscape. She was just as uncomfortable as Gary, she thought resentfully, but she didn't complain about it. She was trying to make the best of things. She was sure they would work out all right eventually—if only Gary would be of some help.

"I smell smoke," she said.

"Yeh, that fireplace won't draw properly."

Virginia tapped on the window-pane and watched a light trail along the road below the house. They certainly were isolated, she realized. Evidently Gary was realizing it, too. For—

"Gin," he said suddenly, "let's go out where it's warm."

"It's zero outdoors."

"It's ten below, in here. There might be a road-house somewhere." She did not answer.

Gary shivered a while, then suggested—"Come, sit on my lap and let's keep each other warm." They shivered together silently.

"Gary, I do smell smoke."

"It's that beastly little fireplace," he insisted.

"No. I smell more smoke than that." Virginia got off his lap, and went into the hall. "Gary," she called back, "the house seems to be on fire."

"Fine!" Gary was mirthful. "We'll get warm."

"We're on fire I tell you," Virginia was serious. "Come here."

He joined her in the hall and inspected the smoke which curled up through the floor along the sides of the wall.

"It looks like a fire, doesn't it?" he remarked.

"It is a fire. What on earth did you do to that furnace?"

"I just tried to make a fire. I—"

"You certainly succeeded. I'm suffocating."

"So'm I. What shall we do?"

"It might be wise to call the fire department. I believe that's generally done when there's a fire. There must be one near here. The house is burning down! Quick! I'll go rescue my jewelry."

Virginia threw all her best gowns and wraps and an armful of Gary's suits out the window into a snowdrift, then clutching her jewel case went out and huddled in the midst of them and waited for the fire department to arrive. Even a dumb-bell like Tom Kent could take care of a furnace, she thought bitterly.

Gary smoked a cigarette and promenaded the front porch.

"Why don't you come up here out of the snow, Gin?" he called. She did not answer.

THE firemen arrived. They put ladders up to the windows, dragged a hose into the front hall, and broke in the cellar door and three windows, ignoring Gary's polite suggestions that they all enter by the front door as long as it was open. After a great deal of smashing and exploring it turned out that the house was not on fire. Gary had disconnected the flue somehow and the smoke from the fire couldn't go up the chimney where it belonged. They showed him how to manage the furnace. He was grateful and regretted he didn't have a drink to offer them. But he distributed some bananas which he found in the ice-box and bid the firemen a hearty good night. He felt the evening had been a great success.

"Oh, Gin!" he shouted. "Come on in. It's getting warm."

"Ugh!" she said when she came. "It's full of smoke," and commenced opening windows.

Virginia couldn't forgive Gary for that "fire." Even after the house had been re-decorated an impalpable coolness existed between them. Gary had no talent for rural domesticity, and his other talents had no

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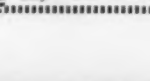
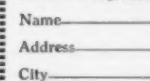
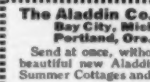
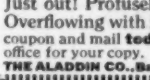
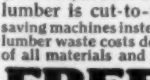
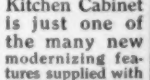
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opportunity to display themselves properly. Having him around the house during the day with nothing to do got on her nerves as well as on his. He found it was too much trouble to commute so he didn't go to business. But when she sent him on errands or out to play in the snow the house was desolate.

They read all the new books as fast as they could get them—and all the civilized magazines—and some not so civilized. But one couldn't read forever. It was hard on the eyes. Virginia hated sewing. In fact both of them disliked sitting, except at the theater or at a bridge table. They felt like two semi-invalids in enforced confinement.

Virginia sent for skis and a toboggan and they found some nice hills in the neighborhood. But neither of them liked cold weather and when Gary caught a cold and Virginia sprained her ankle they gave up winter sports.

"The country isn't all it's cracked up to be," Gary ventured after two weeks which had seemed like two years.

"Not in winter," Virginia agreed. "We should have gone south, I suppose, but it will be nice in the spring. We can have a garden and horses to ride." She refused to give up her dream.

"Uh-huh," Gary yawned and went to sleep. He dozed in a big chair by the fire every night until bedtime. The country made him sleepy. He became more lethargic daily and had begun to put on weight. Virginia didn't think it was becoming. She played solitaire and had nervous headaches and tried not to show Gary how restless she was.

"I wish the snow would melt so we could do something," she said.

"Do what?" he sighed. There was a banquet that night at his fraternity club. The thought of it made him restless.

"I don't know."

"What do the Kents do in winter?" he asked.

"Same thing we do, I guess."

"Well, they're used to doing nothing. They probably like doing nothing," he said. "It's so good for one—this tranquil life, away from all the turmoil of the city," he quoted her.

She said nothing.

"I think I'll buy some dogs," he went on. "Every one has dogs in the country. They're good company and they will help liven things up."

"Yes, do buy some dogs," she said.

"AS IF," she thought, "I wasn't any company at all. He isn't any better company than an airedale himself, slumped in that chair every night." To him she said, "Are you out of brilliantine?"

"I don't know. Haven't looked. Why?"

"Your hair's so messy all the time."

"Is it?" he ran his hand indifferently over it.

"And I wish you wouldn't unbutton your vest every night after dinner. It's so crude."

"It's too tight. Gosh, Gin, what difference does it make?" He reached for a magazine.

"You should take some pride in your appearance in your own home."

"I'll put on my tux tomorrow night."

"Don't be dull," she rose and started for the door. "After all there isn't much to you without it." She regretted the remark on her way upstairs.

"Oh, dear, what is the matter with us?" she groaned when she reached her room.

"It's my fault. I thought he was too frivolous and tried to change him, and now that I've succeeded in making him as dull as Tom Kent I don't like him. This is a saner life!" she insisted to herself. "We ought to like it. Maybe we will in time. But I mustn't pick on him the way I do."

She was dreadfully sorry. He came upstairs and she heard his footsteps pass her door. He never intruded on her privacy. Tonight she wanted to tell him that she loved him but pride stifled the impulse. Then she heard his footsteps returning to her door. Her eyes brightened happily.

"Come in!" she called in answer to his knock.

He stood in the doorway, his hair all rumpled, his tweed suit mussed. She hated that suit and his rumpled hair, but she adored him.

He was embarrassed for a moment. He had forgotten how lovely she looked in that blue chiffon negligée with her light hair rippling over her shoulders. He had seen her in nothing but sport clothes for so long it seemed, and fragile clinging things were more suitable to her soft feminine type of beauty. He couldn't recall his errand for a moment.

"I have to go to town tomorrow," he finally said, "to see my broker about some investments."

"Can't you do it over the phone?"

"No, I have to see him personally. Indorse a lot of stocks."

"ALL right. Get a hair cut," she said lightly to fill a pause and conceal a disappointment.

"I intend to. And some brilliantine," he said grimly, and left the room. She dropped her head on her arms and cried softly.

He was in a bright mood when he came home from New York the next day. "A trip to the city is good for his disposition," Virginia observed, and wondered what it would do to hers.

"I saw Jake today," he said at dinner.

"Did you? What did he have to say?"

"Thought we had murdered each other out here in the woods."

She laughed. "Did you tell him we had come pretty close to it?"

"No. I told him we were supremely happy and that we both thought this was the life. Was I right?"

"Sure. Did he believe you?"

"No. He wants to come out and see for himself. You know we ought to have him out for a week-end, Gin. Lulu too. He says she is hurt because we haven't asked them. All our friends think we are trying to ditch them."

"Oh, dear, that's terrible! I'll call Lulu tomorrow and ask them for this week-end. We should have the Sterlings sometime too. There are several people we'll just have to have."

"They'll probably be bored to death," Gary remarked as he reached for an olive.

"We can play bridge. Oh, we'll entertain them somehow. We can go to Post Lodge Saturday night and dance."

"They'll perish without anything to drink. You know Jake."

"You'll have to order some liquor," Virginia said. "We haven't any cocktail glasses. And I'll have to send for some more blankets." As she went on planning for her guests Gary noticed that her manner was livelier than it had been for some time.

He had his arm about her when they left the dining room. At the door of the living room they stopped and hesitated on the edge of its solitude. "Want to play Russian bank?" he asked. He hated the game and usually refused to play with her.

Her forehead crinkled in a frown.

"Or shall we dance?" he asked.

She groaned and picked up a magazine.

"I'm sick of dancing to a phonograph," she said. The mood had broken. They read and went to bed.

On a Saturday evening a couple of weeks later Virginia, in evening clothes, was on the floor in the hall mopping up a puddle of

whisky. Gary came out to her, a harried expression on his face.

"We're out of liquor, Gin," he said.

"Good," she replied, without looking up. "What'll we do? All these guests and—"

"Don't talk to me. The cook has just left. No dinner tonight. Too many guests to suit her. And you forgot to order coal. We're out and we'll have to freeze all day tomorrow." She departed to the kitchen with her mop.

Gary gazed at the door which had swung closed on her. Then he went into the living room and broke his sad news to the assembled guests. It had not taken long for their old crowd to discover that they could have as much fun—or more—at the Chase's home in the country as at the apartment in town. And when Gary and Virginia had refused to go where gaiety was, like Mahomet's mountain it had come to them.

"I know a bootlegger not far from here," Betty Parker said. "I think I can find him. He's on a little side road off the main one."

"GET your coat," Gary said. "I'll get the car out."

"My car's in front. We can go in that," Jake said. "Come on, Janet."

Virginia reappeared at that moment. "The rest of us will go to Post Lodge," she said. "You can meet us there for dinner."

Gary, as he climbed into the car, felt a sudden gust of guilt. Virginia's manner had struck him as frigid. "Why did I forget that coal?" he groaned.

The bootlegger ran a road-house. A few drinks at the bar, while they were waiting for him to fix up the order, and Gary forgot to worry. A few more drinks, and they were hungry.

"I can't wait to drive way over to Post Lodge," Betty said. "I've got to eat. Fried chicken, please."

It was nearly midnight when they returned to the house. It was dark except for a light in the hall.

"Guess everybody's in bed," Gary said. "Gee! We left them flat without a drop to drink! I don't blame em." A contrite foursome crept into the silent house.

"We'll wake them all up and make up for it," Jake said.

"We've got Good News," Betty began, and the four of them tramped singing up the stairs. Every bedroom was empty. Gary, in sudden panic, left them and went back alone to examine Virginia's room again. Her dressing case was missing.

He sat down on the edge of the bed, staring at her dressing-table. All its familiar bottles were gone. "I bet it's for good this time," he groaned, and his heart ached with a great emptiness. He heard the laughter of Jake and the two girls downstairs, the cracking of ice. A jazz record was put on the phonograph. He shuddered.

The ringing of the telephone beside the bed broke into his misery. He took off the receiver.

"Hello, Gary?"

"Oh, Gin! Where are you?"

"We waited at Post Lodge ages for you, dear, and when you didn't show up with supplies we drove into the city. We're at the Dizzy Club now. Dash on in."

"Oh, Gin—"

"Come on, darling, hurry up. You don't want to stay out there without a cook or coal or anything, do you?"

"Did you call me darling? Oh, Gin—"

"Of course. Who else? Bring some clothes and we'll stay at the apartment where we can have some peace and comfort. Hurry."

"The apartment? You mean we're going home?"

"Sure. Do you mind? The country's no place for parties, and it's too much trouble to commute."

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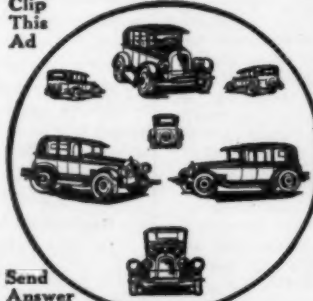
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What Every Woman Wants to Know

[Continued from page 51]

being coerced, that some one else is trying to make up his mind for him. All men hate that. Therefore, often, it is better for a girl to have slight opposition from his family, or to stay away from them altogether. And the girl who can control her tongue and harness her pride and play her cards wisely will find that she can turn the adverse fact of being "the wrong woman" into a weapon for her own use.

Only—the warning is worth repeating—she must be careful not to recriminate, or fight back. Her rôle is the persecuted maiden, misunderstood by everybody in the world but this one man. At least that is her rôle if she wants to get her man.

THAT, beyond question, was the way in which Peggy O'Neill married John Eaton, who was a "catch" for any girl in Washington and a man of great political ambition.

Shortly after their marriage Andrew Jackson was elected to the presidency by a great popular vote, and appointed Eaton Secretary of War.

Mrs. Eaton—little Peggy O'Neill—was in the cabinet. And the ladies of the cabinet were particularly important and powerful at that time because the President was a widower—Mrs. Jackson died just after his election, many said because she could not again face the slanderous tongues of Washington—and there was no First Lady.

It isn't difficult to imagine the uproar that followed. Not at first in the open. It began with a series of deadly rumors. Peggy O'Neill was the chief topic of conversation. Finally, an open accusation that she had been Eaton's mistress before she married him, in fact during her former husband's last fatal voyage—was made. Several well-known clergymen backed the charge and tremendous pressure was brought to bear, first, to prevent Eaton's appointment, and later to bring about his immediate resignation.

The most violent and picturesque social warfare which America has ever seen resulted. And its consequences were so important that there seems to be no doubt in the minds of most historians that it shifted the next presidency from John C. Calhoun to Martin Van Buren.

On the one side, then, lined up to do battle to the death and armed with all the prestige, wealth and experience possible to imagine, we have the ladies of Washington, including all the wives of the cabinet members, headed by Mrs. John C. Calhoun, wife of the Vice-President, and Mrs. Donelson, niece of President Jackson and the official First Lady of the White House.

These ladies of the administration were versed in social intrigue, possessed spotless reputations, came from families of high social standing and moreover occupied official positions. Around them rallied every strata of Washington society, backed by tradition and custom. It would appear that the petticoats had plenty of influence, for they swung their husbands into line and carried the war

against Peggy into the very government itself. A formidable array against one girl, it would appear.

On the other side we find Peggy herself, the lone feminine figure in her camp. Peggy, of the clustering brown curls, the merry laugh, the swift Irish wit. A pretty, witty Irishwoman—but she had to be more than that, as we shall see.

Who was to defend Peggy from the dragon?

Of course, there was her husband. But it was a difficult, almost an insupportable position for him and there was little he could do besides fight duels, which on several occasions he did. But he hated the whole business; he suffered tortures for Peggy's sake. Apparently he was not by nature a fighter and apparently he loved Peggy rather desperately and from the beginning would gladly have withdrawn into seclusion and some measure of peace and happiness rather than continue the strife where she must bear all the reviling and suffering.

Not Peggy O'Neill.

"Don't you see that that would be admitting everything?" she said. "Do you think I will allow your career to be ruined because of me? No, we will stay here and somehow we will win."

HOW did she win? By appealing so greatly to men of power that they came to her rescue.

First of all, we have President Andrew Jackson.

Andrew Jackson, a Southerner, was a fighter, and always a champion of the oppressed. He was old enough to be Peggy's father and he had, moreover, loved his wife with a tenderness and a devotion which have seldom been surpassed. Her death had saddened and broken him terribly. Therefore the intimation that he cared too much for

Peggy becomes upon investigation ridiculous as well as wicked.

Peggy O'Neill was a woman who had a method of winning champions who would be her knights for the sake of herself and her cause.

Let us see how she won President Jackson to open warfare for her sake.

President Jackson, coming upon her one morning, found her face bathed in tears, which she wiped away and tried instantly to hide from him. Her smile, so brave, so gay, so of the sun bursting

More Secrets!

In their eager pursuit of careers are women today forgetting how to be charming? Adela Rogers St. Johns asks you to pause a moment and study the charm secrets of the famous enchantresses of history. From them you may learn "What Every Woman Wants to Know." In April SMART SET there will be another article in this delightful series.

pitiful, had the effect from behind clouds.

And of course she denied that she had been crying. There was nothing of the weeper about Peggy. She understood to the finest point the value of tears, an art which is exceedingly rare. Her tears always seemed to be forced from her against her own terrific battle; they were always tears through which a brave and pitiful smile seemed to struggle. They came swiftly when she was hurt, but she seemed to make every endeavor to hide them, to cover them swiftly, to throw her chin up and take her knocks like a gallant soldier.

There is no one quality which is more universally admired by men than gallantry—by gallantry is meant courage displayed gaily in the face of great odds. It wins followers wherever it is seen in the world and it wins them for a woman as quickly as it does for a general. Very few women understand its value.

"A brave little woman," is still one of the highest compliments a man can pay.

There are thousands of girls today who could use this great charm who completely overlook it. And it must be admitted that it is a delicate weapon to use, since it may merge, in the hands of a woman who is not clever, into self-pity. But the girl in a department store or an office who is putting up a great fight to earn her living and get ahead, the girl who has unhappy home surroundings, the girl who through poverty or lack of position is denied the things that belong by right to girlhood, but who takes it all with a smile through which only occasionally can be seen a silver glimmer of tears—that girl can create as poignant and appealing a background so far as men are concerned as the social debutante with every asset at her command.

Men, as a whole, in crowds, are always for the under dog. Especially if the under dog is game about it. A game and gallant loser in the prize ring, for instance, will win more applause from a crowd of men than the winner.

Perhaps it isn't very pretty to refer to any girl as the under dog. But there are plenty of girls in the world today who seem through circumstances of birth and education to be in that position. If they are game and gallant about it, they will arouse the sympathy and applause of men far beyond the girl who has everything, and who is serenely sitting on top of the world.

THE daily newspapers give us continual instances of modern King Cophetua who stoop from their thrones to marry beggar maids, millionaires who wed shop girls, young aristocrats of fortune who marry girls from the backwoods, men of position and power who choose their stenographers or some artist's model as a bride.

Why?

For the same reason that great men rallied to the defense of Peggy O'Neill.

First, because they wish to rescue her from what seems a hard fate gallantly born. Because she is a damsel in distress. Second, because most men love to give, love to see themselves as gods bestowing gifts.

A famous screen star, worth millions, once explained his love for a certain girl, whom he afterwards married, by saying, "It is more joy to do things for her, give her things, than any one else in the world."

Here we are trying to point out the advantages which are stacked up for the girl who thinks herself without advantages in the game of love. The very meagerness of her weapons may be her greatest advantage. Every lack, every thing against her, may, you see, be turned into an attraction where men are concerned if only she will use her brain and think the thing out.

Whether or not she had thought it out, Peggy knew all these things as she proved by her handling of men.

So when President Jackson found her weeping, she hid her tears as best she could, smiled at him and denied she had been crying at all.

"I am a little sad sometimes," she said, "when I think of all the trouble I am causing you and my dear husband. I never dreamed people could be so—unjust. Sometimes I think I should go away altogether. They tell me that your friendship for me will injure you, that your enemies will strike at you through me. I cannot have that."

If the speech, as quoted by a man close to the President, is accurate, it is one of the

"What? Learn Music by Mail?" they laughed



"Yes," I cried, "and I'll bet money I can do it!"

One day after lunch the office crowd was in the recreation-room, smoking and talking, while I thumbed through a magazine.

"Why so quiet, Joe," some one called out. "Just reading an ad," I replied, "about a new way to learn music by mail. Says here any one can learn to play in a few months at home, without a teacher. Sounds easy."

"Do you suppose they would say it was hard?" laughed Fred Lawrence.

"Perhaps not," I came back, a bit peeved, "but it sounds so reasonable I thought I'd write them for their booklet."

Well, maybe I didn't get a razzing then! Fred Lawrence sneered: "The poor fellow really believes he can learn music by mail!"

"Yes, and I'll bet money I can do it!" I cried. But the crowd only laughed harder than ever.

During the few months that followed, Fred Lawrence never missed a chance to give me a sly dig about my bet. And the boys always got a good laugh, too. But I never said a word. I was waiting patiently for a chance to get the last laugh myself.

My Chance Arrives

Then came the office outing at Pine Grove. After lunch it rained, and we had to sit around inside. Suddenly some one spied a piano in the corner. Fred Lawrence saw a fine chance to have some fun at my expense.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried, "our friend Joe, the music-master, has consented to give us a recital."

That gave the boys a good laugh. "Play the 'Varsity Drag!" shouted Fred, thinking to embarrass me further. I heard a girl say, "Oh, let the poor fellow alone; can't you see he's mortified to death?"

I smiled to myself. This was certainly a wonderful setting for my little surprise party. Assuming a scared look, I began fingering the keys, and then . . . with a wonderful feeling of cool confidence . . . I broke right into the very selection Fred asked for. There

was a sudden hush in the room. But in a few minutes tables and chairs were pushed aside, and the whole crowd was dancing. I played one peppy selection after another until I finished with "Crazy Rhythm" and the crowd stopped to applaud me. As I turned around to thank them, there was Fred holding a tenpost right under my nose.

"Folks," he said, "I want to apologize to Joe. I bet him he couldn't learn to play by mail without a teacher, and believe me, he sure deserves to win the money!"

"Learn to play by mail?" exclaimed a dozen people. "That sounds impossible! Tell us how you did it!"

I told them how I had read the U. S. School of Music ad, and how it was the biggest surprise of my life when I got the first lesson—everything was as simple as A-B-C. No scales or tiresome exercises. "And," I continued, "all it required was part of my spare time. In a short time I was playing jazz, classical pieces, and in fact, anything I wanted. Believe me, that certainly was a profitable bet I made with Fred."

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cleverest that ever fell from a woman's lips. And it shows that Peggy knew her man perfectly.

Run away? A woman to leave under a cloud because her friendship might injure him? A woman wrongfully accused, unjustly slandered, to be without his protection?

Not while Andrew Jackson had an ounce of red blood left in him.

How dared they attack this child, this friendless, helpless girl, with her great brown eyes raised so trustingly to his, her lashes still wet with the tears she tried so bravely to hide? They'd strike at him through her, would they, the cowards, through an innocent, persecuted woman!

He'd show them.

And then, with a half-sob, Peggy O'Neill said, "Oh, if Aunt Rachel were only here. I need her so badly. It is hard not to have a woman friend and she was my friend."

Aunt Rachel had been her name for the President's adored dead wife.

Every one knows—or at least every American should know—the tragic history of Andrew Jackson's wife.

She was a great woman and their love will some day take its place where it belongs, among the immortal love affairs of all ages. When Andrew Jackson first met her she was Mrs. Rachel Robards, a beautiful, highly spiritual and intellectual young girl, married to a man she had come to despise for very good reason. In 1791, she was given to understand that a decree of divorce

had been granted her husband by the legislature of Virginia because she had absolutely refused to live with him any longer. Believing herself free, she married the brilliant and courageous young Andrew Jackson, who had been her devoted friend.

It was not until two years later that they were suddenly overwhelmed with the news that no divorce had been granted in 1791, but that the courts had simply been advised to look into the matter and render a decision in accord with the facts. Thus, when these two considered themselves happily and sacredly wed, they found that a divorce had just been handed down on the grounds that Mrs. Robards was living illegally with one Andrew Jackson.

IMMEDIATELY they had the ceremony performed over again and for many years lived a life of devoted love and high endeavor. But the scandal of that early affair pursued them for many years and indeed was the subject of a vicious attack launched against Andrew Jackson during his campaign for the presidency. When his wife discovered this, it caused her the deepest grief. She simply could not face another long battle in Washington against scandal and slander such as she had endured when they were there as a senator and his wife. Her concern and sorrow over this were said to have caused her death.

No wonder the mention of her name brought Andrew Jackson to the side of little Peggy O'Neill, ready to fight her battles at any cost, to defend her from the dragon. Poor little Peg! She wanted her Aunt Rachel, did she? Well, he would do his best to supply that want.

And he did.

Immediately he began a complete and exhaustive investigation of the definite charges against Peggy. They were run down by

trained men and soon proved to be absolutely without foundation and without any evidence of any kind to back them up. These sprang from malicious gossip and nothing more. Thus Peggy's good name was vindicated.

But that was not enough. Her social standing was still in jeopardy. Not one lady in Washington would call upon the wife of the Secretary of War.

Here, too, the President acted drastically.

His own niece, Mrs. Donelson, had come with him from Tennessee to act as hostess for him at the White House. She had received Peggy O'Neill when she came to call, but she refused to return the call or to invite Mrs. Eaton to any of the functions at which she was to preside.

"Very well, my dear," said the President firmly. "You will either call upon Peg or you will go back to Tennessee."

Mrs. Donelson went back to Tennessee.

Which brings us to a point of sheer stupidity on her part from which a valuable lesson can be drawn by other women.

It is, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, a mistake for one woman to knock another woman to a man.

Mrs. Donelson might have employed any number of methods of injuring Peggy O'Neill and gotten away with it. She might have subtly caused her a great deal of trouble. But when she showed such open antagonism she

brought out open antagonism against herself. The stupidity of all the women who battled against Peggy O'Neill was of the same obvious kind. They were so openly prejudiced, so unfair, so jealous.

And when a woman says unkind things or shows dislike for another woman she will never be allowed any other motive than jealousy by men. She may honestly feel that the woman she is attacking is a bad influence, that she is a false friend, that she is unworthy to occupy a position of trust, but if she says so she will be accused in the man's mind of petty, feminine jealousy.

There are other available means and methods that are effective.

Many girls, for instance, fall in love with men who are already interested in some other girl. Not engaged or married, so that she must keep hands off, but apparently in love. It would seem that the girl has encountered an insurmountable obstacle. And her first thought is to belittle or knock this other girl who holds her man's interest.

If she does that, she is completely lost before she starts.

BUT many—so many that it is hardly possible to estimate the percentage—men are caught on the rebound. The clever girl, who finds that the man she wants is interested in another woman, can create this rebound without saying one word openly against the other girl. Her means must be to show up the other girl. And women being as lacking in knowledge of how to handle men as they are today, she will find plenty of ways to show her up. There are always openings she can take advantage of.

If she finds a fault in the other girl, instead of mentioning it to the man and arousing him to the defensive, let her show it up by producing the contrasting virtue in her-

self. If the girl is extravagant, for example, let her be careful and helpful and thoughtful where his money is concerned. If the girl is frivolous and enjoys nothing but dances and parties, let her be wise enough to produce the opposite, of happy, contented evenings at home.

Mrs. Donelson's banishment was a victory for Peggy but it was followed by a staggering defeat. There was a large and important dinner at the White House. Mrs. Eaton occupied a seat beside the President and she was cut by every woman there.

HER Irish heart was stirred to the depths. She faced a great test. She must, as the wife of the Secretary of War, give an official reception. She knew perfectly well that her enemies were working against her, that not a single American woman of prominence would attend. If the affair were a failure, she and her husband would be deeply discredited and the President would suffer. John C. Calhoun, the Vice-President, was always subtly working against Jackson, calling him a backwoodsman and intimating that he was not fit for the high position he held.

In this crisis Peggy enlisted the aid of a man she had been gradually winning to her side, Martin Van Buren, the Secretary of State. Van Buren was the most eligible bachelor in Washington and he had always been exceedingly popular among the ladies of the social circle. But Van Buren believed in the political future of Andrew Jackson, the idol of the people.

In the beginning, he must have been torn with indecision as to which way he should turn. President Jackson openly stated that he would appreciate it as a great personal favor if Van Buren would be kind and friendly to Mrs. Eaton. Van Buren wished to please the President. But he knew the power of Mrs. Eaton's opposition. Could he afford to risk his social standing, to be ostracized by the powerful Calhoun circle, the aristocracy, the political powers, to please Andrew Jackson?

He decided in the beginning to pursue a middle course. Upon a Sunday afternoon he invited Mr. and Mrs. Eaton to go driving with him. It was a compromise course. He had not called upon Mrs. Eaton. That would be held in his favor by the Calhoun ladies. But he had been kind and friendly and the President would be pleased.

As they drove he sat opposite the girl whom the President always called "Our Peg." She was demurely and exquisitely gowned. The tips of her brown curls peeped from under her bonnet. Her gloved hands rested in her lap. She was all smiles and sweetness. But as they drove and passed carriage after carriage filled with ladies who turned haughty gaze in the opposite direction or froze at the sight of Peggy, or worse still, eyed her through glasses as though she had been some wild animal in the zoo, Van Buren saw Peggy's color heighten.

She held herself proudly erect, her chin up, her shoulders squared. Her air was queenly. Only he could see the pathetic signs of her distress—the trembling hands, the lower lip that quivered every little while, the voice that trembled and broke and was bravely rescued to go on with some witty, merry saying.

Before the drive was over, Van Buren was half won to her cause. He called upon her, and found her the happiest, gayest, most entertaining little person he had met in Washington. But toward the end of his visit, she fell silent, her brown eyes fixed on some horizon that seemed full of distress. Sympathetically he asked the cause. At first she refused to tell. Then it came out. She was dreading her reception. Her hand went to her heart. She must go through with it, for her husband's sake, for

the President's sake, but she was frightened.

Van Buren hesitated only a moment and then suggested that, since he was a bachelor, they should join hands and give a joint reception. The wife of the Secretary of War was just the person to act as hostess for him, the Secretary of State. Surely that would be the proper way. In an instant Peggy was all smiles, all radiant gratitude, all joy and optimism. No doubt Van Buren felt well repaid.

Excitement ran high. Little else was talked of at the Capital. Van Buren was criticised by one faction, praised by another. Mrs. Calhoun and her aids moved steadily against Peg, discrediting her in every way, bringing influence to bear wherever they could to keep prominent people from attending.

Then Peggy fired her first big gun. The President himself proposed to attend. It was an action taken in the face of all precedent and all tradition.

The affair was a brilliant success. And beneath the great chandelier stood Mistress Peggy, as sparkling as a woman could be. She stood between her husband and Martin Van Buren, her gown a dream of flowing white satin, jewels about her throat. Ambassadors bowed to kiss the hand of the innkeeper's daughter and knew they had never kissed a fairer, no matter how royal it might have been. The whole diplomatic corps, naturally, was present, since the Secretary of State was host and the President was there. And at the last moment when they saw the way the wind lay, all the Jackson supporters fell into line.

But though that phase of the affair was over, its consequences were not. Andrew Jackson never forgave Calhoun. The second term he saw to it that Martin Van Buren, Peggy's champion, was made Vice-President and eventually he succeeded Jackson as the leader of his party.

TRUE, in time the President dissolved his cabinet and reorganized it. Bitterness and enmity had destroyed its usefulness. We need not go into political details here, but it was an advantageous move for him at the time. Also, no doubt, he felt that Peggy's fight was won and that she might be happier away from the strain of Washington life.

So Eaton was sent to Florida as governor, where, as the President said with a chuckle, "Our Peg can queen it over the Spaniards." She did and later Van Buren sent Eaton as ambassador to Spain, where his wife was a brilliant ornament of society in the Spanish capital and a close friend of the Spanish queen. And there—though she lived many years, was widowed and once again married, the last time to a young Italian—her story ends so far as we are concerned.

And what a story. The longer you think of it, the more impressed you will be and the more knowledge you will gain.

Did ever one woman cause such uproar and upset such supposedly staid and dignified men in such high positions?

Was ever a woman so championed against the world of men?

How did it come about?

Peggy O'Neill appealed to the chivalry that lies buried in the heart of every man.

She was the damsel in distress—Cinderella persecuted by cruel stepsisters—in the sporting vernacular, the under dog.

And she was clever enough to make all these things count to the utmost.

From her, girls who think they have adverse circumstances to contend with can learn how to turn these into advantages.

If that is the way life is set up for you, don't forget Peggy O'Neill. Be a damsel in distress, but a brave and smiling one. Be the under dog—but a game and gallant one, and you will win and hold men.



Adela Rogers St. Johns

One of the young writers whose work is attracting wide attention. Her stories and articles appear regularly in this and other leading magazines and in book form. Miss St. Johns attributes her rise in the literary profession to her intensive training and experience in a newspaper office.

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Robert E. Miller
21 Pearl St., N. Y.

Do People Do As You Say?

[Continued from page 73]

All the really effective work of the world is done by people who are convinced that whatever they are doing is immensely important. Capacity—talent—success—is three-fourths enthusiasm. You cannot sell anything unless you believe in it yourself. Of course, you can get a job in a department store where you may stand behind a counter and pass out whatever people ask for. But that is not real selling. Now and then some girl in a department store turns out to be a real saleswoman—that is, she has the force and enthusiasm to make her customers buy things they had no intention of buying—and almost invariably such girls rise to higher positions.

I say that women ought to make better sales people than men because I think this desire to influence others is more a feminine quality than it is a masculine one. It is the quality which distinguishes mothers who try to shape the character of their children.

It is the quality of mothers who try to decide on their children's careers. It is the quality of mothers who help their sons pick out their wives and who want to choose beaux for their daughters. It is often called "the mother instinct, or a motherly disposition." It is the quality which often makes good teachers. In other and less pleasing words, it is what is known as a domineering disposition.

THERE are many domineering women who are most gentle and soft in manner. A domineering disposition doesn't mean a loud voice or a disagreeable manner. The strong people of the world dominate others, though frequently neither the person dominated nor the domineering one knows what is happening. The word, domineer, has an unpleasant significance, although it ought not to have it. Many domineering people are very kind, if they have their own way. And they are often generous and magnanimous.

Given this quality you can learn to sell a product if the product is saleable—without it you will never really make a good saleswoman. Naturally, then, you ask, "Suppose I am capable of being a good saleswoman, what then shall I sell?" That depends on circumstances, and often the answer is right at hand.

You know the story of Pin Money Pickles, I am sure. A Virginia woman started selling her own brand of delicious pickles to people in her home town, and by degrees her trade got bigger and bigger, until today it covers the United States. The same thing was done by Mary Elizabeth and her famous candies, though her beginning was in Syracuse, New York.

There are many things outside of stores which women can sell—possibilities on every side if you will only see them. I know of a woman in New York City who has built up quite a large business in selling soap, face powder, grease paints, and so on, to theaters. All theaters need such things, and this woman contracts with a theater to keep it thoroughly supplied at all times. The theater manager and property man can forget all about it, for she comes around every week and sees that the supply is up to date. It is a rather original idea, isn't it?

There is another woman—a bright, clever little person—who goes around among the large office buildings and takes orders for office supplies. She does not bother with small offices, but goes to those where hundreds of people are employed. She was once a stenographer, and I must say that she knows more about typewriter ribbons and lead pencils and writing paper than anybody

else I have ever met. She is ready to provide anything from an adding machine to a rubber eraser.

In real estate there are thousands of women making good livings. In many smaller towns around New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, the best real estate agent is a woman, and there are many good ones in New York City. I myself prefer to deal with a woman in this way, not because of any feminist feeling, but because it seems to work out better.

FOR some years I have had to find a different house each summer. In going about I found that I saved time by going to a woman because she understood more quickly exactly what I wanted and did not waste my time by showing me unsuitable houses, as so many men had done. This real estate business of selling houses and land, and also of renting houses both furnished and unfurnished, seems to be done very often by married women, as it can so easily be combined with running a household.

When I first went into the advertising business some twenty years ago it was considered not quite dignified for a high-class magazine or newspaper to have a woman selling its space. They were afraid that the customer would think sex appeal was being used. This has all been forgotten. Many of the big magazines and newspapers now have women doing this work.

The stores all over the country are full of opportunities for first class saleswomen. You may not think so if you talk with many of the girls now in the stores—most of them cannot sell much because they do not like the work. Girls who have the sales instinct, or acquire it, are highly valued, and generally succeed.

Of course, thousands of women are selling insurance, books and magazines, silk underwear, stockings, and other articles by personal solicitation, and some of them—with a natural knack for that kind of work—have built up regular enterprises with excellent incomes.

The ability to be a house-to-house canvasser is, however, a special talent. It requires much persistency, great energy, and a sort of opaque insensitiveness. Don't attempt it unless you feel a special urge to do it, or unless you have a long list of personal friends who would love to help you succeed.

JUST this moment, while I am writing this article, the postman hands me a letter from a SMART SET reader, a young married woman, who tells me that she makes several hundred dollars a year, clear profit, by baking a special brand of cake and selling it to the hotels and tea-rooms in her town. She wants to know how she can increase the business. I am going to advise her to have small pieces of her cake put up in boxes, with her name and address on them, and have these boxes—about a pound each—sold in the stores and tea-rooms and gift shops.

You can be more independent if you are a really good saleswoman than in any other employee's job in the world. Good sales people are harder to replace and the owner of a business is apt to appreciate their value more quickly than he is the work of any other people. As the world is organized now, it is no use making a good thing unless you know how to sell it. The rewards in business today go to the sellers rather than to the makers. I know a woman who makes the most marvelous face creams that I know anything about, but they do her no financial

good because she doesn't know how to sell them.

So you see what I have tried to say—if you are one of those who like to rule other people, if when you were a little girl you wanted to play school and be the teacher, if you always wanted to lead in the games, if you have always wanted to make other people do what you wished them to, then my advice is to try to sell something.

With that quality you will probably be able to sell your product, given the right circumstances, even if you are shy, timid, uncertain of yourself and not of a social disposition. Preferably you should try to sell something which fits into your natural disposition. For instance, if you have a good financial head you can sell bonds; if you like clothes you can sell in a department store; if you have only a little time you may sell something like underwear which can be sold to your neighbors.

Mrs. Woodward's Letter-Box

MY DEAR Helen Woodward: Always I have been ambitious to get ahead and to make money. But as yet, I have little to show for my efforts.

Whenever I wanted money when I was small, I figured out something like selling lemonade under the trees on hot days, selling eggs from door to door, disposing of papers to the junk man; and then later I tried successfully baking lemon meringue pies on Saturdays for regular customers, because I had a knack for baking.

The summer I was thirteen I hunted a position without saying a word to the family. It was making novelty jewelry for the ugliest man I have ever seen, a swarthy Armenian. His appearance almost scared me to death but I took the position and worked one week. The family then shipped me to the country for the rest of the vacation period.

ENTERING high school at twelve I managed to graduate with the highest average of any in my course. After much persuasive effort on my part, I was permitted to enroll in an art school in Philadelphia. At the conclusion of my first year, I won a scholarship which I retained as long as I remained.

I have credits for four years' work there. I selected the design course because it appealed to me and because only a few were taking it and I thought I would have a better chance. The illustration course was very crowded but I wish now that I had taken that.

One winter while going to art school, I decided to go to Temple University evenings. There I learned to operate a typewriter reasonably well, and later increased my speed at home. I tried to teach myself Gregg shorthand but the advanced word signs stalled me.

AFTER leaving school I went to New York where I had a chance at a position at \$30 a week to start, with promised advancement. They gave me first chance over a lot of more experienced applicants because I had studied algebra and geometry in high school, and most of the others had not.

I doubt if I could go there today and find the same opportunity, but I did not take the position. I was twenty, and living with my aunt there, but my mother had and has a terrible and unreasoning fear of New York City. In the few weeks I was



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Anyone with a sharp eye may win this big cash prize of \$1000.00 and in addition a brand new Hudson Coach for promptness, if on time—or \$2400 in all. Why not you? Think of having a new Hudson Coach given you for your very own, and \$1000 in cash to do with as you wish, or if you prefer, \$2400 in all.

Sixteen Big Prizes

You've always heard of Lucky Stars.

Here's your chance to find them and enjoy the Good Luck they bring. There are four kinds of Stars in the group—three-pointed, four-pointed, five-pointed, and six-pointed. Which of these four kinds are the Lucky Stars? A line connecting all the lucky stars will form a horseshoe. When you find the group which forms the horseshoe you can thank your Lucky Stars.

THIS IS NOT A MAGAZINE CONTEST

Anyone Who Can Solve Puzzles May Win

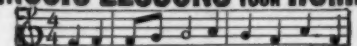
To quickly advertise the name and products of the Paris-American Pharmaceutical Company and make them better known we are dividing our profits and absolutely giving away 16 BIG CASH PRIZES, ranging from \$1000 down, and a NEW HUDSON COACH for promptness—if the first prize winner is on time. What's still more—we will reward hundreds of others with \$1.25 worth of our products, and duplicate prizes will be given on all awards in case of final ties. It costs you nothing to solve this puzzle. You do not have to subscribe to any magazine or secure any subscriptions to win any of the 16 BIG CASH PRIZES, ranging from \$1000 down, or the Hudson Coach for promptness, with the \$1000 CASH FIRST PRIZE. Neither is it necessary to sell anything.

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NO INSTALLMENTS TO PAY
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Ernest Crowder, Indianapolis, Ind.: "The Lewis Schools are entirely responsible for my appointment as Assistant Mgr."

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Practice this simple preventive measure and you'll look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, nightly. Better than calomel. They cleanse the system, banish constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Capture youth. Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c and 60c.

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I'll pay you \$30 a day to show my marvelous line of rain-proof Fits-U Caps to men. More for active workers. With my liberal commission of \$1.00 on every sale—it's a cinch to clean up \$5.00 or more an hour in spare time alone. "In two hours," writes one successful salesman, "I made \$15.70. It's the rainproof and made-to-measure feature that gets the orders so quick." By a secret process, every Fits-U Cap is made absolutely rainproof! Rain has no effect on the Fits-U Cap. Price \$2.00—\$1.00 for you! EVERY CAP MADE TO INDIVIDUAL MEASURE! Two color fast—offering handsome pretty women's hat "Lorette" and cap, tie and muffler match combinations.

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Don't Wait—Act Now
I'll send elaborate selling outfit to you FREE. Get started immediately. First send name and address. Postal will do. Hurry! Write today!
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Does he love you? Will you be lucky? Will you be married soon? Will you be rich? Thousands of such questions are answered in your dreams if you but know how to interpret them rightly. How to forecast the future, how dreams may put you in touch with the absent or departed; explain disease warnings to business men, lovers, gamblers, people engaged in hazardous work; also warning against failures, losses, loss of money, success, death and disease, questions of nightmares, etc. Worth \$10.00. Send *No Money*. Simply pay postman \$2.48 plus 17c postage when he brings your big book of over 600 pages.

10,000 DREAMS EXPLAINED

EDUCATION PRESS
Dept. D-21, 19 Park Row, New York

there she lost twelve pounds and looked so ill that my father insisted that I return home. That is what I did, disgusted through and through.

There is but little opportunity to make money from my art training here. A gift shop doesn't pay; there are too many, and rents are exorbitant because there is but one Atlantic City.

Aside from decorating an occasional set of bedroom furniture for a local firm and one month spent painting cat faces when those black oil cloth puss-in-boots were in vogue, I have done nothing in this line. I made several hundred dollars clear from the "cat" episode, hiring girls to do the work with stencils and "whiskering" the cats myself.

Then the fat, oily "gentlemen" of Hebrew extraction for whom I was doing the work decided that I was making too much money. So I quit! They were paying me five cents a face and only my stencils made it possible to make any money at that. We had to do about five hundred a day.

My father has a plumbing business including retail of household appliances. He wanted me to work for him because at times large sums of money come in when he isn't there, and he didn't want a stranger. And so for the last five years I have typed estimates and bills, demonstrated and given sales talks on anything from electric washers to oil burners, even cutting sheet metal in a pinch if the men were out of the shop.

I like to type and to sell, but oh, how I did hate the plumbing business. Every time I wanted to leave there was an argument, and so I stayed on until last July when I was married.

My husband is utterly sick of boarding-houses so I have a home to care for and a standing call for plenty of pies and cakes. This eliminates any regular position such as office work. I couldn't do both.

But while I like to cook, I want so much to do more. I want to make money, though it isn't absolutely imperative.

IF THERE is any possible way, I am determined to keep on trying until I prove to myself that I either can or cannot make money from either painting or writing. I love to do both, but realize both are difficult fields in which to find success.

Have tried two cover designs which were returned with polite letters.

Last year I wrote a small book of children's stories and illustrated it, but can't get it published. Have sent and taken it personally to nearly twenty editors. Most of them suggest sending anything else I have but say they have all the material they can use for children for the next two or three years. They all seem much interested in the sketches, but it ends there.

Recently, I won a prize in a contest, a 200-word letter telling why I liked a certain article best in a magazine. Do not know yet which prize; the letter I received doesn't say, and results haven't been published yet. That is all I have been able to do with my literary efforts to date.

Am now trying to write a book again, for practice if nothing else. For older girls this time.

Now, can you suggest anything? I will be most grateful to you for any help. I need it.

C. E. S.

YOU sound like a born money-maker! The great money-makers of the world usually begin young as you did and make money where nobody else could possibly do so. I think, on the whole, that your talent for this is so pronounced that you ought to forget about both the painting and the writing, using them only for your own pleasure.

You have no idea how many married women there are in this country who want to

make a little extra money while they are keeping house and don't know how to go about it, and here you are doing just that very thing. Why don't you try, in addition to your cakes and pies, to make up some very distinctive and unusual recipe that could be shipped at a distance and could keep. The big Mary Elizabeth candy business in New York was built out of just such a thing as that and so was the Pin Money Pickle business in Virginia.

There are several women making a success in New York just at selling homemade bread, which happens to be hard to buy there.

Also, you have a talent for organization and instead of trying to write or paint as so many other people are trying to do, you ought to use that talent.

Are Flappers Desired?

I ENJOYED your article in SMART SET very much, and from it judge perhaps you are married?

I am married and restless, of course, but have been out of business so long, (since the War) that my desire to return to it is not strong enough to overcome my fear of securing a position. I believe I have an inferiority complex.

It is my desire to get into a high grade investment or brokerage house in New York and really learn the game. The remuneration is not so vital as a five-day week, although I do not mean I would not want a salary, but it is secondary to suitable working conditions. What can you tell me of the prospects in this direction?

I have had some banking but no brokerage experience, and am not the flapper type. I have lived in New York more or less.

This letter is not a weakness of mine, in fact it is the first of this sort I have ever written. I really wish to know if you can offer me a suggestion which will give me the nerve to get back into a worth while existence again. I believe my lack of it rests somewhat on the fact that I am not a flapper, and my belief that she is the type desired in business today. What do you think? E. B. R.

WHY do you think that flappers are desired in business today? I have lately been much impressed by the number of white-haired women I have seen making their livings and I happen at the moment to be in a city where a great many women who started to work late in life without any previous training have done well at it.

You are much better off. You had training and merely had a little vacation. Yes, I am married and I think marriage makes women more able and competent than they were before.

Opportunities for women in high grade investment or brokerage houses are tremendous but I believe that the banking experience will be more valuable to you than the brokerage experience since the latter is easier to learn.

Most of the women who are successful bond saleswomen are older women.

As far as your self-confidence is concerned, it will return to you as you go along.

An Appreciation

I WANT to thank you for your nice letter and advice. I think you are no doubt right in your judgment. I am going to do as you say and continue my bookkeeping.

I have accepted a position in Chicago, and I find that the hours are not so long nor the work so heavy as before, and with the different recreations and interests which a city of this size has to offer, I feel sure that I am going to be quite happy.

If there is anything at all, Mrs. Woodward, that I can do for you here in Chicago or otherwise, I shall be very glad to do so. S. M.

The Intimate Diary of Peggy Joyce

[Continued from page 39]

men yet. Miss Brice said, Well you've been married so I don't have to tell you anything, but if you will take my advice you will not make a fool of yourself over any man unless he can help you.

Miss Brice says there are ten things a Girl should know about men, they are:

1. Make sure they have got the money they are spending.
2. Give them the air when they tell about the wife who doesn't understand them.
3. Find out about them before you go out to lunch.
4. Lots of men with bad reputations have good hearts but a good heart is no good if the man cashes a bad check.
5. Don't stop a man making promises but see that he keeps them. Nine out of ten men will welch in the morning on a promise made at night.
6. Don't accept presents from a man unless you love him or they are valuable presents.
7. Don't love any man unless you have to and then only if he loves you or can Back you Up.
8. Ninety-nine per cent of all the trouble in the world is caused by love and a girl on the stage can't afford trouble of any kind.
9. When a man tries to keep you from the show or rehearsal give him the ice unless he takes you to the City Hall, and don't go as far as that unless you have seen his bank book and know he can Support you in a manner you have not been accustomed to.
10. Two men are safer than one on a party.

Of course Miss Brice was only joking, and I think she is one of the loveliest characters I know.

I wonder if I shall ever understand Men? Of course I do not know very many only a few like Martin and Charley Schwartz and Joe Godsall and they are really only Acquaintances, not friends.

SUNDAY. I have been thinking over Life and how strange it is and how one may start out for one thing and find oneself in quite another without knowing how or why.

Here I am becoming quite a well-known actress in New York when only a little while ago I was a society woman in Washington and the wife of a prominent millionaire, and before that a traveling vaudeville artist. And I cannot see how it all happened.

Deep inside me ever since I was a little girl I have always wanted nice things and luxuries and love and I suppose once or twice I have said to myself, "why be beautiful if you cannot have what you want?" Yes, but the trouble is when a girl gets what she wants she does not know it and thinks she wants something else. When I was a schoolgirl I was crazy to be the wife of a millionaire and be in Society and have my husband love me a lot, but when I got all

three I was not satisfied because it was not at all the life I imagined it would be.

After all I suppose to be fair to Sherby I should have known that a husband can't help it if there are days when he feels he cannot love his wife, he knows the feeling will go and he will love her all the more afterward. But a girl like me wants to be loved all the time.

Anyway Broadway is not at all like Washington. I think I like it better because the people are more real and human, they are not always expecting you to be dignified and social. Maybe it's because Broadway has a heart and Society only a mind. That sounds funny from me but a girl must think about serious things sometimes.

I suppose Mother would not like Broadway, she would think it wicked and vulgar, but it is not any more wicked or vulgar really than Norfolk, it is only more tired and wise. I have met some mighty fine men on Broadway who would not be allowed in Society in Washington, but they would not want to be in Society in Washington.

And anyway Society people may be very proper and clever and wonderful in Society but when some of them get on Broadway they do not always show it. As for some Society men they have two ways to look at girls, one for the girls in their own set and one for the girls they just play around with. Whereas a Broadway man is the same to every one.

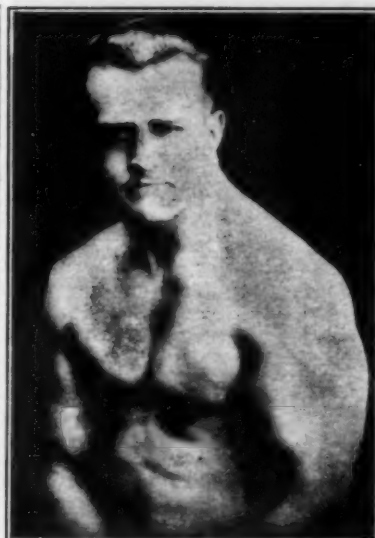
Of course there are some wonderful men I know in Society and they are always gentlemen wherever they are, but then that is in their natures and not because they are rich and social and in society.

Peggy today, were she asked, might add a few rules of her own to Fanny Brice's Ten Commandments of Love. For four months she continues in the *Jollies*, the newspapers acclaiming her the most beautiful girl in America. In fact, she was the first girl really to be "glorified" by Ziegfeld. As her fame widens, so does her circle of acquaintances, but no episode of importance is noted in the *Diary* until about four months later, when Peggy mounts the second rung in her climb of the dizzy ladder of

fame. In the interim she has acquired her first fur coat and a considerable outlayer of sophistication. The entries in her *Diary* become less naive.

SUNDAY. Spent a hundred dollars today on a dress, it is the latest thing in the new straight line models and makes me look very tall and slender. It is funny that so many girls have to diet to keep their weight down. I never do. Just eat whatever I feel like, and I am always the same. I certainly would hate to cut out candy. But I never drink much, only a glass of wine now and then.

MONDAY. Mr. Ziegfeld and Mr. Dillingham are going to put me in a new revue called *Miss 1918*, at least I am to be



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Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

NEW BODIES in 24 hours

Have you ever watched a magician pick wriggling rabbits out of a high hat? A wonderful trick, you say. Well, I'm a magician of a different sort—a magician that builds health and strength into your body in just 24 hours. And it is no trick. It took me 19 years of tireless planning and experimenting to be able to do it. People call me the Muscle-Builders, because I take weak, run-down bodies and transform them into strong, virile, handsome bodies in double-quick time. And I actually do it in 24 hours.

In the Privacy of Your Own Room

By this I do not mean that you must exercise 24 hours continuously. My scientific short-cut to healthy, handsome, broad-shouldered bodies must be taken in short 15 minute doses. Because, if you exercised more than that in my high-pressure, quick development way, you would tear down more than I can build up. So all I ask of you is 15 minutes of your spare time each day for 30 days (actually only 22½ hours time) doing simple, easy exercises under my guidance. You can do them in the privacy of your room, if you wish, but you must do them every day to get the best results.

And What Results!

In the first 30 days I guarantee to add one whole inch of real, live muscle on each of your arms, and two whole inches of the same revitalizing strength across your chest. I'll take the kinks out of your back, strengthen and broaden your shoulders, give you a wrist of steel, and a fighting, peppy personality that just yells youth, vigor and vitality all over.

I Work Inside As Well As Out

Your heart, your liver, your kidneys, your lungs—all your internal organs get the jolt of their young lives when I start to work on them. And they settle down to an orderly, well-mannered existence that means a new kind of happiness for you—the joy of living that only a healthy, virile body can give you. And the headaches, constipation troubles, aches and pains that are always caused by weakened, flabby bodies somehow miraculously disappear.

You See It in Her Eyes

And will your friends notice the difference? Just watch that girl you love so dearly fight to hold your attention! And the boys in your crowd—they'll look up to you as a real leader. Instinctively they worship strength and the leadership that must go with it. But let me tell you all about it.

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IT IS FREE

I do not ask you to send me a single cent until you are convinced that I can help you. All I do ask is that you write today for my free 64-page book "Muscular Development" so you will be able to read for yourself just what I do for you and what I have done for others. I want you to have a copy for the sake of your future health and happiness, so send today—do it now before you turn this page. Just fill out and mail the coupon.

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one of the stars. I can hardly believe it.

TUESDAY. My picture is in the papers every day nearly. I am a Celebrity.

WEDNESDAY. Fanny says we must celebrate my engagement as a Star and I should meet some Society men who will take me to Exclusive Dinners so we are going to Belmont Park.

THURSDAY. We went to Belmont Park with Fanny in her Electric but we did not realize how far it was. The Electric was so slow and there was so many Big Cars on the road we only arrived in time for the Last Race and there were not any Society Men there anyway at least I did not see them. There weren't any interesting men there.

The Electric broke down on the way home and some men stopped and gave us a lift home. They were not Society Men, only book-makers or something like that although they did not look Literary, one was quite nice and we had Refreshments at a place on the way. Of course I will never see them again but one was quite nice.

TUESDAY. A boy named Stewart, really very nice, sent me some flowers called tulips. When I got the flowers they looked so funny at first. I cut off the tops and they looked better, and Fanny came in and said 'My heavens Child who sent you those gorgeous tulips' and I showed her the card and she said 'why he is one of the richest kids in New York.' Then she saw the roots and screamed 'Good heavens the girl has cut off the flowers and thrown away the bulbs!' and then she explained that the tulips were the most expensive flowers at that season, even more expensive than orchids, and it was the roots or bulbs that made them expensive because they kept on growing. Well how can a girl know everything

WEDNESDAY. I have met a marvelous man, very good looking, from Chili. His name is Billy and he is very wealthy. His sister is having trouble in New York on account of having shot her husband for being untrue to her and he is here on her account. Billy and I are good friends but of course we can never be anything else because he has a wife in Chili. He has shown me her picture and she is very beautiful, I hope they are happy because Billy is very nice, always a gentleman.

That was Peggy's first meeting with a man who later was to figure in her life in a tragic manner. Billy was one of those handsome South American men-about-town who are often so prominent in New York, London and particularly Paris society. As the 'Diary' makes no further reference to him it appears that at this time he was only a casual acquaintance.

Peggy soon leaves the 'Dollies chorus for a star's dressing-room in "Miss 1918."

The Show is going quite well. One paper—I think it was the Journal, said I was the most photographed girl in New York, which is quite a compliment as of course I do not pay for my photographs.

I am playing a scene with Lew Fields in Miss 1918 and Irene Castle is in the show

as well as Marion Davies and Bessie McCoy Davis. Irene Castle is very nice and I am sorry I had the fight over the star's dressing-room, but really a girl is either a star or she isn't a star and I thought I was billed as the star.

TUESDAY. One of the papers says I am only a dressed-up doll and cannot act and I have been crying terribly because when a girl tries as hard as I do the critics could at least be kind.

Mr. Dillingham says I am not to mind what the papers say, he says they always pan the big stars and the critics are always wrong anyway and the Public do not care what they say. But still it has Hurt me and I feel very blue and Dispirited because I really do want to be a great actress some day.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, in the April SMART SET, continues with her amazing diary. You will know—by reputation, at least—the people of whom she so intimately talks. And you will come to know Peggy, herself, in a way that few have known her

SATURDAY. When I came to the theater tonight, my dressing-room was full of flowers. They came from six different men. Only one of them had I met, and yet attached to each gift of flowers was a note asking to meet me after the show. I wonder what these men think I am! I talked to Fanny Brice about it and and I asked her to tell me honestly if there was anything in my department

or manner that would make men think they could meet me like that. Fanny said that stage-door johnnies went on the principle that it was no harm to try.

SUNDAY. The Shuberts called up yesterday. That is, Lee did. He wants to see me, he said, about a play. I am quite thrilled because of course that shows I have been a success, but I am also very nervous because I have heard Mr. Shubert is very severe although a wonderful producer.

MONDAY. I told Fanny whom I happened to meet about the Shuberts and she looked at me funny and said, 'what did they have to say?'

'I don't know,' I said, 'I haven't answered yet. I am kind of scared.'

Fanny was horrified. 'You haven't answered!' she said 'well there is one thing about you you sure have your nerve or you are just crazy. When did Lee call?'

'Saturday morning' I told her.

'And you mean to sit there and tell me Lee Shubert called you up about a play on Saturday morning and here it is Monday and you haven't answered him?' she cried. 'Yesterday was Sunday,' I replied.

'Ye Gods!' said Fanny.

So I called up Lee and have made a date for tomorrow and afterward I walked a bit with Fanny and we met Ida—and she said to her, 'Ida I want to introduce you to a girl that's going to be famous. She high-hats Lee Shubert.'

Fanny is peculiar at times. I do not think it was funny. Besides I do not high-hat anybody, I am just scared to go and see Mr. Shubert because I have heard he is so stern and severe.

TUESDAY. Well I have seen Mr. Shubert and I was scared to death but he was a perfect darling. I just stood trembling at the door of his office but he got right up and smiled and said, 'Hello, so this is Mrs. Hopkins,' and then he made me sit down and gave me a cigarette and honest I have

never met such a nice man.

He wants me to take a big part in a play called *A Place in the Sun* which is by an English author named Cyril Harcourt. I have read some of the play and it is very interesting. I have to wear riding clothes in one scene and there is a marvelous love scene.

WEDNESDAY. Mr. Shubert called and says I am to go to school to correct my English accent, so I said, "Why Mr. Shubert my accent is Southern not English," so he said, "well whatever it is you've got to learn to talk stage English, which high school would you like to go to?"

But he was only joking, he has hired three English tutors for me to teach me stage diction and I am going to work very hard.

Mr. Dillingham and Mr. Ziegfeld were not very pleased because I signed with Lee Shubert but a girl has to look after herself and really Mr. Shubert is wonderful to me.

WEDNESDAY. I have just seen Sherby again. He came to the theater and wanted to take me home. So we went to my little two-room flat on Fifty-Ninth street for a talk. After all he is my husband.

Sherby was in uniform. He said he was going to be an aviator and I was so proud of him I nearly fell in love all over again. He was perfectly lovely, said he had always loved me, only had been very sad at my leaving him, and he said, "Babe, if I come out of this all right will you come back to me?"

Well now could I say no? After all he was my husband and he was going to war and perhaps he would be wounded or killed or something and besides he might have done something desperate if I had said no. So I said "Of course I will Sherby, only you must promise to let me go on with my stage career." He didn't like that much but finally he consented and we had supper and it was quite like old times.

I am glad Sherby still loves me.

He is coming to see me in the play when we open if he does not get his sailing orders first. I do hope he can come.

Sherburne Hopkins was not wounded nor killed in France, where he had a distinguished record. Nowhere in *Miss Joyce's* diary however is it recorded that he returned to claim her promise. By that time, of course, a lot of water had run down the Hudson and Peggy's interests were definitely elsewhere.

Preceding instalments of Peggy Hopkins Joyce's Diary appeared in the January and February issues of SMART SET. Copies of each or all of these will be sent to you postpaid for twenty-five cents each

SUNDAY. The show has closed and I am glad because every one was so hateful except Mr. Harcourt who is a dear. Mr. Shubert says he will put me in another show at once, it is called *It Pays to Flirt* and I am not going to have more than 1 month to rehearse. I wish I could have a rest but I am under contract and of course an actress must never break her contracts.

SUNDAY. I have had a letter from Sherby he is in Paris. I hope he is not flirting with those French girls but I bet he is, after all he is my husband.

My new show *It Pays to Flirt* was a failure, we opened in New Haven but the college boys hissed us and threw things on the stage so after 1 week Lee Shubert said we would close and I am glad because at last maybe I shall get a rest.

Personally I did not think *It Pays to Flirt* was so terrible I liked it better than

A Place in the Sun and I had a lovely dancing scene with Clifton Webb who is a great dancer and very funny on the stage.

WEDNESDAY. Lee Shubert is wonderful he says stars aren't born they are made and he knows I am going to be his biggest star if only I will keep on working and studying and not minding the hard knocks and the critics. There is a horrible critic on one paper. I do not know him personally but he is hateful, he writes terrible things about me. I think all dramatic critics are terrible and I do not see why they let them in the theaters when all they say is bad, keeping people away. In fact they all write terrible things about me.

Lee says I cannot have a very long rest because he has a wonderful vehicle for me called *Sleepless Night* and he is going to spend a million dollars on the production and I am to be the big star with dozens of gorgeous Paris gowns, only I said I would rather have the dresses Madame Frances makes, she is quite well-known now and has moved to 5th Avenue.

THURSDAY. I have seen the book of *A Sleepless Night* and it is wonderful, my part is the biggest and there is some real acting in it for the first time. I am so happy Mr. Shubert thinks I can do the part for really my last three shows haven't been very successful.

TUESDAY. We have started rehearsals on *Sleepless Night*, I like the play better every minute and we have some other big stars, Ernest Glendinning, Donald Gallaher, Lucille Watson, Josephine Drake, who is wonderful and very clever, and me of course as the Star.

I have about 150 lines in all and Lee says I am getting to be very good, and I have some scenes which are pretty good.

SUNDAY. *Sleepless Night* opened on Broadway Friday and it is a great success. For once the critics are very kind. Alan Dale says "I admire her (meaning me,) she

can act. Shubert has a star who will make him money." Which was really very nice of him wasn't it. I think dramatic critics are wonderful. The World man says, "Peggy Hopkins is her own beautiful self in *Sleepless Night* and develops unsuspected histrionic powers." I am not sure what he means but it sounds like a boost.

And the Journal says, "Any one wanting an uproarious time should go to *Sleepless Night* and see Peggy Hopkins, the loveliest creature that ever bestrode the Bright Lights, in her most lovable creation." Of course they were very nice to Ernest and Josephine and Lucille and Donald too.

The months passed with Peggy Hopkins the brightest star in the Broadway constellation. At last she has a hit; Lee Shubert's faith in her is justified, and he is making back the money he lost on previous productions. We can imagine him rubbing his hands and looking forward to rosy times ahead with Peggy making him more money than the mint.

But—not so fast, Mr. Shubert! A thousand or so miles westward from New York lives Fate in the person of a rich young man who is destined to upset all your plans. And of course you have to send Peggy out to meet him!



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White Lies

(Continued from page 21)

it to me to say so now, before it's too late."

She told him that he was silly, but at the same time she was baffled by her own reactions. She had always admired Ned Allen; she had always been near to falling in love with him and it was hardly a week ago that she had confessed to her mirror one night that there was no alternative. But on the very next morning Johnny Colonna had sung in his bath.

It was remarkable how Johnny had affected her. Whenever she was with him she felt incredibly young yet neither immature nor unimportant. His mere presence acted upon her as a tonic. He treated her with a friendly impersonality which, in contrast with the extremes of behavior shown by certain others of her circle, she found vastly refreshing.

AND yet, as Allen had observed, he did seem to be curiously secretive. For example there was his college. Also he had never told her how he had earned the money for his own education and for his mother's support. And wasn't it a trifle unusual for a man who had worked his way to a degree in late June to be paying full Seaward prices in early September? Finally, he hadn't even told her where he lived. Why? Was he ashamed of everything in his past? The conception haunted her.

In the meantime, Johnny Colonna himself was increasingly on his guard. Rehearsals were progressing favorably; he was on the best of terms with the best people but too many awkward questions were being put to him and a single slip of the tongue would be fatal. Unfortunately, it might be equally fatal to go on dodging inquiries.

He wished that he had never claimed to be a college man at all. He hadn't realized what a quicksand he had laid for his own feet. But then it occurred to him that once he had spent a week at the University of Kansas on his private affairs, and that it would be reasonably safe, here at Seaward in New England, to build his story around that visit and to stick to it doggedly.

Who, at Seaward, would know anything about the Bushwhackers? The odds were overwhelmingly on his side and if he were caught, why, at least he could remember the names of some of the buildings and of a few prominent undergraduates. These would serve as a useful background.

Accordingly, when Miss Barbour next ventured to speak to him about his history he was ready for her.

She promptly relayed the results to Allen. Johnny's great-grandfather, she reported, had landed in Philadelphia in 1837, bringing with him two thousand dollars, the title of count and an acute case of seasickness. He had married a girl from Baltimore and given lessons in Italian, French and fencing to the best society.

"Gosh!" said Allen.
"Well, what else could he do? He was a gentleman and he had to make a living! And Johnny's father was a doctor. He died when Johnny was little and he didn't leave anything, so Johnny worked his way through the University of Kansas. He sang in a church choir and ran a taxi-business and sold it for five thousand dollars. But if he ever went back to Italy he'd be a nobleman. Now do you feel better about him?"

"Much!" said Allen untruthfully. "But why would a bozo like that—on a capital of five thousand dollars—come all the way from Kansas to Seaward to put in a month's vacation?"

"Because," said Miss Barbour with dignity, "he's been offered two different things

in New York. One's with an engineering firm at six thousand to start and the other's to study singing. So from New York he came up here for a rest and to decide."

"Hm!" said Allen. "Well, that's fair enough. By the way, Sally, would you want to take a little ride after dinner?"

Eighty minutes after dinner, thirty miles from the Inn, he broke off what had been a fervid and continuous proposal—to which Sally Barbour had given evasive answers—and stopped his car at the railroad station of Seaward Junction.

"Sorry!" he said. "I forgot to send a wire this afternoon. Don't get out; I won't be gone long." So Miss Barbour sat in a lonely mood and thought sometimes of Ned Allen and sometimes of Johnny Colonna. She wondered what Allen, if he had been born under the same handicap as Johnny, would have accomplished. She wondered what Johnny, if he had been endowed with Allen's advantages, might not already have become. But when she thought of them as they actually were the actual comparison was no less difficult than her wonderings.

"All set!" said Allen and crawled under the wheel. "Leave go their heads! Giddap!" The big car pointed its nose towards home. "No, but honestly, Sally, why won't you come out in the open? We've always been good pals, haven't we? Well, what makes you suppose it wouldn't last?"

She was mute. How could she explain to him a condition which she couldn't explain to herself? She admired Ned Allen; she was fond of him; she respected him; and Johnny Colonna, although obviously eager for her society, still wore his thin veneering of friendly reserve. She only knew that at this precise moment she didn't want to attempt to outguess the future.

"Isn't there anything you can say, Sally?" She stirred nervously. "Please don't let's talk about it any more tonight, Ned. I'm awfully tired. Let's just drive back slowly."

He said, "It's a bargain. You see, I love you enough not to tell you how much I love you when you'd rather I wouldn't. Chalk up one for that!"

FOUR more days detached themselves from the calendar and the fifth day brought an incident of mark! With Johnny Colonna, Sally was walking on the beach in the moonlight. His bearing towards her had been noticeably less cautious than usual and this had played upon her sensitiveness. Both of them, as if by prearrangement, had grown silent. Presently, in her disquietude, she began to sing under her breath from their duet in the second act.

Johnny stopped short. "Don't!" he said. "Don't sing that!"

"Why not?"

In a voice which wasn't quite normal he said, "Don't you know?"

Miss Barbour's heart bounded. She thought that she understood him. The duet was a love duet and he was going to tell her that he couldn't longer endure that particular lyric unless she could subscribe to the particular words which went with it.

Waiting for him to make this declaration, she lost more and more of her assurance. Did she mean those words? If not, then why had she instinctively put off Ned Allen, before Johnny had ever remotely intimated that he cared for her? Yet even while waiting for the confession of Johnny Colonna, she clung fast to her ideal of Allen. To decide between two such men was impossible. She would have to put off Johnny too. She would have to depend upon the test of time.

"Why—no," she said at last, "I don't." He cleared his throat. "People might hear," he warned her in an undertone. "Shall we go on a little further?"

They went on a little further into the shadow of the elms and oaks which separated them from the hotel. Breathlessly she waited for the touch on her arm which would bring her to a standstill among the shadows. But Johnny didn't touch her. He didn't even halt. He merely cleared his throat once more.

"I thought we all agreed," he said gruffly, "that we wouldn't spill any of that music in advance. Rather a shame to charge ten dollars a seat and then warble everything in public beforehand. Your voice carries jolly well and there are people around. That's all."

Miss Barbour was slightly faint and more than slightly bewildered. Could she have mistaken the tremor in his voice and the gleam in his eyes? Never, never, never! For what reason, then had he chosen to speak with a forked tongue? For what reason his abruptly defensive brusqueness? His phrase about the secrecy of Allen's music was the feeblest of subterfuges. She knew what had been in his mind! She knew! He had experienced an emotion for her and it still existed. And even assuming that Johnny, like many another brave citizen, might shed his courage in face of a proposal, yet it would have been so easy for him to complete this one!

HE HAD said, "Don't you know?" She had replied, "Why, no." Then he could simply have said, "Don't sing that unless you mean it! Do you?" But instead of this, the unfathomable man—oh, darn! Nevertheless, there was always tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow and there was also Ned Allen.

Often, to tease, she had given him the title of his ancestors. Now she used that title as a shield and hid behind it to simulate teasing. "I suppose you're right, Count. I forgot. Well, do we toddle back to the Inn? It's pretty late and I promised to dance."

"That's a good purple thought," he assented. "Let's toddle." And after ten brisk paces they emerged into the light. As they reached the veranda Johnny bent towards her a little and said disconnectedly, "Do you know—you're a very—sweet child?" She laughed lightly. "Am I, Count? Well, just for that you may have the first dance."

THAT night she didn't sleep well but when she came flitting downstairs in the morning, no one but a clairvoyant would ever have guessed it. Allen, mysteriously grim, waylaid her in the lobby.

"Want to bicker with you a minute, Sally," he said. "Come outdoors, will you?"

Miss Barbour stared at him. "Outdoors? But I haven't had breakfast yet!"

"Well, this is a good deal more vital than breakfast," said Allen, "so you'd better come along."

With Miss Barbour at his heel he stalked out into the park, and paused in the very grove where Johnny Colonna, last evening, had not paused. There, he produced a slip of yellow paper.

"Remember that night we drove over to the Junction and I sent a telegram? Well, it was to the University of Kansas. Here's what just came back. I had it sent to my office and they mailed it to me here. Hardly sporting to do it any other way, was it? I didn't want to send it from the Inn, or get the answer at the Inn over the direct wire. Maybe you can see why. No sense in letting all the servants in on it. I don't function that way. But here's the dope."

He handed her the yellow slip.

She took the paper apprehensively, for Allen's manner didn't fill her with confidence.

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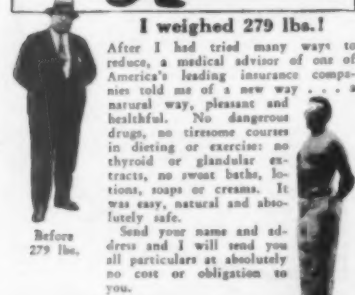
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Miss Barbour spoke not a syllable. She was thinking of Johnny's early embarrassment under her questioning and of his sustained reticence about certain phases of his life until suddenly he had burst into a detailed narrative, an essential part of which was now officially disproved. And if he had lied about a part of it, wasn't it probable that he had lied about the whole? Miss Barbour shivered.

Allen put his arm around her. "Don't look like that, Sally! Didn't I always tell you I suspected the fellow? I don't know what his game is, but you can't go behind this evidence, can you? At first, I thought I wouldn't spring it on you until after the show but—" His arm tightened; she was totally unconscious of it—"but I couldn't stand having you go with him the way you've been doing, not even till Saturday! Not when I've got this line on him!"

MISS BARBOUR lifted up her head. "There's something funny, Ned. I don't believe it. I won't believe it. If I go ask him—"

"Dearest, you can't! You can't say a thing to him about it! Don't you see where that would land us! We've shot his story full of holes. If he suspected it, do you think he'd stay on here? Not much! He'd take a quick sneak and then where'd the show be? It'd be cold turkey; it's late already; we'd have to give it up. Could we find a new tenor and break him in by Saturday? No! And there'd go about four thousand dollars for the fund! So we've got to kid him along until after the performance. We need him. And afterwards, I'll speak to him quietly, and he'll crawl out quietly. There won't be any scandal and the hospital will have the cash. We've both got to be mighty good sports, dear, and mighty good actors."

She said, "Ned, I'm not sure I can go on with it. I've liked him too much for that. And I'm not such a very good actress really. I want to talk to him. Because either it's a frightful misunderstanding or else—"

"Or else," interposed Allen, "he's anything from a high-grade bootlegger to a plain four-flusher trying to horn his way into society!"

"But if he were doing that then why would he have said he'd worked his way through college? What would be the point?" she asked.

"To get sympathy! But he offset it with his ancient and noble family, didn't he? And didn't we all fall for it—except myself? No, darling, you've got to play this straight. It's for the show. It's for the fund. Can't you hang on just a few more days?"

"Please go away," said Miss Barbour. "I want to think. I want to be alone."

As soon as he was well out of range, she drooped to the ground and cried into a scrap of imported linen which had been sold to her as a handkerchief. Finally she rose and stumbled through the grove to the sand-dunes which overlooked the sea. The sea, today, suited her mood. It was gray and soothingly savage. She sank into a convenient pocket of sand and rested there, warm and miserable. She reflected upon all things from the hour that Johnny Colonna had first sung in his bath and cried.

Up at the Inn, Johnny Colonna, accepting his mail from the desk-clerk, was tempted by the outer air and straightway determined to read his correspondence in the open. Down to the grove of elms and oaks he

went and there his attention was caught by a crumpled ball of yellow paper. Since he was thoroughly human, he picked up the pellet, smoothed it and read its contents. And any one who might have spied on him at this juncture would have had no doubt of his Latin ancestry.

For five good minutes he stood there without the slightest change of expression. Then he went ahead. The grove thinned; the sand-dunes were before him. And in a furrow of the dunes, a girl was lying motionless. Johnny halted, deliberated and eventually advanced.

"Why, hello, Sally!" said Johnny Colonna gently and put back his smile.

She sat upright. Her hair was tousled; her eyes were moderately swollen with tears; her mouth was weak with futile endeavor to be strong and he had never seen a girl one-half so lovely.

She said, "Johnny! You haven't lied to me, have you?"

"Lied to you?" he asked with a great assumption of innocence. "About what?"

"Everything you've told me about yourself. Have you? About college and what you did there and everything else?"

"Oh!" said Johnny. He brought the telegram out of his pocket. "So he showed it to you, did he? I had a hunch he did but I wasn't sure. I wouldn't have mentioned it unless you had. One of you left it back there. Lucky I found it, wasn't it? Not exactly for general circulation, that sort of thing. Might create prejudice and so on. Do you want to keep it for your scrap-book?"

Her eyes filled again. "Oh, Johnny, is it true, what it says in that message?"

He nodded soberly. "Sure it is! I never even saw the place except once when I visited some friends there about two years ago."

Miss Barbour recoiled. "Then why did you lie to me? Why, I thought we were friends! I thought I could trust you. But now—oh, what have you done?"

Johnny Colonna turned a dull and uncompromising red. From the mail he brought with him he selected a flat parcel, broke the string and gave it to her.

"That's what I've done!" he said. "I wired for it the first day I met you when we were coming in from the Yacht Club. I didn't mean to use it unless I had to and not until after the show anyway. But as long as we're here you might look it over."

Half dazed, she took from its wrapping a square, paper-bound volume. It was the printed and copyrighted libretto of the musical comedy presented at the University of California two seasons ago; the name of the author and composer was set down as John Beckwith Colonna.

"Here, open it anywhere!" he said.

SHE opened it. Word for word, note for note, it was the same piece which Ned Allen professed to have composed at Seaward, that summer. She chose another page—and another—and another—

She could emit no coherent sounds but she stared at Johnny Colonna and stared and stared.

"I only lied about geography," he said. "Everything else I told you was literally and absolutely true. It was simply California instead of Kansas. Because I couldn't mention California or else he'd certainly have supposed that if I'd graduated in June I must have heard this show, wouldn't he? Even when he was so careless that when he swiped it and pretended to have his inspirations, and get it orchestrated, he never paid any attention to who did write it? So I just said Kansas because I thought I could get away with it."

Sally Barbour spoke then. "But why didn't you stop him? In the beginning? At the Yacht Club?"

"Why?" said Johnny. "Didn't you tell

me it was for charity? And you couldn't raise the money any other way? And it'd flop if I didn't sing?"

Speechless, she went on staring at him.

"No," he said, "it was a sporting proposition. I didn't mind so much his stealing my stuff for a benefit performance, but if it's a question of stealing you along with it—" He coughed forcibly. "And last night—"

After a long hiatus she prompted him. "Last night?"

"You see," said Johnny Colonna, "last night you still thought he'd written that duet! That's why I couldn't tell you then that I simply couldn't endure it unless you meant it. Those very words. I'd have told you after the show. But—"

Miss Barbour sat very still. Even in the press of her emotions she noticed that she wasn't weeping for the lost ideal of Allen as she had wept for Johnny. This was significant. She found her handkerchief and

dried her eyes with it and then blew her nose.

"Could you mean it, Sally?" said Johnny Colonna hardly above a whisper. Unexpectedly she hid her head on his shoulder. "Easily!" she murmured.

At a quarter of ten he said, "I'm going to take the engineering job. We can scratch along on six thousand to start, can't we? With music on the side?"

At ten she said, "But the show! If Ned—"

At ten minutes past ten Johnny said, "There's no reason to publish it, is there? It's nobody's business."

At ten-twenty-two Sally said, "Not broadcast. But Ned will have to know. He'll have to know! There isn't any other way out, not after that telegram. And he's the chairman and he was going to conduct the orchestra. Do you suppose he'll run out on us?"

At nineteen minutes of eleven Johnny said, "Search me. It depends upon his sporting blood!"

Self-Consciousness

(Continued from page 74)

exaggerate, and you may even be insolent and rude. Your nervousness will show in a strange unnaturalness of manner. You will try to put over by words that you are a person of importance, while having a painful inward knowledge that you are not. The atmosphere around you will generate irritation, and a desire in others to give you a fall.

This is the difference between a nice self-conscious person and a vulgar self-conscious person, but the self-consciousness in both cases is a pitiful and deplorable handicap.

WHEN I was in Russia some years ago before the revolution and was staying with some members of the Royal Family in the Court, I used to hear constantly that the poor Empress seemed "stiff" or "quite forbidding"—all because "she was almost trembling with self-consciousness." I used to think to myself that she should have been too proud to be any of these things, but my thoughts were epitomized by one Grand Duchess who was a great lady as well as a princess, when she said, "An empress has no right to nerves!"

Mary, every girl can be an empress, if she wants to be one—empress of herself—of her emotions, of her demonstrations; then, when she realizes this, she will agree that she "has no right to nerves." It is the spirit which controls physical things, even the nerves—and great spirits have conquered all nervous expression, even under fire, pain, or long-drawn-out suffering.

Have courage, Mary! Reason with yourself, bring up the bogey which frightens you into the light, and it will melt away. Count the good things you have, and realize they are quite as numerous as those possessed by others. Know that you are giving your best and then go on serenely at peace.

I would advise that, before you leave your room, you make certain that you are as physically perfect as your intelligence and means allow you to be. At any rate, with the most meagre allowance you can have beautifully kept hands and freshness and sweetness.

If you have learned to control your impulses and actions so that automatically they do the right thing, I would advise you, having left your room, to put yourself right out of your mind, and go ahead and enjoy yourself. It is really the knowledge that your manners and behavior require constant watching which causes your self-consciousness. If these things were disciplined, you

would have complete confidence in leaving them to themselves. So let this appeal to your pride.

Perhaps I should have said the first step toward losing self-consciousness is to make your manners and all the things over which you have control, as perfect as you know how, and exercise them, and practise them so assiduously that they will demonstrate automatically, and then you need never think about them at all. But until this dominion arrives, keep a kind of aloof guard over your words and actions, make yourself keep still, dismiss any speculation as to the effect you are producing, and let your wits work unhampered.

Self-consciousness is really one of vanity's expressions, so is bashfulness, so is bombast and boasting. All arise from an inferiority complex and concentration upon self as is, not self as you would like it to be. When you go to get a new job, or meet new people, imagine that you have a golden aura all round you, protecting you.

Keep your hands still, and your thoughts together. Wait until you see what the tone of the meeting is—and what would be an interesting subject to launch out upon before you rush into speech. If you know that you are self-conscious still, no matter how you are learning to conquer it, then watch in what way it seems to demonstrate itself in you. Put a curb on yourself if it is showing by the vulgar stunt of boasting and bombasting.

Stop that at once, and if it is letting you see the other expression, that of nervousness and flurry, just laugh it off—and keep quiet in both cases.

AS a child, when you had to learn a piece of poetry as a task, what happened was that at last you grew to know it so well that you could rattle it off while you were thinking of something else—so remember, this same phenomenon occurs in anything you train yourself to do completely. The reaction is automatic, whether it may be in good manners or poise quietude.

Parents often engender self-consciousness in their children by continually nagging and fault finding. To obtain quick results, self-respect should always be appealed to, praise given when it is due, and encouragement offered—and last of all, I say to our Mary, who is forging ahead, having followed all that I have written to her, that she must continually remember that "an empress has no right to nerves!"



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Why I Don't Murder My Children

One Parent's Viewpoint On the Younger Generation

By **FREDERICK ARNOLD KUMMER**

THERE are few parents, taken by and large, who have not at some time in their careers seriously considered the advisability of murdering their offspring! One must admit, however, that in such matters it is well to proceed with care. They are not to be undertaken lightly. Consider for a moment the case of Mr. Abner J. Applejack, of Short Hills, New Jersey, so pathetically reported in the daily press.

This patient and long-suffering paterfamilias was sitting in his library one winter's evening, engaged in the laudable task of figuring out his income tax. The expression on his face was not a cheerful one. Beads of perspiration dotted the bald spot on top of his head. The fringe of hair which surrounded it, like a damp and stringy halo, was badly in need of trimming. There were wrinkles in his trousers, and his forehead was wrinkled, too, as he grimly added up column after column of figures.

Suddenly the loud speaker in the next room began to emit deafening snorts of jazz. The door of the library was burst open and a noisy crowd came in. Before Mr. Applejack realized what had happened, his papers had been swept into the waste-basket, and his son and daughter were removing the table from beneath his very nose.

"Sorry, old dear," laughed Gladys, aged seventeen, "but you'll have to take your knitting upstairs. Be a good sport—we're throwing a little party tonight, and need this room for dancing."

A frenzied glare crept into Mr. Applejack's eyes, but he said nothing.

"And while I think of it, Dad," remarked Herbert, aged nineteen, smiling his gay young smile, "I've just smashed the old bus against the door of the garage, so now there is nothing to prevent our getting that new Snappy Six."

Again Mr. Applejack stared, even more wildly, but still he did not speak. He was a patient man, and kindly.

And then occurred one of those incidents, trifling in themselves, which sometimes decide the fate of nations. Young Abner Jr., aged twelve, appeared in the doorway, clutching the fragments of Mr. Applejack's favorite brassie.

"I was trying to hit the cat with it," he wailed, "and it broke. Mom says maybe you can fix it—"

Mr. Applejack glanced at the golf club with a funny smile. It was the last straw. Something snapped within him. Emitting a blood-curdling yell, he snatched a paper-knife from the desk and proceeded to cut the throats of his three young hopefuls with neatness and dispatch. When last seen he was leaping madly down Main Street, asking the way to the nearest padded cell. He needed, he said, a few weeks of quiet and rest.

To some fastidious persons it may seem that Mr. Applejack was a trifle harsh in his methods, but I imagine that a great many modern fathers will understand his feelings.

The relationship between the parent and his offspring is an intricate and difficult relationship, and one which cannot be regulated

by such complacent copybook maxims as "Spare the rod and spoil the child," even though backed by the wisdom of Solomon.

Take, for instance, the case of the Little Old Woman who lived in a shoe. When she could endure her numerous progeny no longer, she spanked them all 'round and put them to bed. The plan may have had its merits, in the Dark Ages, but whether it would be successful in our present day and generation is open to doubt. Modern youngsters are apt to look upon their parents as problems, and wonder why they were ever invented. It is not surprising that the old-fashioned father or mother may be dazed by the attitude of the younger generation towards their pet theories and conventions, but they should exercise self-control and reflect that the children may sometimes feel just the same way!

Parents must, first of all, be patient. They should learn to restrain their tempers, should remember that it is often the part of wisdom to be seen and not heard. Never should they allow their angry passions to rise.

One thing that makes the position of modern parents so difficult is that they are constantly being set a bad example. How many simple, old-fashioned fathers and mothers are led astray, their innocent natures corrupted, by the criminal thoughtlessness of their children! Sweet and modest matrons acquiring such vile habits as cigarette smoking, through the pernicious example set them by their daughters! Self-respecting fathers utterly ruined by the shocking plays to which their youngsters drag them! Children should be more careful of the amusements to which they take their parents, otherwise the old-fashioned respect for the young will soon die out, and fathers and mothers, released from the conventions which formerly held their natures in check, will no longer pay the least attention to anything the children may say to them! No wonder a parent's angry passions sometimes arise. It is such conditions as these which create men like Mr. Applejack!

PARENTS are, after all, only human.

Even the best trained of them occasionally lose their tempers. The other day, when my own youngster of eight had ridden his bicycle through the glass front of the china closet, my wife, who has normally a gentle nature and would not harm a fly, hissed in tones that were positively poisonous.

"You little wretch! I could murder you!" When I pointed out how unbecoming anger was in one of her years, she got angry with me, and insisted that I give the young rascal a good spanking.

I led the young man to the woodshed—in this case, the garage. "Be calm," I said to myself. "This is going to hurt you much more than it is him. Do not let your anger overcome you." I never liked the china closet anyway. So I used the rod very lightly. But a day or two later, when I found the prize goldfish expiring from a diet of cigarette stumps, and my cherished edition of Anatole France being used as a background for watercolor decoration, I thought of Mr.

Applejack, and sighed. He had, indeed, been merciful. Slitting their throats is too good for some children. They should be boiled in oil.

The other night our eighteen-year-old daughter informed my wife and myself that we couldn't understand the way she felt about petting parties because we were "too old!" Her mother is only thirty-nine, and I—but perhaps we had better not go into that.

ALL I can say is that if looks could kill, that child would have passed away to the happy hunting grounds then and there. Old, indeed! A nice reward for all our love and devotion.

I suppose the real reason why I don't murder my children is that I am too tender hearted. And I have an idea that, if they were suddenly wafted away I should miss

Our eighteen-year-old daughter informed us we couldn't understand; we were too old. Old, indeed!



them. Last summer my two elder hopefuls were taken on a trip through Canada by their grandmother. The remaining youngster was packed off to camp. Now, my wife and I said, we will have a little peace. But it didn't work out as we expected. The silence of the house was appalling. It seemed like a tomb. We sat through the evenings wondering what was wrong. We found ourselves longing for the old familiar racket, the noisy, jazz-filled parties, even the insults hurled at our devoted heads because of our time-worn theories and conventions. We could scarcely wait for the young rascals to get back. And yet, a week or two later, with the radio going full blast and the house being wrecked by a crew of riotous freebooters, I could not help thinking of Mr. Applejack as I gathered up the fragments of the evening papers and crept softly into the attic.

Still, we must not be hard on the youngsters. They did not ask to be brought into the world. Especially into so queer and complex a world as our boasted intelligence has provided for them. If they seem cruel and ungrateful to us, at times, we should remember that we seemed just the same way to our parents, when we were their age.

And why, after all, should we expect children to be grateful? The privileges and the duties of parenthood are its only reward. The mother who looks on death itself to bring a child into the world—who fights with intensity day after day, year after year, to

guide its footsteps past the countless pitfalls of existence, can ask in return only the joy of serving, as she in her youth was served. And the father who bears his daily load of responsibility—he, too, must know that in the satisfaction of duty well done lies his only repayment.

Parenthood is, or should be, the most unselfish of labors—otherwise we cannot maintain that feeling of mutual respect without which real freedom to develop is an impossibility, and the relation of parent to child is that of tyrant to slave. Children are human beings and must be treated as such. The old idea of punishments and rewards has properly gone by the board. Modern parents do not attempt to mould character with a switch in one hand and a stick of candy in the other.

And however callous and cold-blooded these amazing youngsters may seem on the surface, we may be very sure that deep down

in their hearts lies just as much love and tenderness as there was in our generation, or in any generation that came before it. If the children of today have learned to express themselves more frankly, more honestly than we did, let us be thankful for it.

What if they do make fun of our bald pates, or increasing a voidupois? What if they do spurn our advice, flout our pet opinions? What if at times they seem unreasonable and utterly cantankerous? Shall we do away with them because of it? Perish the thought. Mr. Applejack lacked a sense of humor. He should have looked at himself in the mirror, and laughed.

OUR children are constantly doing things that seem wrong to us, but how do we know they are wrong? We may be wrong, ourselves. The best

we can do is to guide them when opportunity offers, to stand by them always.

Not long ago I remarked, in the hearing of my youngest hopeful, that I felt the need of a rest and would go to Europe if I had the money. The boy disappeared for a while, returned with something in his hand. "Here, Dad," he said, placing in my palm a shining object. "Now you can go to Europe." It was a five dollar gold piece that his uncle had given him for Christmas.

If I had ever been tempted to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Applejack, I got over it then and there. Even the most cruel of fathers would think twice before murdering a child like that.



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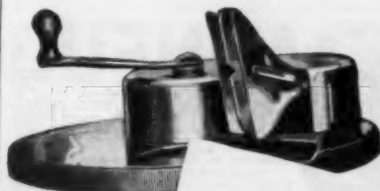
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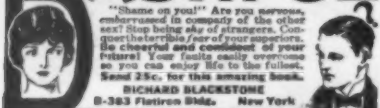
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Concerning Women

By CHARLES G. SHAW

I AM of the belief that a sentimental man
is more sentimental than a sentimental
woman. I cannot stand women who
constantly seek innuendos in any and every
conversation, who are expert at athletic
games, who giggle when they are defeated
in argument, whose best reason for doing or
not doing a thing is—"Because," who wal-
lop me on the back by way of welcome, who
know all about politics, who do not crack
a smile at my drollest gags, who give lec-
tures, and who dress like men.

I would accept the snap judgment of the
average woman
more readily than
the snap judgment
of the average man.
I believe every
woman should mar-
ry at least once. I
am convinced that
a clever woman can
speak volumes with-
out uttering a word.

I have known
some of the world's
most charming
women to fall mad-
ly in love with some
of the world's most
uncharming men.

I do not believe
any women are sis-
ters under their
skins. I consider
the suffragette to
have dealt the coup
de grace to chivalry.

I DO not like
women who fling
their beauty about in
all directions. Nor
women who capi-
talize their ugliness.
I should never have
cared for Queen
Elizabeth. Or Du
Barry. Or Lucrezia
Borgia. Or Cath-
erine the Great.

I am convinced
that in women's
weakness lies her
strength. I believe
there is little that a
very beautiful woman
cannot acquire.
I prefer women who
are inclined to be tacit-
urn to those of a
loquacious turn over
thirty-five.

I believe day
clothes to be more
becoming to the majority of women than
evening raiment. I would rather look at a
young and lovely girl than listen to an aged
and tiresome man. I believe all women are
born actresses.

I am not an admirer of women with boyish
figures. I am unable to put up with women
who are habitually late. I consider a woman's
tears her strongest weapon.

I believe there is in every woman a touch
of Cinderella and a dash of Jezebel. I have
known few women who have actually fitted
their names. I think most women are drawn
to a man, not so much for what he is, as for
what he represents.

I am convinced that the woman who will
bag the most men is the one who is a
bit helpless, rather than the one who is thor-
oughly able to take care of herself. I prefer
an over-dose of rouge to too much mascara.
I could not go wild over a woman whose
chief beguins are diamonds, orchids and
chinchilla.

I BELIEVE a woman's voice can be one of
life's most perfect delights—as well as one
of life's most maddening irritations.

I have known some of the duller women
imaginable to be the
shrewdest of the
shrewd. I believe
the naughtiest girls
rarely look the part.
I am not an ardent
admirer of the baby-
talk school. I be-
lieve a woman to
be more, revengeful
than a man.

I believe every
woman should have
some sort of job. I
think that few wo-
men ever marry the
men they really love.
I have never cared
for a girl with thin
lips.

I HAVE encoun-
tered few women
who did not prefer
a certain subtlety in
the technique of
amour to a bold
and unvarnished
method. I believe
the happiness of
most women de-
pends upon a man.
I am invariably sus-
picious of women
who tell me that I
remind them of
some one.

I feel that women
get more fun out of
war than do men,
but on the whole,
less fun out of life.
I am convinced that
the telephone and
bobbed hair have
had much to do with
the breaking down
of woman's modesty.

I am not able to
detect much charm
in the college-prom
girl. Nor can I re-
main long in the so-
ciety of the woman—be she young or old—
who is forever making puns.

I don't like women with laughs like
hyenas or who giggle like a pack of chattering
monkeys.

Nor do I like women who color their
finger nails vermillion, nor women who wear
expensive perfume because of its label rather
than its scent.

Women who try to impress me with their
cleverness and try to show me what a good
line they have, annoy me beyond everything.

I am not in favor of one-piece bathing
suits for all women. I believe no general
formula can be applied to any woman.

Brown Eyes

By

MARGARET WIDDEMER

If you love somebody,
And her eyes are brown,
They haunt you in the country,
They watch you in the town—

You see them looking at you
From woods and streets and
skies;
There's no escape for you,
If you love brown eyes!

Brown leaves at autumn,
In the wind's sweep,
Pools in a woodland,
Clear, mile-deep,

Hills in the distance,
Brown and far,
The still dusk shining
Of the first night star,

Gold light and brown light,
At the day's end;
Amber stones falling,
Round the throat of any
friend. . . .

But I suppose the same things
Would seem quite as true,
If you loved the same some-
body
And her eyes were blue!

Faunesque

(Continued from page 55)

He also got three more, which was a remarkable thing in itself for he didn't happen to like tea! But he drank them all—rather greedily, while he noted the curve of Chantilly's cheek. Anthony had been so busy analyzing and understanding women that it can be truthfully said he had never noticed such little things as the curve of their cheeks, or the fall of dark lashes, or the way of sunlight in a girl's hair. And perhaps, since Anthony was like all writers, this discovery, plus the wine of his own imagination, went to his head. He knew so well what ought to be said when one took tea with a girl who looked like a Spanish love-song and dressed in rose orpandy.

He asked her, "Did any one ever tell you that because of your mouth and your eyes and the lovely black swirl of your hair, you wipe out from a man's memory all the other exquisite faces he has ever looked upon?"

SHE seemed a little doubtful. "You make me sound rather like an eraser."

He lifted an impatient head, as dark as her own, and Chantilly told herself that he'd make a very good Pan if it weren't for that little matter of scarlet hoofs.

"Need you be so literal," he demanded with a vigor that surprised even himself, "when I am telling you that you have only to be seen once to write your name in beauty on a man's heart?"

"Pencils!" she said mournfully. She put down her teacup and looked as if all glamour had fled from life. "You're an office-supply salesman and I thought you were an adventure."

"I am not!" Anthony almost shouted it, and the words tumbled heedlessly from his lips. "I'm only a man plunging headlong into that most upsetting of experiences—love!"

With the word out, Anthony sat back aghast. Love—and he—well, not quite a hater of women, perhaps, but at least an understander of them which didn't at all mean a lover of them! Like every other seasoned bachelor before him, Anthony sat there and felt his castles of independence tumbling down about his ears.

And then, quite mildly, the girl built them up again.

"Love!" she sniffed, and the tone of that left nothing to the imagination.

It was at that moment that Anthony did an amazing thing. With his castles all handed back to him, intact and without even a crack in their walls, as it were, he made the discovery that he didn't want them back. He didn't want to put Chantilly in a book. He didn't even want to put her mother in one. All he wanted was to make her think that love was as important as he had suddenly discovered it to be.

"Love," said Anthony, making a neat epigram and an amazing discovery at the same time, "is a thing done badly in books and rather well in real life."

"Love," returned Chantilly mildly, "is a state of health—something like a high fever. Some people find it like champagne but others find it like mince pie at midnight."

"You've never been the slightest bit in love," he told her, with that assurance of a gentleman who has been "in" for at least ten minutes, "or you'd never know so much about it. You can sit there, analyzing it, while all the time I'm trying to imprison in my mind that way you have of tilting your chin and looking sideways through your black lashes. I'm afraid to say a word to you, lest you discover the extent to which you could torture me and take a feminine delight in doing so. And I'm afraid to be

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silent, lest you suddenly say something about a fiancé—or a husband—or two husbands—

"If I have any," promised Chantilly generously, "I promise not to bring them into the conversation. I can't imagine any tea table becoming livelier for the introduction of a husband or two."

"You look," said Anthony sternly, "like the essence of all things romantic!"

Chantilly was glad she'd brought her tea to the woods; also the extra cup and the extra cushion. She hadn't anticipated Pan turning into a delectable young man with unruly black hair, a delightful perk to his ears and a tongue that spoke like most authors only wrote.

She said, "I had no idea they really did it outside their books!"

Anthony's mind had the usual masculine limitations. He stared at her. "Who? And did what?"

"Talked like their own heroes. Authors, I mean. I feel as if I ought to be a ventriloquist's dummy and say the things you'd put in my mouth. You'd do it so much better than I. I always have the feeling that the women in your books are talking exactly the way you, being a man, would like them to talk. It isn't at all the way women really do talk, of course, but it's vastly more exciting!"

So she knew who he was. Also, she was laughing at him. He was determined not to pose as a well-known author. He said with that stiff self-consciousness that drips from all well-known authors, "I'm sure I know nothing at all about women."

She nodded across her blue luster teacup. "Of course, you don't. That's why you write so well about them. Scotty uses you like a Baedeker. He even learned you by heart once and proposed to a girl after the manner of Peter Ostrand in 'Sunset.'"

"Did she accept him?" Anthony couldn't resist that.

Chantilly chuckled, if beauty garbed in rose garlands can be said to chuckle. "I don't think he waited to see! She didn't answer him as Sylvia answered Peter and Scotty was so disgusted he tried to correct her. Of course, the whole proposal was a fizzle after that!"

That silenced Anthony. What else could it do? The only consolation was that Chantilly Fentriss seemed almost letter perfect about his books. He couldn't help but think that a point in his favor.

A number of things made it inevitable in the days that followed for Anthony Dare to see a great deal of Chantilly Fentriss. For one thing, she wandered in his woods, and while he didn't have to haunt the vicinity of the oak tree, still, it was his tree, and if he found it interesting, there was no reason why he shouldn't keep an eye on it. And for another, Chantilly Fentriss seemed so completely indifferent as to whether she encountered him or not! That piqued him. And Chantilly's continued surprise at meeting him began to shorten his temper.

HE said at last, upon a day when he found her browsing about his property, "Need you always look as if I were a Jack-in-the-box? After all, you might expect to find a man in his own woods."

Chantilly considered that. "As for expecting things—from men," she began, "my mother says—"

But Anthony, who was getting a little fed up on the lady who had given Chantilly two stepfathers and a biased viewpoint, broke in upon her. "Don't quote your mother!" he cried. "After all, she knows nothing of men! If she did she wouldn't have married three of them. One would have been enough."

"One would have been too many, had she known about men," returned Chantilly firmly, and she looked as if she meant what she said.

"I wish," he said despairingly, "I knew anything about you! Where you came from—where you will go when you some day disappear—how it happens that you are out here in these Oregon woods—and why you should have such a poor opinion of matrimony!"

Chantilly considered his questions and then, characteristically, answered just half of them. "As for being out here, it was nearer than Bagdad so I put off Bagdad for another year. And as for matrimony, you write about it beautifully, I'll grant you, but that only goes to prove you know nothing about it."

"I have never been," said Anthony a bit stiffly, "either a Bluebeard or a Solomon."

"You have been vicariously. You've married every one of your heroines and then escaped all consequences by ending your last chapter at the altar. It's a way authors have."

"If I asked you to marry me," he pointed out, "it would not be to decorate the last pages of a book."

"If you asked me to marry you," returned Chantilly mildly, "I would say no. I never could stand the thought of being married. Wives—they all look alike; they all go around wearing the same manner, bearing the same crosses and smiling the same smile, triumphant and a bit fatuous."

They argued about love. That is to say, Anthony argued. Chantilly merely gave polite interest to his words.

"If you'd only stop reasoning about it!" he told her grimly, for love was proving a most upsetting thing to Anthony. Ever since he'd started writing about it he'd believed it was a most ecstatic thing, composed chiefly of moonlight and kisses. He was discovering that it was anything but that!

"But I don't reason about love," returned Chantilly truthfully. "I don't do anything about it. I just don't believe in it. I've never seen it—I've never felt it—and I don't want it. It's you who do the arguing, though I suspect it's only your imagination taking its daily dozen."

"If you'd stop mixing me up with my books," cried Anthony, "there'd be no argument. Love isn't a thing to be argued about, anyway. It isn't a case to be tried in court or a problem to be worked out in fractions. It's a kiss that captures the ecstasy of the whole world!"

For a moment breathlessness caught Chantilly.

"If you don't mind," she said hastily, "I'll take mine where I like it best—in your books. It's done so neatly there—and illustrated so beautifully! In fact, Anthony, I sometimes think your illustrations are better than your books."

Which launched them firmly on the fiercest argument of them all—Choate!

Now Choate had illustrated Anthony's books—three of them. And he hadn't suited Anthony at all! As if that weren't enough, and the fact that Anthony's publishers seemed set on having the man, he was even now stirring up trouble, making Anthony receive summons from the east at the rate of three a week.

"Isn't it enough," snorted Anthony, "that the beastly little man is kicking up such a rumpus, wanting to get together with me on my latest book without your admiring him? Get together! I wouldn't be on the same continent with the man, if I could help it!"

Chantilly flipped an acorn over her left shoulder. "You certainly don't like him," she observed reasonably.

"He's one of those confounded artists," and to Anthony that was reason enough for dislike.

He broke off abruptly. The sunlight, slanting through the trees, threw a golden haze across the warm flush of Chantilly's



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cheek. All such disturbing things as stubborn artists and clamoring publishers were swept from Anthony's mind. "Chantilly—when are you going to marry me!"

Chantilly decided it was time to go. "I think," she said hastily, "my lunch is ready." "You can't think so; there's a shadow behind you, so it can't be high noon. And not even you, Chantilly, can see two miles through the woods to your lunch table."

"But I can smell," and she sniffed the air, her face tip tilted to the breeze.

The sunlight on her red mouth was more than Anthony could stand. "Chantilly," he whispered, "if I should kiss you—"

For a moment he thought he was going to be able to, so radiant was the face she turned towards him. Then, "Rarebit!" she breathed ecstatically. "Rarebit! Hot and cheesy and divinely drippy—rarebit out under the fir trees!" and off she went, a streak of brightness through the green woods.

It had been June when Anthony crouched behind a fir tree and caught Chantilly Fen-triss trying to make a date with Pan. It was August, and the world was drenched in the scarlet of fall, when he faced two facts—that if he returned east and left Chantilly behind him, to go back into the mystery from which she'd come, life would not be worth living.

AND if he didn't he'd probably not have a living much longer, publishers being as they were, with the idea that an author should come when sent for. He decided to go to Chantilly, and to try, for the last time, to make her listen to him. If she didn't—well, he'd kiss her. Perhaps, if he were kissing Chantilly, he might get a word in edgeways without an argument from her.

He spent the whole of the day looking for her, under the oak tree, beside the creek in the woods, and along the trails where she usually loitered. If he didn't go through the woods to the cabin where she lived, with the help of an old man who chopped wood and an old woman who made rarebits at impossible times, it was only because Chantilly had made it quite plain on previous occasions that she preferred to do her visiting in the woods.

However, by the time twilight had come, bringing with it not the slightest trace of Chantilly, he decided that the time to humor Chantilly's whims was over. There were things he had to say—and it was time to say them. So he thrashed his way through the underbrush towards Chantilly's cabin.

Chantilly was in anything but a receptive mood this night. She was, in truth, about as tranquil as might be expected of a person who had spent the previous night in an agony of terror. The butcher's boy had done that for her. Not that she had suspected the butcher's boy, at the time. She had merely heard a suspicious rustling in the underbrush outside her cabin, and a little nervously—because her old couple had taken this one night off—had gone to investigate.

She'd been met by two gleaming eyes that fixed upon her balefully, and as she recalled the numerous and gruesome stories about mountain lions the butcher's boy had told her, a sickening chill had paralyzed her. She got back into the cabin again, but through the hideous night those two pin points of light had stared unblinkingly from their dark shadows.

Trembling, terrified, she had watched them from the window, expecting attack at every moment, and only when dawn came—a dawn that found her exhausted and limp with fear—did she discover the joke of the butcher's boy—an old tomato can, punched twice to make those eyes and with a lighted candle burning behind them, deftly wedged in the crook of a tree.

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She had spent the day in her cabin, sure that curiosity would bring the butcher boy back with the coming dark. And when she heard Anthony thrashing through the underbrush, she smiled grimly. So the butcher's boy wanted more sport, did he? Well, she would give it to him!

She caught up the gun that she'd forgotten in the panic of the night before, and close to the door she crouched. Not that she meant to do any killing! Chantilly knew herself too well to think she could hit the butcher's boy, even if she tried! Besides, she had every intention of firing into the air. It would scare him into fits. She hoped he'd have them—and hysterics, too. She waited silently.

Closer came that breaking of twigs, followed by silence. That was because Anthony was crossing the creek on a fallen log, but Chantilly thought it was because the butcher's boy had reached his tree. She opened the door—noiselessly. She lifted the rifle to her shoulder, all set to aim it to the top of the highest fir, and she fired—not expertly like a big game hunter from Africa, but unexpectedly, like a woman.

IF ANTHONY had actually been a mountain lion, she wouldn't have hit him. But he wasn't and she did. The fact that she had no intention of aiming in his direction didn't save him. Probably it almost spelled his doom. For Anthony, who had merely come to ask her to marry him, gave one short gasp and fell into the creek as the bullet from her gun struck him.

He might have drowned there for all of Chantilly, since she heard neither that gasp nor the splash as he fell, but the instinct for self-preservation made him struggle to the bank in spite of the blinding pain that was like a hot stab somewhere in the region of his head. He managed to get himself out of the water, and in spite of that scarlet veil that was pouring down over his forehead and into his eyes, he half stumbled, half fell up the short slope to Chantilly's door. But it was all he could do. He had the feeling that he was going to faint, tried his best not to, made a futile attempt to wipe away the blood that was blinding him, groaned and lunged heavily against the door of the cabin.

It gave way against his weight and Chantilly, for one horrible moment, stood staring at that drenched, bloody figure that swayed in the doorway. The next instant, with a silence more terrifying than any sound, he toppled forward and fell at her feet.

ANTHONY woke to a sharp pain in his head, the smell of turpentine in his nostrils, a mingling of salty tears and curly hair in his mouth and Chantilly wildly sobbing on his shoulder. He disregarded the turpentine and pain, managed to take Chantilly into his arms and tried to dislodge the curls from his mouth. Instead he accomplished a sudden and unexpectedly violent sneeze.

Up went Chantilly's head. "Oh, Anthony—darling!" she wailed. "I've killed you!"

Anthony had had a most unpleasant encounter with a bullet that had come a bit too near his scalp for comfort. He was bleeding and muddy and soaked and for a moment he'd been quite out of the picture, but he was not dead. Also, he'd cocked an ear to that "darling." So he kissed Chantilly. It seemed the best way to reassure her. Also he said, "I think—if you marry me—I'll get well, Chantilly."

Chantilly, who had looked a little startled at the mention of marriage, capitulated. She proceeded to drench him in tears. "Oh, Anthony! Oh, if you die—it would kill me, too."

She wondered frantically what one did

with bandages in a case like this, but Anthony was more explicit. "Kiss me and tell me you'll marry me," he commanded.

At that her sobs lessened considerably. Anthony didn't sound like a dying man. She made a little movement as if to leave his side, but found herself closely held. Chantilly made the mental observation that it is easier to stay out of a man's arms than to get out of them, once you are there. She also remembered several things—the turpentine, for one, and the havoc that Anthony's fall had done to a certain bit of framework commonly called an easel, for another. She said, in a very small voice and with amazing meekness for Chantilly, "You won't want me—when you know—the truth about me! I'm sure you won't."

Anthony's grasp "tightened. "Another—husband?"

"No."

"Then stop arguing, Chantilly."

Chantilly sniffed gently. "But—but I am one! Look and see!"

Anthony wiped away some of the blood in his eyes and looked about him, and it was quite evident that Chantilly was. There, mixed up with his feet, was a very nice easel and there, across the room, was what was undoubtedly a portrait of himself—and a darned good one, too. He remembered the turpentine and understood everything. Chantilly meant she was an artist.

He said wearily, "Kiss me, Chantilly."

"But—you hate artists!"

He sighed. "Kiss me."

"But—I am one!" she wailed.

Chantilly gathered her courage together. He was so blind! She cried, despairingly, "Oh, but you don't understand! It's much worse than that! I—I'm Choate, you see!"

"Choate?" Anthony struggled up on one elbow, though he still kept a close grip on Chantilly. What was she saying? Choate? Crazy! "You—Choate? Why he—he's a man!"

Chantilly gulped shakily, not because she was frightened any longer but because she was feminine. "No, he's not—I mean—no, I'm not! I'm—me—" her voice trailed off, only to lift again in a wail. "You—you were such an unreasonable author! You never liked my backgrounds! So when you buried yourself out here—and wouldn't come near me—I just followed! I knew you'd put the setting of 'Green Magic' out in these woods—and I thought if I came out here and illustrated it—right under your nose—you wouldn't have a leg to stand on, when it came to finding fault! I thought that would be the best way—"

As another stab of pain shot across his forehead, Anthony closed his eyes. He wished desperately that Chantilly would stop her talking. He was hurt; he was cold and uncomfortable, and he wanted Chantilly to wipe the blood off his face and tie up his head and do something about that throbbing in his temples. What did he care who Chantilly was anyway! He loved her and he wanted her to stop her arguing and pay a little attention to him.

QUITE suddenly he caught her by the shoulders and shook her in exasperation. "All right!" he shouted, "Be Choate! Be anybody! Be the whole English school of painters if you have to! But stop talking! Stop arguing! I want to be kissed by you—not introduced to you! You—you stubborn, arguing little mule, you—"

Chantilly, mouth open, stared at him. This from the man who had written love scenes that made a whole nation of women shiver with delight! This from the man whose pen had fairly dripped romance! Then she gave a little sigh of content. Well, one thing was certain—Anthony wasn't quoting from his own books now!

The Shakedown

By ALMA AND PAUL ELLERBE

HE STOOD up in royal purple pajamas in the middle of the night and the middle of the cabin and listened nervously to the sounds of the storm. Through them he could hear the heavy bump, bump, bump of the rented rowboat that he should have pulled up and hadn't, knocking itself to pieces against the dock, and catch now and then the sound of voices. A moment ago he had seen a light.

The stretch of beach outside was a lonely one, bordering a great wild lake like a sea, whose other side was Canada. And there were bootleggers on that lake. And hijackers. Perfectly real blood and pain and death had quite recently given Timothy Bywater's fears of that beach after nightfall some substantiality. His feeling that it was no place for him was sound.

For though his physical prowess screened well, it didn't—as it were—wash. It was an optical illusion, inherited from a father with the body of a lion and the soul of a mouse, and Timothy himself was what the motion picture world—in whose fringes he had swung precariously for a season or two—had called a greaseball. A very dressy young man. The kind they hired substitutes for—if they are important enough—when the rough scenes come.

Important enough was what Bywater hadn't been, so they had fired him. He was a song plugger now, a showman and salesman of the musical wares of others, composing furiously on the side stuff of his own which he hoped to get across, but when one had to spend most of his time just making a living it was no easy matter getting started. He felt sure that if he had plenty of time, he would be a sure-fire success.

He compared his talents to the famous writers of popular song hits. Of course his songs were good, even better than theirs, he thought, but it was a matter of getting the right publicity and a good publisher to sponsor him. He'd have to manage that some way.

TWO of his compositions had found publishers of a sort, so that he was somehow miraculously enabled to refer to them as "Broadway successes"—there was a store on Broadway that sold one of them—and he had thereupon decided to do two things: marry Patricia Moore, daughter of Wilfred Castleman Moore, president of the Manhattan and East Coast Syndicate, and—freed once and for all from the necessity of making a living, for which his temperament had always unfitted him—settle down and write the Great American Song Hit.

In short, his ego, always a thing of considerable momentum, had swelled to its present size, and barged him no less than here, on to a stretch of shoreline and into a cottage near Moore's palatial lodge and the position of openly avowed suitor for the hand of Moore's daughter, Pat—a square-shooting little blue-eyed slip of a thing who did a pretty honest best to behave as though her father hadn't acquired an egregious mountain of money which he had so conspicuously lacked when she and Timmy Bywater had been children together in the same little California town.

AS SOON as she got the meaning of the exaltation in Timmy's eye, she did her best to save him time, money and anxiety, after he had used the common background of their childhood as a means of jimmying himself into her otherwise unreachable life in New York.

"Bottle it," she said. "Take it out of here and forget it! I wouldn't hurt you for a house and lot. I'm going to marry Jimmy Meany."

Bywater had stared in genuine disbelief. Meany was a clerk in an architect's office, a nobody, and when her father had peremptorily forbidden the match and packed her off from New York to this lonely spot accompanied only by her kid brother and the servants, Timmy had sold and pawned and borrowed and followed her.

Had followed her with the results that confirmed his long-held belief that his procrastinative guardian angel was going to turn out a go-getter once he struck his stride. For was he not seeing her every day and finding her responsive and interested to a degree he could scarcely have dared anticipate?

HE CONSIDERED success in winning her only a matter of time—and just a little more money! If his margin of cash wasn't so damnably small! He needed to hire a nice little motor launch—she didn't like to row—and go off with her for long loafy days, just the two of them alone. Somehow he had to manage it. And then—

Bump, bump, bump went the rowboat. There were no signs of life on the beach. It was an expensive boat. If he had to pay for it he couldn't manage anything.

And so he crept out into the dark, for the sake of love and the Great American Song Hit.

The wind took him in the face like the flat of a hand; the driven spray sliced through the purple silk.

He padded down to the bumping boat, got hold of it and dragged it to safety and expelled an enormous breath of relief.

And then he came near to asphyxiating before he could draw in another one, for something small and hard and cold and round bored into the small of his back, a hand with a grip like a lifting-crane took him by the arm from behind and a man's voice said roughly in his ear:

"Step along! And don't look around!" He had no impulse to disobey. When his nose was almost against his door, the voice said, "We're needing that boat. Here's more than enough to pay for it." The hand on his arm released its hold, and thrust into his fingers a roll of bills. "Now get inside! And if anybody asks you, nothing happened on this beach tonight! You didn't see anything, and you didn't hear anything, see?"

"S— S— Sure I see!" Bywater said, and got inside.

IT WAS some time before he dared to make a light, and then with trembling hands he counted his roll. He counted it twice. Two hundred dollars! Two hundred perfectly good American berries! His heart swelled and his soul stood up. Success had marked him for her own. He resisted an impulse to throw open the windows and shout it to the night, and slept at last as generals do after wars are won.

It was young Billy Moore who did the shouting, under his window, not long after the break of day.

"She's gone, Tim! Pat's gone! With Jim Meany! He rowed her out in your boat last night and caught the steamer for the other side. The gardener saw 'em, but till the steamer stopped and took 'em on he thought they were bootleggers. Pat left a note. They're goin' to get married today, in Canada."

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The Business Girl's Lunch

By

ELSIE ARIADNE WILLCOX

THE entirely successful business girl of today is attractive as well as efficient. Even though she possesses a superabundance of brain power she knows that it is necessary that she exercise it to keep her voice pleasing, her appearance fastidious, and her clothing in irreproachable taste at the same time that she is exerting herself to do her work better than the average person.

If the demands which crowd her working hours are to be met capably in all respects, it is imperative that the business girl have the best possible health. Without that health her voice tenses and her interest in her personal appearance often lags. And among the factors which make for good health, there is not one more important than an adequate and properly balanced diet.

The girl who works hard all the forenoon at a typewriter, or at a desk or filling an executive capacity, in an office which is plain and bare, except for its business paraphernalia—or the girl who is striving to make good at work she feels in her innermost mind is a little dull—naturally regards her noon hour as a relief and an opportunity for a change. Oftentimes the ordering of food which will "tickle her palate," is an unconscious effort on her part to decorate her day, as much as to stop hunger. Who can blame her for this desire? Yet if her food is not actually nourishing, as well as pleasing to the eye and taste, the business girl will eventually suffer.

Pie takes strength and "pep" from her afternoon's work in the demands made upon the system by its slow digestion. When pie and coffee are habitually chosen for her noon meal she need not be surprised if she feels dull and listless in the afternoons which follow.

Too many eclairs, fried potatoes or other rich foods clog the system, much as ashes clog a furnace. They not only make one feel less buoyant and fit—they also make their action known in a blemished complexion which no number of "facials" can completely remove.

If the business girl is willing to lunch principally on thick soups, on vegetables, on meat which is not fried, or on cheese, on brown bread, puddings, and fruit, and if she will drink several glasses of water during the day, she will find herself repaid by increasingly better health, and the charm of a clear complexion and sparkling eyes.

MANY girls are facing the question of how to pay the prices asked by lunchrooms and sandwich shops and yet avoid a shortage of pretty clothes and fun which every girl loves and should have some of, at least. By putting forth a little effort the girl who shares an apartment or lives at home can overcome this disadvantage to a considerable degree.

The potential powers of a brief case or even a large, strong envelope, develop amazingly when the business girl is willing to carry

her lunch. A thermos bottle will hold warm milk, hot cocoa, or other nourishing beverages, as well as soup when desired. It is possible to stow away in the brief case or envelope, fruit: an apple, an orange, a banana, dates, figs, or raisins, as well as grapes and pears in season. Sometimes prunes stuffed with cottage cheese, a tomato, a few leaves of lettuce or endive may be taken along for variety. There is almost no end to the different kind of sandwiches it is possible to make. Chopped nuts, chopped vegetables, lettuce, cheese of all kinds, brown sugar, honey, jelly, marmalade, sliced fruit, tomatoes, sliced meat, baked beans, cutsup and other relishes, as well as peanut butter, are some of the best sandwich fillings possible. Occasionally the addition of a dissolved bouillon cube worked into cheese, the mixing of peanut butter and jelly, the addition of pimentos to cheese or baked beans, and the use of different salad dressings added to fruit or vegetables, will produce just the difference our business girl's appetite craves. As for the outside of the sandwich, there is the ordinary American "stuff of life," white, wheat bread, then there are raisin, nut, whole wheat, and graham breads which are really more nourishing when one wants to pack as much nourishment as possible into a small space for carrying on a subway or elevated train, or in a crowded street-car. These latter breads are often very pleasing when spread with butter alone.

Some one will be sure to say that it is too much trouble to prepare such lunches, but most girls count it a pleasure to devote from fifteen minutes to half an hour daily to the care of their complexion, hair, and finger nails. With a little practice it becomes possible to cut the preparation of a nourishing lunch, the ally of creamed faces and gleaming finger-tips, to ten or fifteen minutes daily.

If sandwich filling is prepared before retiring, or if a can of soup is opened and the contents poured into a bowl and set in the ice-box to await the morning, the bread can be quickly cut and spread in the morning and, by making an added amount of the morning beverage at this time the problem of filling the thermos bottle is soon solved while it takes a very short time to heat soup if that is desired. Several business girls of my acquaintance use this plan, changing to a restaurant for an occasional meal for the sake of a difference.

But whatever the business girl chooses for her lunch and wherever she eats it, it is important that she drop the cares of the day and the worries which loom in the future, and make it a happy occasion. It takes a truly heroic effort to do this at times but next to securing nourishing food and enough of it, is the necessity to eat it in peace, if possible in a cheerful frame of mind. For the state of one's mind influences digestion to a remarkable degree.

Choosing Your Menu

The business girl's lunch-effort, on her part, to decorate the day. Sometimes, however, the quality of the decoration lacks in nutrition—and then both health and complexion suffer. Miss Willcox, who is an expert on dietetics, makes some valuable suggestions in regard to a wise choice of food

Why Do Women Smuggle?

[Continued from page 41]

second to the lure of love. Hence the bright-eyed search for bargains on the part of our American women. I say American, for even fashionable Paris admits that our women, as a class, are the only ones who can afford these bargains. And they do seem bargains at the moment of purchase, whether the cost be one thousand or ten thousand dollars.

AFTER that comes the sad reckoning; the duties on the thousand dollar wardrobe running from five hundred to nine hundred dollars, on the other from five thousand to nine thousand dollars. To use the vernacular—zip, goes the bargain! And so madam is tempted, be she rich or poor. For like Julia O'Grady and the colonel's lady they are sisters under their skin.

Besides the bargain lure as an impelling motive there is that of the other woman in the case. But for that other woman a lot of things wouldn't happen in this world. For one thing there would be fewer attempts to cheat the government. She it is who displays this or that to her feminine friends and excitedly admits that she brought the same in duty free. She gets a kick out of it, but I doubt whether many of her friends do.

And foolish lady, be there a catty or envious one among them, and later a little tiff, one of my many telephones is likely to ring, and I must live up to my name as a collector.

Nevertheless, it is that other woman who breeds the desire in her sisters to go and do likewise. She has more and better dresses for her money, and so will they. It is like keeping up with the Joneses.

Secondly, but almost as serious a motivating cause, is a woman's natural resentment at a tax upon her finery. Making the cost of anything higher arouses her saving sense. When it comes to her own things it is indeed personal.

ANOTHER reason I would advance is more serious than it sounds. Some of us never grow up, and a woman of that type thinks it is cute to cheat the Customs. She feels that there is a sense of adventure in it. It is what "must not" or "touch not" is to the mischievous or errant child.

It's so thrilling to bring things back from abroad and tell her friends how she got them past the collector. How she rolled a pair of fine-lensed, pearl-handled opera glasses in the midst of some filmy lingerie and got them by undiscovered.

Or how she nonchalantly carried a Paris-purchased fur coat over her arm and laid it over a gate close by the Customs officer while he looked over her luggage and let her by, and forgot all about the coat.

Silly this may sound to the layman, but not so to the Collector of the Port of New York. It is when the adventure fails that its ending is at my door.

And remember, for a failure to declare a thousand dollar wardrobe I must penalize as follows: Cost \$1,000, plus duty at 50 per cent, makes the forfeiture value \$1,500; the goods may be released from custody upon payment of this amount. Addition of the personal penalty of like amount \$1,500, will make a total of \$3,000. The original cost of the wardrobe brings it up to \$4,000. Considering that payment of a duty of five hundred dollars would have saved twenty-five hundred we might say that honesty is the best—bargain!

ANOTHER cause is that so many women cannot or will not understand that an article bought abroad and worn a few times is subject to a duty. They will insist that a costume or what-not worn on this or that occasion on the other side is old and not to be classed with the articles fresh from the shops. Indeed, I am led to believe that after a few wears most women are inclined to believe a costume already old. In any event they will insist on it with a tenacity that must be surprising to Father Time, for this argument is the same as put forth by their feminine predecessors a century ago.

No amount of information seems to educate them on this point. Year in and year out, and day after day, it is reiterated by printed word and spoken word that while the government will make allowance for wearage it insists on collecting a duty on the appraised value. An article can be burnt, damaged, torn, have a hole in it, yet if it has value left, that value must pay its way.

But try and make a lot of women believe this! As I said before they cannot or will not. A garment worn a few times is an old garment. What do fool male inspectors and appraisers know about it? And there you are!

So boldly any amount of wearing apparel is brought over in feminine luggage in the faith or hope that it will be passed over as old and worn. And when brought to light comes the invariable and never-ending excuse, "It's old—I didn't know. I've worn it abroad; I don't believe it."

The words may vary but they are of the same old tune in thousands and thousands of cases. If inspectors ever talk in their sleep they must surely echo this sad refrain.

BUT aside from these causes I have set forth there is one predominating fact that stands out over and above all else—women do not consider that smuggling is a crime. To that attitude of mind, in my opinion, must be attributed the fact that they so largely outnumber men in their failure to declare dutiable articles. They simply will not take the Customs' laws seriously. Oftentimes they do not take detection of their attempts seriously.

It is a serious and sad commentary upon American women that this should be so. Women of pride and probity are just as



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mendacious, when it comes to this offense, as their weaker sisters. It can only be described as a state of mind. It is in all likelihood a matter of growth. Whether strict enforcement and education will eventually bring about a change, only time will tell. In the meanwhile, the government—through the Collector of the Port—must go on confiscating and collecting penalties.

The one bright side to it, as I said before, is that the woman of today does not stoop to the evasions of the older generations. She is freer and franker, just as she is in her everyday relations; she is more above-board and puts a better face on it.

Her face may flush, but she will not hide it.

Is Intelligence A Handicap To Women?

[Continued from page 47]

his wife, and as he was interested in no other subject he very frequently did not talk at all. Those able to throw it off expected to be amused by feminine prattle. It was a woman's part to make her husband comfortable, bring up her children properly, look pretty if possible, and divert the weary mind.

THIS queer state of affairs was responsible for the women's clubs, which have flourished in this country as nowhere on earth. Women, deprived of the companionship of men, and with the same native intelligence and mental activity, were driven to find companionship with one another. They began with Browning and evolved gradually into the study of politics, until their intelligence was on a par with that of the men, as they proved by capturing the franchise.

Their intellect ran far ahead of their partners', for while intelligence may be a God-given attribute, intellect depends upon the deliberate education of the mind through the medium of books and study of the problems of life. The American man has had little time or inclination for these.

Of course the young men take the cue from their elders, or rather it is in the air, as well as an inherited habit of thought. Girls who read and think, who want to talk on any subject but sport, the little common social interests, the "line" of the moment, are anathema. Consequently girls above the average, in nine cases out of ten conceal their mental tendencies, lest they be "out of it," or be called "a grandfather's clock," and never capture a husband.

THEIR fate is not a hard one, for as long as they are in their first youth the pleasures of their years make a powerful appeal, and they have their compensations. It is the mating season and intellect is by no means clamorous. Even when the girl is homely and none too successful in her social set, she thinks less of cultivating her mind than of discovering the whereabouts of her Prince Charming.

But as she grows older and for one reason or another fails to marry, her problems begin. Or, let us say, whether she marries or not. True the married woman has interests forbidden to the girl. A husband, a household, children that satisfy no inconsiderable part of her nature. If she is comfortably off, so much the better, for she has ample leisure to read and develop her ambitious mind. But unless she has had the good fortune to meet and marry one of the rare

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exceptional men, she has attained this semi-ennobled position only through the canny suppression of her higher aspirations when competing in the marriage mart.

She has been careful not to "frighten" her admirers. And as one passes in review the average young man of today, engaged in struggling to obtain a foothold in the business world, one readily understands how easily he would be terrified by a potential wife who would provide mental stimulation out of time, to say nothing of showing up his limitations. Moreover he doubts if she would be a good housekeeper, in other words, make him comfortable.

If he finds himself married to a woman with aspirations above housekeeping and society, he takes refuge in his male sense of superiority, regards her with amused tolerance, and adjusts himself as best he can—if his comfort is not affected. If it is, he makes himself heard.

But the wise woman, having made her choice, will keep up the fiction of the natural inferiority of the female. After all, she has a long day in which to exercise her natural proclivities, and many a man goes to his grave without a suspicion that he has drawn an intellectual wife. Her principal grievance is that his friends are as dull as himself.

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This article, of course, is confined to the intelligent women whose environment is the business world, and who marry accordingly. In the literary and artistic world women generally make companionable marriages, although they don't seem to last long. However, while they do, their minds are allowed full play, both in the home and in their circle.

But these are small groups. And the girl who does not marry young not only finds her chances to marry decreasing yearly, but also her hope of any sort of masculine companionship, to say nothing of stimulating conversation at dinners and evening parties.

WHAT is to be done? This is a changing world, never more so than now. And there lies her hope. Women are pouring out of the house into the professional and business world by the thousands, and doing as well as the men. Wives are sharing the burdens that for generations have pressed so heavily on men alone, and unmarried women are not only in constant daily association with the other sex, but compel its respect and admiration. Jealousy, too, of course, but when have not men been jealous of other men?

This cannot fail to have its effect—in fact it is already showing results. We are now in the era of sex-equality, if only little beyond the threshold, as yet. As men become accustomed to women as clever and able as themselves, they will cease either to fear or resent them, for habit is the strongest force in life. The next step will be a natural inclination for a life-partner who will companion and stimulate them mentally, and a contempt for the parasite.

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Fur has conquered all the seasons as the new fur collared spring suits attest. Very practical is this all gray ensemble, of mixed gray tweed, worn with a modernist sweater

Courtesy of Dobbs and Co.

The March of Fashion

[Continued from page 69]

Individuality is definitely the only note in the new millinery. The hat must glorify your face, your costume and your general charm, and if it achieves that heavenly blend, it doesn't matter whether the model be developed in horsehair, bakou, or plush. The most ducky spring hats are being developed in pliable straws with unusual pleats to produce eye brow effects in the brims. I saw one model of ballibuntl with the brim cut at the front and doubled over into triple pleats and having a single end appliqué at the front of the crown.

Agnes is using feathers for both trimming and brims, one of her happiest inspirations being a close fitting, rather wide-brimmed bakou of beige trimmed with little sparrow feathers, shading from beige to brown. Rose Descat is also using bakou, frequently employing two shades of the straw in combination, to produce the effect of ribbon trimming.

For color the spring hats favor the pastel shades, with natural or beige straw and black as leaders, with Pandora green, yellow, navy and broche tagging them closely.

But when you know the general style tendency then go back to your own personality for the real choice. There are facts always well to know. For instance, always try to repeat the most pleasing lines of your face in the lines of your hat. If

your face terminates in a little oval chin, repeat this in the curving line of your hat brim. Transitional lines are always flattering as they distract attention from facial defects. A hat larger in front than in back will do much to conceal a large nose, while a brimless hat will bring it out into terrible prominence.

It is no longer necessary to pay devastating prices for millinery. A little felt, cut on your head and properly fitted, can be so chic and individual its moderate price matters not at all. But it is necessary to have changes in headgear. To appear well dressed the modern girl requires at least six hats a year.

Jewels From The Jungle

That most delightful fad, costume jewelry, seems to have gone very wild since Christmas and is scattering elephants, sea-shells, and cannibal impulses all over the place. At a very swagger tea for a famous woman portrait painter held early this month I beheld such a riot of jewelry as never seen before. One very modish young woman was literally hung down with ropes of tiny sea-shells in red and white. Another had a startling necklace that looked like long black and white tusks about her lovely throat. Still another appeared in a choker

of jet and crystal rondels spaced with tiny jade elephants, and from jade carscrows hung larger dangling elephants.

There is a new and growing vogue for the use of genuine semi-precious stones and for those who want to make a real investment in their costume jewelry these are to be recommended. Amethysts, aquamarines, topaz and jades are particularly delightful and if they are not made up in too contemporary patterns they may be handed down to your little cousins some day.

In the more casual, less expensive class, the ensemble note continues and at least one set of necklace, bracelet and earrings, worked out in imitation gold, or simulated crystal and colored stones must be in every wardrobe. A few hair ornaments are being shown, the most chic little tortoise shell combs edged in gold leaf, for bobbed heads. One Fifth Avenue shop is showing fillets of gold mesh for enveloping the small but sleekly coiled chignon of the daring who have let their hair grow out and if you can get away with this sort of thing it gives one a delicate Juliet appearance that is subtle and flattering.

Antique silver is re-appearing in necklaces and bracelets delightful for wearing with pastel chiffons and those standbys, choker pearls



Even the lines of the strictly tailored suits are feminized for spring. For general business wear this lightweight tweed is an excellent buy

Courtesy of Dobbs and Co.



Pendant, earrings, necklace, bracelet and ring to match in chrysoprase, maricite and brilliants

Courtesy of Dobbs and Co.

will appear in lavender, blue, gray, jungle beige, a very brown tone, and strawberry red. Crystal is also going in for color, the most chic being a new blue called "legault" for no good reason except that it looks exactly like the blue all the girls who have ever been to a Yale prom have worn and worn. One New York store is concentrating its sales force on white stone jewelry, alone and combined with colors, but this appears so negative to me that I doubt their success.

Shoe Subtleties

The first of the early spring footwear shows has just been held in New York with some interesting forecasts.

The outstanding trend is toward lighter colors in kids. Water snake, beige and brown kids, combination of water snake and brown and black patent leather are the most featured.

Toes looked about the same to me, but there was a slight tendency to make them



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Present Position

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This delightful black satin dinner gown relies solely upon material and subtlety of line. The skirt is draped at one side into a soft panel

Courtesy of Nancy

a bit narrower on evening slippers. Heels stayed about as usual, too, with evening pumps favoring two and three-inch heights.

In contrast to last summer when white shoes were decidedly wrong, there were many white shoes shown for this spring's wear, particularly in sports shoes. Most of them were developed in narrow one-strap models, but there seemed to be a promise of sandals returning before long.

Velvet pumps, which were very chic for evening wear this winter, will continue for spring while crêpe de chine shoes, dyed to match the gown, are attaining new prominence and being shown for general street wear. I doubt if this latter innovation will go very far. Because this would necessitate large cleaner's bills, I hope it doesn't. But for darlings who can afford to adopt such a style note, it would be very dashing indeed.

Money Bags

The new spring purses are simply grand. They range all the way from the new Regency bag, a very swank beaded model

for evening wear and simply too expensive for consideration, to ducky little raffia models, gaily colored and inexpensive. Bags of ostrich feathers in all the pastel shades are new evening notes. For afternoon use there come some models in crêpe de chine—and again, like shoes, they should match the color of the gown exactly—most of them in soft pouch styles. I saw one particularly lovely model in bright emerald and chartreuse green mounted on a metal frame of white gold. Pastel crêpes and silks are also being used in envelope fashion, some of them embroidered with chenille. The raffia bags—raffia is a nice adaptable straw, you know—are usually self-trimmed with straw flowers or worked out into modernistic designs. The majority of them retail for about four dollars and I consider them one of the best buys the well-dressed girl can make as they add both color and dash to a costume and wear indefinitely.

This is a dance frock which needs the background of a fairly formal occasion to do it honor. Of black soiree taffeta its skirt is draped into a huge bow completed by a decorative pearl and rhinestone ornament

Courtesy of Dobbs and Co.





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The Miracle of Make-up

[Continued from page 65]

you is the "rage in Paris." The fashionable shade of the moment may be lovely on the beach at Cannes, where the exotic and queer are to be expected, but it may make you look very bizarre at the country club dance. Remember, too, that some types of rouge change color on the skin itself. Again I say, experiment.

When you find the shade that blends with your own natural flesh, learn to put it where it will do the most good. Catch a glimpse of your own coloring when the chance offers, as just after running or exercising for instance. The normal, average oval-shaped face looks best with rouge placed near the center of the cheeks and blended off towards ears, up to the eyes and down to the jawline. Not too much rouge should be placed low on the cheeks, however, unless your face is very plump and round. If it is, then keep the center of the rouge low, blending it in a triangle below the line of the cheekbone. If your face is long, put the center of the rouge higher up, emphasizing the cheekbones and blending the color softly over the rest of the cheek area.

It's easy enough to talk about blending rouge, but it's much harder to put it on so skillfully that it looks quite natural. If you use cream rouge, start by putting a few dabs where the rouge center should be for your type. Then spread it gently toward the edges with your finger-tip or a bit of cotton. If your skin is so dry that the rouge tends to stick in one spot prepare the cheeks before rouging with a bit of cold cream rubbed well. You'll find that it blends much more easily.

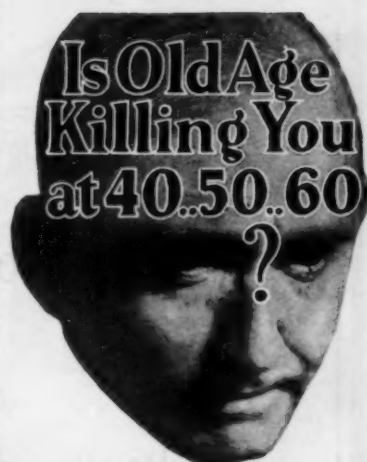
DRY rouge, in powder or cake form, is about the easiest to apply, but it dusts off quickly unless you put a foundation of cream or lotion on first. Remember my advice about foundations—just as little as possible, evenly applied. Dab on your dry rouge as carefully as you would put on cream rouge. Much of the make-up advice I read says, "blend with powder." Powder does help to smooth the hard edges of the rouge, but powder has a tendency to wear off during the day, leaving those hard edges just as prominent and ugly as before.

Better learn to put on rouge so skillfully that the powder has to do nothing except tone the rouge down a bit and give the skin a velvety, smooth finish. Look at your face, front and profile carefully, before powdering. Don't expect powder to cover up the mistakes of hasty or careless rouging.

Never use rouge heavily, no matter how tired or pale you look. Here's a secret. When your skin is tired, most rouge looks artificial and hectic. To get that lovely, flushed quality of naturally-colored complexions use your ordinary rouge blending carefully. Take a tiny bit of a brighter rouge and touch up the center of the area you've already rouged. This rouge should be the same type as the rouge you normally use.

If you use dry rouge, keep on hand a pat of brighter rouge, also dry. If it's cream rouge you like, keep a bit of brighter-colored cream rouge on hand for such emergencies. Don't try to use brighter rouge altogether when you are tired or pale. It only seems to add to that "made-up" look.

Many of the girls who have learned to use rouge and powder skillfully slip up on two other aspects of make-up that are quite important, such as lip make-up and eye-shading.



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But before *anyone* definitely can say "I like that—I'll take it" in order to spend money wisely, some "looking around" must be done.

Looking around by reading the advertisements saves time and trouble and money. For advertisements are the shop windows of a world of manufacturers. You don't need to walk up Fifth Avenue or past the corner drug store to see what So-and-So is offering in the way of silk stockings, or refrigerators, or toothpaste, or automobiles, or schools for young George, or vacations for the whole family.

The advertisements picture, describe, explain the merchandise and the new ideas that are displayed and talked about from Maine to California.

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*Read the advertisements because it
pays YOU to do so*

Let's talk about lips first, because lots of girls don't need to emphasize their eyes. Do you know that the best way to rouge well-shaped lips is to rouge them all over, with the lips drawn smooth over the teeth while you do it? Cupid's bows are all right for a favorite movie star who knows when and how to use them. But they often make the rest of us look simpering and foolish.

Generally speaking, it's safe to follow the natural curves of the lips. If your lips are very, very thin, use a darker lipstick on the lower lip and, as carefully as an artist, apply the lipstick to widen the lips just a little. If your lips are well-colored by Nature, use one of the colorless lip-pomade lipsticks to keep them soft and rosy.

Eye make-up is quite the trickiest of the lot and it's the most dangerous when badly applied. If you've never experimented with eye make-up, start with an eyebrow pencil at first. This is quite sufficient for those girls who need only a bit of emphasis on the brows and lashes. The stage cosmetic experts throw up their hands in horror at the use of a black eyebrow pencil for blondes. You will find that there are various shades of brown which tone in quite well with the blonde type.

Run the pencil lightly over the eyebrows, tapering the line delicately to the end. Then shape the brows with your tiny eyebrow brush on which a bit of brilliantine has been rubbed. With a pad of cotton wipe off any of the pencil or brilliantine that may have run out of line. Apply a little liquid powder just the shade of your skin above and below the eyebrows. This will keep them in line and make the contrast definite.

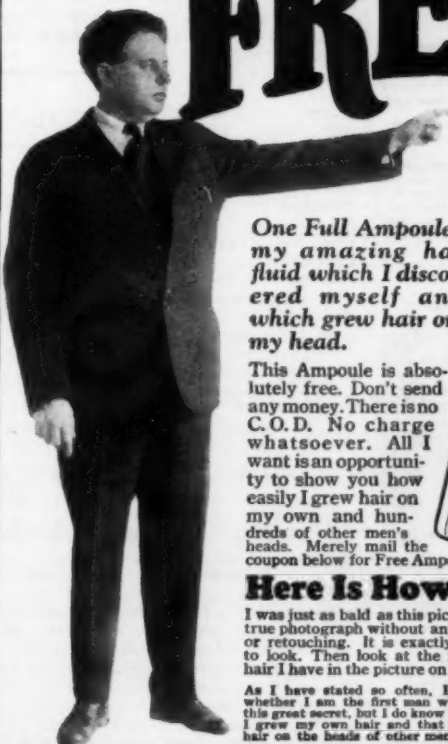
IF your lashes are dark, but not very abundant you may run the pencil just above on the upper lids and below the lash line on the lower lids. Blend this line, however, with your finger-tip or a bit of cotton and a trace of cream. Don't let your eyelashes pick up powder when you powder your face. Again, use the little brush to brush them off carefully when your make-up is completed.

There are good commercial preparations which tend to encourage the growth of lashes and brows, and ordinary petroleum jelly is also effective for this purpose. You may brush it on generously at night and wipe it off in the morning. This treatment leaves the eyelids faintly lubricated and makes a bit of shadowing easier to manage.

For evening, mascara, beautifully applied, makes the eyes luminous and large. It cannot be purchased in as many shades as the eyebrow pencil, so be very, very careful how you use it. Experts warn against letting the mascara brush get too wet and sticky at first. The beaded look isn't even sanctioned these days by stage cosmetic artists, and it's never been accepted for wear off the stage. The purpose of mascara is to stiffen the eyebrows and coat them very, very slightly with a darkening substance that does not easily melt or run. With a mascara brush that's nearly dry, coax the upper eyelashes up with many strokes and the lower ones down, patiently brushing and brushing till you get the desired effect. A good eye make-up should stand the "blink test." After the mascara has dried, blink your eyes hard. Then wipe off any tiny bits of mascara that fall on the cheeks.

Make-up, to be successful, must mean something more to you than powder, rouge and lipstick. It should mean a study of color values in your skin. It should make you look for and discover subtle qualities in eyes, lips and facial tone that you've never discovered before. Make-up to you, is something quite different from make-up to some one else. Never copy make-up effects; plan your own, and you'll find that the real, charming you, the girl you've always wanted to be, is much nearer realization.

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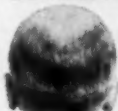
Here Is How I Used to Look

I was just as bald as this picture. It is a true photograph without any tampering or retouching. It is exactly like I used to look. Then look at the full head of hair I have in the picture on the left.

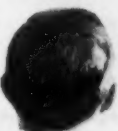
As I have stated so often, I don't know whether I am the first man who discovered this great secret, but I do know I have it, that I grew my own hair and that I am growing hair on the heads of other men all the time.



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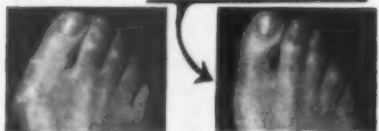
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Mary Lee's Beauty Answers

MY PROBLEM is indecision regarding colors. I am five feet six and one-half inches in height, and weigh one hundred and eight pounds. I have a fair skin, gray eyes and auburn hair. Please help me to find becoming colors for my type and personality. I am not at all frivolous and am therefore partial to black. Do you think black a becoming color for me? Dorothea L., Washington, D. C.

DOROTHEA: What lovely, distinctive coloring you possess. You may wear any of these colors to advantage: your favorite black, particularly in velvet and transparent materials like chiffon; cream and ivory whites; dark browns, midnight and darkest navy blues; taupe with a pinkish cast; amber, pale yellow, flesh pink and pale blue. For evening, pale green chiffon should be charming for your type, but never wear reddish brown, red, purple or dark green. Incidentally you are rather underweight. I think it would benefit your health if you put on about five pounds.

WHAT IS YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEM?

If you will write Mary Lee about it she will help you. Individual letters with self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be answered by return mail. Others, in the columns of SMART SET.

Do not fear that your personal beauty problem may be too slight or too complex for Miss Lee's attention. Address Miss Mary Lee, care of SMART SET, 221 West 57th Street, New York City

WILL you kindly help me with two beauty problems of mine which are my hair and skin?

I am a blonde, but I am not satisfied with the coloring of my hair. It does not have enough gold in it to make it pretty. I massage and brush it daily. I try to take the best care of it. I use a special rinse after every shampoo. Are peroxides, ammonias and lemon mixtures the right thing to use? I have been told they cause the hair to become dry and brittle in time. But as it is, my hair seems to have too much red in it and is dull in color. Please, what can I do?

My skin is thin, sensitive and dry, being greatly troubled with enlarged pores. I have tried many things and nothing seems to help. I shall be very grateful to you for any advice you can offer. Helen T.

HELEN: I simply do not recommend hair dyes. Many people use them and find them satisfactory, but I have a personal prejudice toward the natural coloring of the hair, being convinced that its shade is the right shade for the coloring of your skin. I know of no bleach or rinse that will not eventually make the hair dull.

Your skin trouble is a simpler problem to solve. Normally the skin furnishes enough oil to keep it in a healthy condition, but when this is lacking, you must bring the oil to it. Cold cream is the best medium to use. Get one of the better brands, and one or two nights a week rub the cream well into the skin, and let it stay on over night. Use a cold cream or a superfatted soap for cleansing, but do not use soap and water more than once a day. Get a good cleansing cream for your general daytime use. And do remember that the very first step in acquiring a fine complexion is a careful attention to one's need for fresh air, plain wholesome food, daily exercise and lots of fresh vegetables.

YOUR article on beautiful skin might very well be the story of my own case. We nearly all of us are honest enough to know our own shortcomings and to want to remedy them. I, for one, know I would be a very good-looking girl if I had a good skin, which I haven't. And it isn't just an ordinarily "poor, uncared-for" skin. It is a very, very bad skin of which I am always very conscious when I'm with people.

Until I was fourteen I had an exceptionally fine and clear, if pale, skin. Then a few pimples broke out on my chin and forehead. Our family doctor told me

they would soon go away, so while I was sensitive and embarrassed, I let them go. They kept breaking out, and after a while I tried another doctor who gave me a tonic and a salve, without result. I am now twenty-four and my skin is never clear. I have never been to a real skin specialist. There is none in this town. My body skin is clear and unblemished.

I have pretty eyes, very thick hair, beautiful teeth and nails. I am, however, underweight. All my friends have lovely complexions and it

kills me to be the ugly duckling. I eat very little pastry, little candy and dislike meat and potatoes. I wash my skin a great deal. Can you help me? Pauline J., Canada.

PAULINE: In the gay little photograph of yourself that you enclose you do not seem to be troubled with such a bad skin. Are you sure this isn't just girlish exaggeration of slight imperfection? As I advised Helen T. above, the first step toward acquiring a good complexion is a careful attention to one's daily needs. In your case, I am sure you need a change of diet and you should be brave enough to drop pastry and candy altogether. If you crave sweets, eat raisins, apples or honey. Eat all the fresh, cooked vegetables you can—you are wise to avoid potatoes—and lots of roughage, that is, fibrous fruits and vegetables, lettuce, celery, spinach, asparagus, cabbage, figs, prunes and cereals.

Always cleanse your skin thoroughly at night, first giving it a thorough massage with a good cold cream. If you are inclined towards blackheads, always wash your face with good soap and very hot water. Wash very thoroughly around the nose, chin and forehead. Rinse, when clean, with warm water, followed by cold. Then to thoroughly close the pores, pat the skin with witch-hazel, and end with a quick rub with a small piece of ice. If there are any blackheads that may be squeezed out, do so after the hot water rinse, by gently pressing them between the fingers protected by a clean bit of cotton. Never do more than one or two at a time.

WILL you please inform me whether there is any sure method for getting rid of moles other than by electrolysis. I have several, very conspicuous, on my neck

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and arms, but I hardly consider the electric method practicable. E. W.

E. W.: On the subject of moles it is always best to take a physician's advice. A mole may or may not be malignant, but the danger is always there. When they are not malignant a skilled, up-to-date practitioner can remove them and your regular physician can recommend such a specialist. A hairy mole is a greater disfigurement than a hairless one, but it is much more easily removed. The best methods of treatment are by endothermy and electrolysis. But again I caution you—get your physician's advice first.

AT TIMES, blackheads and pimples of varying sizes show themselves on my chin. They are occasionally very sore. I seem to be in good health and I take lots of outdoor exercise. Living here in the Far West, I am out in the sun a great deal and sunburn very quickly. I would like an effective treatment to prevent that if you know of one. Mrs. I. R. M.

Mrs. I. R. M.: Your complexion trouble sounds like an advanced case of acne, but fortunately, with regular care, this can be cured. Follow the rules of diet and rules for the cure of blackheads that I have written to Pauline in this column and then add these rules for your further personal care. Cleanse the skin as in the case of blackheads with a careful massage, using good cold cream. Then wipe the cream away with a soft towel or tissue. Next wipe the affected skin with diluted alcohol on a bit of absorbent cotton.

Next sterilize a needle by dipping it in the alcohol. Then open the pimple taking the pus up carefully in fresh cotton dipped in alcohol and squeezed quite dry. Dip the needle in the alcohol before opening each pimple and do only two or three at a time to prevent the skin from becoming irritated. Then wipe the whole face with alcohol to prevent the spread of the infection.

It may be that your acne has come from severe sunburn. It is often the starting point of this condition. Naturally the first step in preventing sunburn is to shade your face. This can be done by several other means besides wearing a hat.

In your climate your skin necessarily becomes terribly dry so I would advise you to use a great deal of cold cream. Whenever you are going to be out-of-doors, rub cold cream well into your skin and powder over it with a fairly heavy-weight powder. The best thing to do about sunburn is to prevent it, but if you have already acquired it apply equal parts of lime water and linseed oil to the affected areas and don't let it happen again.

I AM five feet two inches tall and weigh a hundred and eighteen pounds. I am just sixteen. Is that a good weight for my height? I have very round, fat shoulders. Is there anything I can do for them? Imogene T.

IMOGENE: You are about the right weight for your height, a little over, rather than under weight, but at your age dieting is not advisable.

It is up to you to correct your round shoulders. Don't allow yourself to fall into the careless habit of slumping or slouching. Exercise will help you, but you must also help yourself. Swimming, which strengthens the back muscles, is very helpful. Here is an exercise for the fat on your shoulders. Lie face down on the floor. Keep your heels together and your feet on the floor, then lift your body upward from the waist. Then lower it. Repeat ten times daily.

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THIS POSTSCRIPT

AS FAR as is now known, Mr. Calvin Coolidge will not accept any of the following jobs after March 4 (incidentally, we might remind our readers that this is a complete list of the jobs which have not already been rumored as being under consideration by Mr. Coolidge):

Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Manager of the Philadelphia Nationals.
Fuller Brush Co. salesman for the District of Columbia.

Press agent for Clara Bow.

Nite Club Editor of *Variety*.

City Clerk of Northampton, Mass.

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A. G.—Life.

The latest tale of the Eastern literati concerns a famous poetess and the latest gentleman to be her inspiration. They met on Fifth Avenue the other afternoon by a delightful accident.

"And when," asked the lady, "are you going to pose for another poem?"

—Chicago Evening Post.

"What is more pleasant than a cold bath before breakfast?" exclaims a writer. No cold bath before breakfast.

—Ideas (London).

Nurse: Another patient for you, doctor. A victim of congestion.

Doctor: Of the lungs?

Nurse: No, of the traffic.—Life.

Widow Lady, going fast, is offering one of the finest small homes in this district.

—Ad in the Portland Oregonian.

Jones rang the bell at the new doctor's house. The doctor's wife answered the ring.

"You wish to see the doctor?" she said. "Couldn't you come tomorrow morning?"

"Why," said Jones, "isn't the doctor in?"

"Oh, yes, he's in," said the young wife wistfully, "but you're his first patient and I'd like you to come as a surprise for him tomorrow. You see, it's his birthday."—Boston Transcript.

After looking at him five hours, a writer in California said a flagpole sitter was wasting his time.—Detroit News.

"My wife is an inveterate smoker. Why, three times she's set the bed on fire with her cigarettes. Would you recommend a suit for divorce?"

"Either that or a suit of asbestos pajamas."—Boston Transcript.

A neighborhood theater treasurer is picking up big-time ways.

As a patron walked away, leaving change on the counter, he was asked what he did in a case like that.

"I always rap on the window with a sponge," he replied.—Variety.

Junior—"What would you advise me to read after graduation?"

English Professor—"The 'Help Wanted' column."—Lafayette Lyre.

He—"Do you like Mencken?"

She—"I don't know. How do you do it?"—Judge.

Miss Bright—"I use the dumb-bells to get color in my face."

Her Uncle—"Sensible girl! That's a lot better than using color on your face to get the dumb-bells."

—Boston Transcript.

"You don't know what a broom is for."

"Oh, yes, I do—the bride marries him."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

"In days gone by the young men came around at midnight to serenade young women."

"That would never do to-day; a popular girl is hardly ever home at that hour."—Boston Transcript.

"Have you a date tomorrow night?"

"It depends on the weather."

"Why the weather?"

"Yeh, whether she'll go or not."

—Wisconsin Octopus.

Central, I want a policeman badly. Operator (sighing dreamily): Gee, kid, so do I.

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

A Concordia young woman finds nothing more obnoxious than people who accost her affectionately with a pat on the cheek. "They must think," she declared angrily, "that I have nothing to do all day but resurface my face."

—Concordia (Kan.) Blade.

"It's ten miles to town as the flow cries."

"No, ten miles as the cry flows!"

"Both wrong! Ten miles as the fly crows."—Mugwump.

Some people are born dumb, others acquire dumbness and others take their overcoats off when they're getting weighed and hold them on their arms.

—Judge.



Edna Wallace Hopper, her yearly vacation over, has deserted Paris and fashionable French watering places for her theatrical tour on the Keith-Albee Orpheum Circuit.

Miss Hopper Startles Paris

In a letter to Chicago, MISS HOPPER says:

"My very close friend, Princess Galitzine and others of the American colony, enthused over my White Youth Clay and Youth Cream beauty treatment. Six years ago I furnished some of my intimate friends in Paris the formulae for the clay and cream, which they have had their chemists make ever since. They are amazed at the quick and lasting results. This is a delightful tribute in a country where beauty is considered well won at any price. Yes, to the French, a woman's attractiveness is indeed a serious matter."

The dainty White Youth Clay which keeps Miss Hopper's skin exquisitely clear and fine-textured, is absolutely necessary to keep your own skin free from the accumulation of grime, hardened natural oil and dead skin. These par-

ticles become imbedded in the pores and are not removed by ordinary cold cream or other cleansing. They finally form ugly, enlarged pores which result in blackheads and coarse skin. A white, flawless skin is impossible unless the cleansing process goes beneath the surface.

Edna Wallace Hopper's White Youth Clay draws every impurity to the surface and leaves the face delightfully refreshed, glowing and smooth. A white clay pack at home takes only a few minutes. It is removed with cold water and the treatment finished with a bit of Miss Hopper's fragrant cream as a base for her light or heavy Youth Powder. The purging action of the clay gives your skin a lovely, natural blush . . . leaves it as smooth as a rose petal.

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Seven of Miss Hopper's cosmetics are contained in this beautiful Art Panel Box, including enough powder for three weeks' use.

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